

The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

APRIL 28, 1954

23 APR 1954

Vol. 21, No. 48

THE SPIRIT OF ANZAC DAY

ONCE more Anzac Day brings its sad
and solemn memories, its ceremonies,
and its reunions with "the boys of the old
unit."

It is nearly 40 years since Gallipoli, and
the ranks of the original Anzacs in the
march grow thinner each year.

Indeed there are many men who fought
in World War II whose step is not as
elastic as it was. They are now middle-
aged. The sons of some of them are
veterans of Korea. The campaigns of the
Middle East and New Guinea are reced-
ing into history.

Yet on this day they seem like yesterday.

Anzac is a day of remembrance, a day
to honor the fallen. For many of the living
it sharpens pangs of loss that time can
never completely heal.

At the religious services, watching the
march, or alone, they think this day of
those who "shall grow not old," whose
boyish faces look out from fading portraits
in so many Australian homes.

But all human remembrance is com-
pounded of sad and happy memories
inextricably entwined.

And when the ceremonies are over it is
the happy memories that the marchers like
to recall.

The years gloss over the hardships, the
danger, and the boredom. Reunited, the
men retell the old jokes, revive the old
arguments, recapture the comradeship
that grew like a flower amid the evil weeds
of war.

It is their day, the day on which they
remember, and on which Australia re-
members them with gratitude and pride.

Our cover:

● The peony on our cover this week is,
we think, one of the most beautiful flower
covers we have ever featured. The picture
was taken in our color studio by staff photog-
rapher Robert Cleland.

This week:

● Turn to page 59 for this week's novel,
"Cousin Christopher," by Ian Hay. It is
included in the paper instead of being in
lift-out form. On page 39 you will find the
beginning of the children's knitwear section.

● On page 11 is a story about the film
"The Mistletoe Bird," which the Queen is
taking home from Australia for the Royal
children. Mr. Ray Littlejohns, who made the
film, says that cows are the bane of his picture
expeditions. They are curious, come around
to see what is happening, and break the
black cotton thread which he often uses for
remote-control release of the camera shutter.
The black cotton is practically invisible, and
Mrs. Littlejohns has found that one of the
minor hazards of being a bird-photographer's
wife is that she can never keep a reel of black
cotton in her sewing-basket.

Next week:

● Next week we announce the winners of
our £3000 Family Home Contest. The
plans which won £1000 each for first prizes
in the amateur and professional sections will
be published with color drawings of the
houses, and comments by the judges. In the
same issue will be a preview of "The Aus-
tralian Women's Weekly House of the Future,"
which will be a feature of the Architectural
and Building Exhibition opening at the Sydney
Town Hall on May 10. This is a steel house of
revolutionary design by Sydney architect
Harry Seidler. It is sure to create interest
and controversy.

● Our novel next week is in lift-out
form. It is "Pattern of Marriage," a pro-
vocative romance by American writer
Alec Rackowe.

Letters from our readers

THE suggestion that an
opera house should be built
on the site of the tramway
depot at Fort Macquarie, Syd-
ney, is excellent. I read that
Mr. Eugene Goossens first
recommended this site, with
Wynyard as his second sug-
gestion. If the opera house
were built at Wynyard, what
an inspiring obligato accom-
paniment the underground
trains would provide for the
singers' top notes. The tram-
way depot site would be much
better. Why not use the pres-
ent building? With its battle-
mented turrets, it would be just
the thing for the last scene of
"Tosca."

Gertrude Main, Kirribilli,
N.S.W.

THREE cheers for Mr.
Eugene Goossens, who is one
of the few people to take a
practical and realistic view on
the site for a National Opera
House. I agree with Frances
Kennedy (The Australian
Women's Weekly, 7/4/54)
when she says it would be
wicked to encroach any further
on our public parklands by
building in the Domain, and
it is refreshing to hear the sug-
gestion from Mr. Goossens
that it should be built above
Wynyard Railway Station. We
would have a noble building
to enrich the skyline in this

quarter and it would lessen the
traffic congestion, as people
could conveniently travel by
train to attend.

G. Blew, Padstow, N.S.W.

L. HODGKINS complains
(The Australian Women's
Weekly, 7/4/54) of "so-
called animal lovers" who
keep dogs in flats. My com-
plaint is against the "animal
lovers" who turn their pet cats
out at night, after feeding and
pampering them indoors all
day. The unfortunate crea-
tures are then left, lonely and
cold, to seek the nearest shel-
ter. As I appear to be the only
ground-floor resident of my
street who keeps windows
open at night, I am being
driven distracted by a forlorn
cat which comes in regularly.
It is a very destructive animal.

THE AUSTRALIAN
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address.

Although I turn it away, it
persists in returning.

Maude Jenkins, Double
Bay, N.S.W.

MAY I join with L. Hodg-
kins in her complaint
about besotted dog "lovers"
who keep their animals in flats
and exercise them in parks. I
too live in a flat area and
"exercise" my baby daughter
of two years old in the park.
The park I go to is so smelly
and unsanitary that I have had
to buy a special groundsheet
and keep her on it or walk her
around, avoiding certain parts
of the park instead of letting
her romp as she wishes.

H. Kingston, Potts Point,
N.S.W.

I DIDN'T think I would live
to see the day when young
married couples on a budget
would have to think twice
before they had bacon and
eggs for breakfast. A young
woman of my acquaintance
told me recently that she
and her husband can afford
to have them only as a
treat occasionally, as it costs
her 3/9 to serve two of a pound
each and a quarter of a pound
of bacon. Can't we do some-
thing to bring these
prices down?

Mrs. W. Edwards, Prahran,
Vic.

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SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS

A romantic short story

by Australian author

MARGOT NEVILLE

ILLUSTRATED BY BECK

Love-in-a-Mist

It was not until Kay Pierson was actually standing at the door of Whitcross with her finger on the bell that the bold plan flashed into her mind.

She would say nothing at first of the important papers she had brought for Mr. Rawlings' signature, but would screw up her courage and tackle him about her own problem, that problem which had filled her mind and darkened her horizon for every minute of the past few days. She would let him think, to begin with, that she had come purely to plead her own case.

Young Mr. Edward Rawlings, junior partner of Rawlings and Grayson, solicitors, had sprained his ankle badly a week ago, and, his father being away on holiday, Miss Sefton, the head clerk, had sent Kay to his country house, on this office business.

Had it been any other day, Miss Sefton would have come herself, but, Kay thought privately, Miss Sefton's hard heart had softened towards a certain salesman in office supplies, whose visit was due this afternoon, so the mission had fallen to Kay.

Twenty-five miles in a dawdling branch-

line train; the sleepy little station waking to brief life and seeming to sink back into its dream when, leaving it behind her, Kay had started on the mile-long walk to Whitcross.

Between high hedges a-froth with spring flowers she had hurried along unseeing. She had too much on her mind to enjoy the day's offered magic. The tracery of sun through boughs was on her chestnut hair, on her eyes, dark-lashed, and her full, youthful, all too vulnerable mouth.

The road uncurled before her and then the white, green-shuttered house came into view down an avenue of tall trees.

Now she stood very still, very straight, before the gleaming green door. Her heart began to beat fast at the thought of bearding him like this.

Up to now there had been no more than office formalities between them. She would look up from her typewriter to see his tall, broad-shouldered figure passing through the outer office.

A glance from his grey eyes: "Good morning, Miss Pierson." "Good morning, Mr. Rawlings." Occasionally, going down in the

lift together, they had exchanged a few words. That was all.

The bell shrilled in the big, quiet house. In a moment the door was opened. The maid said young Mr. Rawlings was in the garden, and Kay followed her through the french windows at the far end of the drawing-room.

From the terrace she stepped across the smooth green turf and down the path between flowering trees. And there on the grass was Mr. Rawlings, flat on his back, sunglasses on his nose, his relaxed figure in denim shorts and sports shirt.

The maid's murmur before she departed: "Miss Pierson, sir," brought him back to full wakefulness. He pushed up the glasses and opened his eyes to see Kay coming towards him.

"Mr. Rawlings," she began a little breathlessly, "I hope you'll forgive me for descending on you like this."

Ted Rawlings sat up with a jerk. "Miss Pierson!"

"I'm so sorry, I'm afraid I startled you."

"Startled me? Why, when I opened my

eyes and saw you stepping towards me I thought I was still dreaming." He moved as if to rise.

"Please don't get up—your ankle." She sat down quickly on the grass beside him. "Is it better?"

"In strict confidence, yes. I'd have been in the office this morning if the day hadn't been so—well you see . . ."

A wave of his hand presented her with it, with the blossom overhead, the arc of blue rimmed on the horizon by a bank of luscious puff-ball clouds, bees murmuring, flowers in the grass—all offering enchantment to every sense.

Kay looked around, unable to give herself up to the beauty of it. She said with a half sigh, "Yes, it's wonderful . . . I wonder you can ever bring yourself to come to town at all. All the greens in that bank of trees . . . those clouds . . . do they never move?"

"Not today. I stuck them there this morning and told them to stay just like that."

"They certainly do you credit," she laughed.

"Thanks. And I'm not letting that blossom turn into cherries yet awhile. I don't want all that messy fruit hanging about the place."

"Very wise." Her eyes lifted to the boughs above. His were on her face, on the eyes between the long lashes, the rounded little

To page 33

"Actually," Kay began, smoothing down her skirt, "I came here to talk to you very seriously."



Betty Barclay

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AMIRA installment of our serial by NANCY KUTLEDGE

CRY MURDER

HUMPHREY stood unmoving. There was absolutely nothing he could do—to avoid staying, to prevent Francys Maguire from going towards the door, almost at a run. She was free to go, to talk to anyone, and he was powerless to stop her. He did not like the fact that she avoided his eyes. She was too frightened now to keep quiet. Too frightened. And still she had not talked—yet.

The only hope was that she was in a state of shock and indecision, that it would last long enough for Humphrey to cope with Lieutenant Van Younger, and then turn his instant attention to Francys afterwards, before she talked.

Humphrey was only vaguely aware that Japhet was assisting Cass from the room, with Brenna moving beside him like an anxious wren.

"Put Cass on the living-room couch, Japhet," Brenna said. "I'll get some brandy." She glanced back in hurried fashion. "Gabe, take Miss—the young lady—into the dining-room and get her some breakfast."

Gabe's voice squeaked his alarm, "Me?"

Francys said, almost inaudibly, "I'm not very hungry."

"You see," said Gabe. "I don't feel so good, anyway, Brenna."

Brenna said quietly, "Both of you go and get something to eat. Right now!"

Gabe moved miserably through the doorway, dragging his slippers with a hollow flopping sound. Francys followed him, wordless for once, nearly as tall as he, both of them looking big and bony and awkward.

Brenna's eyes measured Francys for a second, levelly, thoughtfully. She looked back at Humphrey. Then they were all gone and Humphrey was alone with the dapper Lieutenant Van Younger.

Mrs. Eakers' dark face was cold as she said to Francys, "Mrs. Ward says I am to get you some breakfast. She said to ask you if there was something special you would like."

Francys shivered. "Breakfast?"

Mrs. Eakers said adamantly, "Mrs. Ward says so. What shall I get you?"

Francys stood for an instant in the hall, poised like an awkward young bird preparing for flight. She looked at the front door; she took a step or two towards it. Her hands clenched. She shivered again.

She looked at the closed door of the study. She hesitated. She looked after Brenna. She looked back at Mrs. Eakers and Gabe. She took a step towards them, hastily. She stopped. She looked at the study door again.

Her voice shook as she said, "I'm really not hungry."

"Mrs. Ward said—"

Still Francys hesitated, glancing at the front door and at the study. She squared her shoulders defiantly. She turned to Mrs. Eakers. She said, "I guess maybe—I get breakfast every day for myself and five men. Please let me—where's the kitchen?"

Mrs. Eakers glared. "I won't have anyone in my kitchen!"

Francys put a pleading hand on her arm. "Please. You must be busy. And weren't you ever in a—well, in a state—where you had to have something to do? And then when you rolled up your sleeves and got your hands into some good yeast dough and sort of beat the daylight out of it, you sort of beat it out of yourself, too? Please let me. Please!"

"You can cook?" Mrs. Eakers said dourly.

Francys nodded, her eyes fixed nervously on the study door.

"I suppose there's no real harm in it. But this has never happened before. Never. I'm used to an orderly household."

Francys bent forward swiftly to embrace the startled Mrs. Eakers.

"I knew you were kind," she said. "I said to myself the moment I saw you, she's kind, she'll help me. Thank you for understanding."

"Well I never."

Francys said to Gabe, without looking at him, "Come on."

"Me?"

"You."

"What for?"

"Your mother told you to."

"Brenna's not my mother."

Francys' eyes filled suddenly with tears.

"Please," she said. "I don't want to be alone."

Gabe said, "All right. I'm coming. Don't cry about it!"

"I'm not crying."

"You are so."

In the kitchen, Francys stood for a moment, leaning against the wall, breathing heavily.

"If you're going to cry—" said Gabe in alarm.

Francys said slowly, "I'm all right now. Or I will be in a minute."

"You look sort of funny."

Francys was not paying attention to him. She forced herself away from the wall. She took off her wrinkled coat. She put the hat with the purple feathers, very carefully, on top of the refrigerator.

"Nothing ever spills there," she said.

"If you knew what that hat cost."

"It's awful."

Francys turned on him furiously.

"That's what you think. What do you know about hats? You—you child!"

"I'm not much younger than you are."

"You're years and years!"

"I'll bet not more than two or three. My father was that much younger than my mother. And he was only a couple of years older than me when he got married."

Francys smoothed the sides of her cheap dress, almost absently. Startled, she looked at Gabe as if seeing him for the first time. She said in a hushed voice, "You're Humphrey Ward's son, you're Humphrey Ward, junior?"

"My name is Gabe."

She waved a hand. "That could be changed."

"Who do you think you are, changing people's names?"

Francys took a last, measuring look. She reached up suddenly to smooth her hair. She walked very deliberately over to the sink to wash her hands.

Gabe looked at her scornfully. "Can't you walk straight? Do you always walk like that?"

Francys dried her hands. She jumped nervously at a sound in the hall. She waited, tensely, watching the door. She moved a step or two closer to Gabe. As nothing happened, she relaxed, though her tone was sharp as she said, "Where are the aprons? Where is the flour?"

"How would I know?"

Francys looked around the spotless white-metal-cabineted kitchen. "I'll find them. Do you like pancakes?"

"Geel! Can you make pancakes?"

But Francys was looking at the door again.

"I suppose," said Gabe conscientiously,

"that I really shouldn't eat pancakes. This morning, I mean."

"Why not?"

"I was sort of sick last night."

Francys shivered. "I know. I was at the hospital. They—they thought I was your girl."

"Why should they think that?"

"I don't know. Except that—well, you are so big and—well, a man really—and I suppose they saw I needed someone to look after me."

"You?" said Gabe.

"I'm really so awfully alone."

"What about all those men you cook breakfast for?"

Francys glared. "They don't count. My father and my brothers."

"You're still not alone."

"Right this minute," said Francys. "I feel as if I were the loneliest person in the world. Life was so simple yesterday. I was so sure of myself and everything else. And now—I'm not sure of anything at all. What's right and what's wrong, even. What happened or what I think happened. What I should do." She looked at the door again.

"Are you cold?" said Gabe. "What's the matter—with you, anyway? Crying and shivering and talking about being alone, when I'm here, two feet away."

She measured him thoughtfully. She drew a deep breath. She said wonderingly, "Yes. I don't have to be alone, do I? I don't ever have to be alone. I can take care of myself. I can take care of myself!"

"You needn't shout at me about it. I never said you couldn't."

Francys busied herself, suddenly and with an almost fierce energy. She moved about the kitchen with a practised ease, stove to refrigerator to cupboard. She sifted flour, mixed pancakes, greased the griddle, got out the frying pan.

"Bacon and eggs and pancakes?" said Gabe. "Are you going to eat all that by yourself?"

Francys said wonderingly, "I'm hungry. I never thought—But I haven't eaten since—I don't know when. Yesterday noon. Anybody would be hungry, no matter what. . . . Do you want some or not? Make up your mind before I put the eggs on."

"I'll have some pancakes. Only don't tell Brenna."

"Brenna," said Francys.

"I never saw a girl who could eat this much." Gabe's tone was admiring. As she did not answer, he said "What's the matter?"

"I'm thinking."

"About what?"

"Just thinking. About what is real and what isn't, I guess. I—I like to make things up, and act as if they were that way, even if I know they aren't. Only now, I don't know. I dream sometimes and this is like a dream." She fixed Gabe suddenly with a clear and direct gaze.

"Did you ever want to be something? Want it so bad that you didn't care even how you got to be it, so bad that you had to get to be it, somehow, anyhow?"

Gabe nodded slowly.

"I want to be a farmer," he said. "All my life I've wanted to be a farmer. And someday, somehow—"

Francys was not listening.

"Do you think it's wrong?" she said. "I mean really wrong? If you don't hurt anybody else—anybody alive, I mean?"

"How can you hurt anybody dead?" Francys drew a deep breath.

"I haven't hurt anybody," she said. "None of it is my fault. But I don't know—maybe I should."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 28, 1951

11 hours. He has killed actress RACHEL SABINSON, who was blackmailing him. She dies in her apartment after eating poisoned chocolates he had given her. When he leaves, he is shocked to find stage-struck FRANCYS MAGUIRE waiting for him at the door, having followed him from the theatre after the performance. He knows she must die before she can tell police she had seen him leave the apartment.

Although determined to keep her with him, he loses her when he has to rush to a hospital with his brother-in-law, JAPHET BRIGGS, who tells him his son, GABE, is ill. Unknown to Humphrey, Gabe had taken one of the poisoned chocolates from a box in his father's dressing-room. Humphrey returns to the apartment to move Rachel's body, but realises that Francys must have looked through the window, for he discovers one of the purple feathers from her hat on the window-sill. It is useless now to take Rachel's body away.

He goes home, and his pretty wife, BRENNA, already anxious, is alarmed when she finds the feather in his study, recognising it as from the girl's hat. Humphrey then finds Francys waiting for him in a nearby park. He takes her back to his house and finds CASS CARUSO, a theatrical agent and old friend of Rachel's, waiting. Brenna announces LIEUT. VAN YOUNGER, of the Homicide Bureau, who says Rachel has been murdered and that he wants to speak to Humphrey alone. NOW READ ON:

Gabe was watching her wonderingly. "You really meant what you said to Mrs. Eakers, didn't you? I thought it was just an act, like most of the rest of you. Being alone and all that stuff. But you really had to have something to do, didn't you? You're whipping those eggs as if you were whipping some other problem, too."

"I hope so," said Francys Maguire soberly. "I hope so."

The living-room was a huge room, with windows only at the front, where there was a great bay, and small high ones along the side. The walls were plain grey to set off some of the prize paintings of Humphrey's collection—the Van Gogh, the Rousseau, the Degas—with the rest of the room built around them.

Fresh flowers always, carefully chosen, carefully arranged, to avoid the look of having been arranged. Otherwise, the beautiful curves of old furniture and the deep-cushioned comfort of conservative modern, colors bright and clear and simple, the brass of the andirons, the white lampshades, the modern textiles.

Brenna knelt beside the eight-foot red couch, putting her small hand over Cass Caruso's big one.

"I wish I could help you, Cass," she said. "I wish there were words that would help."

Cass lay unmoving. He did not seem to be conscious even that she had spoken. He said, "Rachel!"

Brenna patted his hand, with the warm sympathy which she instinctively felt for the suffering of others, and the special friendship she had felt for Cass since their first meeting over five years ago.

Next to herself, she thought Cass understood Humphrey best. She and Cass had conspired together in friendly fashion for Humphrey's good on a number of occasions. They had their secrets together, their private jokes. She was fond of the rotund agent; she would have given a great deal to be able to help him now with the dark battle which he was fighting alone.

She said softly, "Lieutenant Van Younger said she didn't suffer, Cass."

"She's dead. Murdered. Someone murdered Rachel!"

Brenna was silent. Finally she said, "She must have been very beautiful once."

"Rachel was always beautiful!"

"I'm sure she was. Think of her like that, Cass. Think of her as beautiful and happy."

Cass shook his head. "Not happy. I don't think in all her life Rachel was ever really happy. She always seemed to be after something else, and when she got it, that wasn't what she was looking for either."

"What was she looking for?"

"I don't know. If I had known, I would have got it for her."

Brenna said softly, "You loved her, Cass?"

He nodded slowly. "I loved her from the first minute she walked into my office, at eighteen, all brass and paint and confidence. She treated me like the dirt under her feet all her life, except when she wanted something special from me. And yet I loved her."

"She must have been a very remarkable person."

"I don't know. Not really remarkable. Except maybe to me."

"You probably made her, Cass. Fought for parts for her, trained her, helped her in every way."

"I did what I could. But she could have done it without me. Nothing could have stopped Rachel or kept her from success. Nothing."

But someone stopped Rachel's life, Brenna thought.

She saw that Cass was thinking the same thing, for his great fists clenched. He stared at her coldly, remotely, with his reddened eyes.

He said, "Whoever killed Rachel, I shall kill. Remember that, Brenna. Whoever it is."

He shut his eyes now, closing her out completely. Brenna still knelt beside him, keeping her hand on his. She thought of Rachel Sabinson, whom she had met only twice, hurried accidental meetings at large parties—accidents arranged by Rachel, and hurried by Humphrey. Brenna had always suspected.

To Brenna, Rachel had seemed a harried woman, desperately fighting the age that was creeping up in lines on her throat, at the corners of her eyes. Her manner to Brenna had been condescending, almost contemptuous. Brenna had been glad to get away from her, to join another group as soon as possible.

Brenna had seen her on the screen, too, but that had been quite different. An impersonal, glamorised Rachel, with no lines in her neck. A Rachel exuding the particularly stylised charms which to millions had been synonymous with her name. Yet Brenna thought humbly that Rachel had inspired a lifelong love in Cass Caruso. Would Humphrey still love Brenna, still think her beautiful when she grew as old as Rachel had? She squeezed Cass' hand. Cass was good. So good. And yet his words had not been good. They had been ominous. Suddenly Brenna felt as she had earlier this morning, in Gabe's room. Cold without reason to be cold.

Until this moment she had thought the feeling she had this morning had been fulfilled by the news of Rachel's death. But now Brenna had the feeling again, and this time she knew its source. Cass' words. They had been an omen. An omen of ill. She was sure of it. As she was sure they had been a warning. A warning of what?

Brenna sat back on her heels, quietly, trying to get hold of herself. Trying to fight off the quite unreasoning panic which suddenly enveloped her. Something was wrong. Very wrong. But what could be wrong?

She found her eyes turning slowly, reluctantly towards the door of the study. The door behind which sat Humphrey and Lieutenant Van Younger.

Humphrey felt exactly as he had felt last night outside Rachel's apartment, when he had been congratulating himself on the complete success of the murder plan, and suddenly Francys Maguire's hand had been on his arm. He was frightened. But mostly he was incredulous. He did not believe it. He sat staring at Lieutenant Van Younger, his

There was a thin scream of horror as Nicholas Sabinson went hurtling down while Humphrey watched him breathlessly



ILLUSTRATED BY

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HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?

WITH SILVER BELLS? Cockle shells? Not these days. Take the chap next door who grows those lettuces twice as big as yours. He knows the way to get the best results is to dig in the mulch, the fertilizers, the soil conditioners. For what you get from the soil depends on what you put back into it.

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Every night when Hunter settled himself in the couch the little demon would whisper to him.

A short short story BY JUDITH ASHE

Hunter's little demon

HUNTER WHITELEY stood in his study and looked from Nurse Troup to the white figure of his mother-in-law lying in his bed.

He was unhappy. He had been unhappy for weeks. Beyond all shadow of doubt, this time Adel Colebrook was going to die, and the thought that he was responsible haunted him night and day.

"You've been so good to me," Adel murmured.

Hunter could not speak. A feeling of guilt was nagging him.

He had tried to reason with himself; remembering, with a mental pat on the back, how nine years ago he had willingly, even gladly, moved out of his study so that Adel could move in, and through all these years endured without complaint the many discomforts of his self-imposed exile.

Adel had moved in on him and Cynthia at the worst possible time, too, he thought defensively. Just as he had been invalided out of the Army and gone back to his practice at the Bar, and Cynthia had got a big job in the Ministry of Economic Warfare.

They had both been so busy, working irregular hours and often at home, they had decided that, for the duration of the war, Hunter would sleep, as well as work, in his study, while Cynthia would use their bedroom.

Then, just as they were settling down to this makeshift existence, Adel had been bombed out.

Hunter had persuaded her to come and share their Knightsbridge flat; protesting but grateful, she took his bed in his study. For the next few months she spent her time looking unsuccessfully for a flat.

Hunter moved his desk into the living-room, and every night, swearing quietly to himself, made his bed on the lounge, where he henceforth slept.

It had been going on for years. The war ended, and the housing shortage remained. Adel stopped protesting and was settled in his study.

Without in the least meaning to, she had given it a delightfully feminine air. She had bought a charming little table and put it where Hunter's desk used to stand. There were little vases and pots of flowers, and always a faint scent of perfume hung in the room's heavy curtains.

Cynthia was back at her old job of dress designing and no longer worked at night. But Hunter still had his nose to the grindstone.

He continued to swear quietly to himself, but now the swearing was only part of the routine of making up his bed in the living-room. He had got used to the discomfort.

Occasionally, he did yearn for the quiet privacy of his own den, but it never entered his head to resent Adel's tenancy of it.

Then, suddenly, before Christmas Adel came down with "flu," and it looked as though she was, indeed, on the point of leaving for ever.

That was when it began.

All at once, and quite unbidden, came Hunter's thought, "Now I'll have my room back again." It was as though a little demon, seizing a long-awaited opportunity, had tapped out the words in his brain and then quickly disappeared, leaving Hunter shocked, amazed, and utterly ashamed.

From that moment, he hadn't had a moment's peace.

Of course he would like his room back, he agreed with the demon. But he didn't want Adel to die!

They were pals, he and Adel. She had become part of his life. He'd miss that quaint little figure, sitting there so correctly upright and laying down the law with all the outspokenness of Miss 1952.

But she did not go. The congestion cleared up and gradually she began to get better.

Hunter was genuinely pleased about that, but he was far from pleased with himself. He was suffering an acute attack of conscience which looked like becoming chronic.

He could not rid himself of the thought that, secretly, he had wanted

Adel to die. The fact was, his subconscious had stolen a march on him. Got its word in when he wasn't looking, so to speak.

He needed to get himself sorted out. He needed seclusion and quiet to reflect.

"The study," said the little demon, "that's what you need—"

And so his thoughts went: he needed his study . . . But he did not want Adel to die . . . certainly not!

Well, she was not going to die. And he would see to it that she got better in double-quick time. He breathed freely, and on his way home that evening left an order at his spirit merchants.

"Nothing like good brandy for putting new life into a declining carcass," the old lady remarked next day when the first bottle arrived.

"My thought, though not my words," said Hunter.

"But it demands regular application."

"I've left a regular order."

"At these sinful prices! You're a wastrel, Hunter, and I adore you."

"I adore you," he said.

"By the way," Mrs. Colebrook went on, "I want a fiver on Early Mist in the National. Do you know the odds?"

"Sorry, I never bet—no time. You know that."

"You're too serious, Hunter. Cynthia, you should—er—frivolise him more. I've always known that! Frivolising's kept me from falling apart."

For a month Mrs. Colebrook made good progress and Hunter relaxed. "Pity about the study, though, old man," the little demon muttered insinuatingly every night as soon as he got himself settled on the couch.

"Shut up!" Hunter quickly crushed the irrepressible little voice.

He continued to defy the little demon with almost daily gifts for his mother-in-law.

Sometimes it was a new novel, a box of chocolates, or some quaint little objet d'art he had seen in an antique shop.

Then she had a relapse and this time there really was no hope. They engaged Nurse Troup and put up a folding bed in the study for her.

One evening Hunter arrived home to find Cynthia at her mother's side and holding her hand. He walked quietly towards the bed, with fear in his heart, and stood watching the strangely still figure of Adel.

"Hunter," she said in a voice almost inaudible.

"Dear boy—there's something—I wanted to say—something important—"

"Don't worry now, Adel—don't tire yourself—"

"Hunter—did you—remember—to put—that fiver—on Early Mist for me?"

It was the last thing he had expected.

"Yes, Adel," he said softly. "I remembered."

She died that week and a great emptiness filled the flat.

Her folding bed was taken out of the study, which instantly lost its recent look of a private ward in a nursing home.

Now Hunter could go back to his sanctum. He had done everything mortal man could do for Adel. He had no need to reproach himself.

And yet he could not go back. He longed to, but he could not. A week—two weeks—went by and his desk was still in the living-room and his bed, unoccupied, in the study.

He was still quietly swearing to himself as he made up the lounge, but he was still doing it. It was as though his traffic with the little demon had locked, bolted, and barred the door against him, forever.

Then, one evening a month later, Cynthia, looking at his tired, lined face, suddenly said, "Hunter, why on earth don't you go back to the study on your late nights? What are you waiting for?"

"I don't know, darling," he said lamely. "It seems a bit—er—er—callous—somehow—"

"Well, really, I think that's carrying it a little far." Her tone was like an echo of Adel herself, "Mother would hate your keeping that room as a kind of sepulchre to her memory."

It was true. Cynthia was absolutely right. Without giving himself more time to think, he began to move back.

At midnight, Hunter, in dressing-gown and slippers and smoking his pipe, wandered along his bookshelves. Now and again he lovingly drew out a volume and turned its pages. He was back with all his old friends, revelling in the reunion.

He found himself humming. He was happy. A deep content filled him as he put the books back and prepared to get into bed.

"Poor Adel!"

Hunter stopped in his tracks.

It was the little demon on the job again. It would always be on the job, mischievously now, changing sides and weeping for Adel, and turning him out of the study. He could never again have any peace in this room. Hunter was sure of it. He would have to go back and sleep on that appalling lounge.

As he turned, he looked at the photograph of Adel on his desk. It was a good photograph and her face was almost alive. She seemed to smile at him—sweetly, bravely.

"Poor Adel . . . poor, suffering Adel . . ." wailed the little demon.

Then, suddenly, Hunter heard an echo of another and louder voice.

"Stuff and nonsense! Frivolise, dear boy! Frivolise! And when Early Mist comes in, just you go and blow my winnings!"

He looked at the photograph again, and he could have sworn she winked.

The little demon was finally dumb.

"Poor Adel!" Hunter murmured. Of course she would want him to . . .

He got into bed contentedly and switched off the light.

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obvious to Joan that she was well able to look after herself.

A lady in no distress

A complete short story by ZACHARY GOLD

WE were driving through France in a little, borrowed French car and everything was wonderful, except that Joan was sulking.

In the clear air the road rose to the hills sharp in the sunlight. The little red car groaned into second as we crawled up to the crest, then just at the bottom of the slope, the road divided.

"Which way?" I asked.

"A droite," Joan said.

"What?"

"Bear right."

"Oh," I said, "and then what?"

"A droite."

She was furious; she was spiteful; she was sulking. She sat staring straight ahead; she was hardly looking at the map in the guide book on her lap, and she was giving me directions in French. Joan knew my French well enough. I spoke it like a first-form pupil. She was doing it deliberately.

Next to her Lisa began to say something about the glories of the French countryside. She was drowned in her special perfume and was wearing a mink coat wrapped around her in a huge swirl. She was hatless, as always, and her blond hair lay shining over the soft brown of the mink. She looked very elegant.

"Isn't it wonderful," Lisa said, "this glorious countryside."

"Wonderful," I replied.

"Fantastically beautiful," Lisa said.

"Vraiment magnifique," Joan said sweetly.

She was certainly sulking.

Now I know Joan, wife of my heart, helpmate of a decade. It was ridiculous of her to sulk. We were in France. She had been wanting this second honeymoon for years, and here we were, at last, weren't we?

We had nearly fifty pounds between us, and we had more than a fortnight—or as long as the money lasted. We had borrowed the car from our buyer friend who lived in Paris, and we intended to zigzag across France towards Italy. Joan knew French and I drove, so what in the world was there to be annoyed about?

In Paris, where we had been staying with our friends, we had met Lisa. She was an American, but she'd been living in France for three years. She seemed to have forgotten how to talk English.

She called us the Robairporteurs until I told her my name was Robert Porter, or Bob, or Porter, but certainly not Robairporteur, and after that we got along well together.

"What do you do, Robert?" she said.

"I'm an accountant."

"How wonderful," she said. "How normal."

Still, I rather liked her, and for some reason she seemed to like us. She was very kind to Joan. She was always telling her about little shops in side streets that only she seemed to know about. At a dinner party one night I found myself next to Lisa.

I told her about our Italian trip and she thought it was a wonderful

idea. It appeared she was planning to go to Italy herself. She occasionally wrote fashion articles for American magazines, and it seemed they were doing marvellous things in Rome just now.

So I said if she were going to Italy, why didn't she come with us? She said, "Why not?" and I said, "Wonderful." That's all there was to it. She was perfectly willing to help with expenses. She'd been in Europe for three years; she knew her way about, she was bright, she was amiable, and she was intelligent. It seemed to be a good idea. I thought it would please Joan when I told her about it.

"You did what?" Joan said.

"I invited Lisa to come along."

Joan stared at me as though I had suddenly taken leave of my senses. "Oh, no," she said.

"Why not? She's going to Rome, anyway."

"Aren't the trains running any more?"

"Now, Joan," I said.

"I don't want her to come."

"I can't get out of it very gracefully."

"Then get out of it ungracefully."

"She has been very nice to us. I just can't back out now, after I've made the offer. Why all the fuss? She probably won't hang on long, anyway. We wouldn't be much fun for her. Lisa is—"

"Lisa!" Joan said. "Her name's Elizabeth. What's the matter with Lisa, or Betsy, Betty, Beth? What's the matter with Lizzie? I bet no one ever called her Lisa in her little home town in the West."

"She never had a little home town in the West."

"Oh," Joan said. "Has she told you the story of her life?"

"It merely happened to crop up. She's from Boston."

"Forgive me," Joan said. "Of course, Boston."

"Now, Joan," I said.

"Oh, tag her along," Joan said shortly. "Your word is your bond. Does she know how big the car is? How much luggage is she taking? Has she got a poodle?"

It was like that.

Beyond Auxerre the road opened to rolling country, a land of valleys and hills which were almost, but not quite, mountains.

Then the car began to tick. That wasn't unusual. It ticked quite often. It was a fine little car, and I was beginning to grow very fond of it, but it ticked. It would tick like a clock, and then would stop.

This time it didn't stop. It began to thump. After a long climb it began to clank. It clanked with a noise that seemed improbably large for such a small car.

"There's something wrong," I said.

"Yes," Joan said.

"I don't think it should sound like that."

"No," Joan said.

Lisa leaned forward helpfully. "Do you think the motor is cold?" she said.

"We've been driving for two hours," I told her.

"Perhaps it's the carburettor," she

said. "Isn't it always the carburettor?"

"Not always," I said.

We clanked down one slope and up another.

"Are we near anything?" I asked Joan. "Isn't there a town somewhere? How far are we from civilisation?"

"Trois kilometres," Joan said.

"There's a village at the foot of the hill."

"Has it got a garage? What does the guide book say?"

"It says there's a garage."

"How far is it?"

"Trois kilometres."

"How far?"

"Over a mile," Joan said shortly. She was acting like a child.

I trusted the guide book implicitly, it was never wrong. Sure enough, the village lay just at the foot of the hill, built on a curve, a huddle of small houses and a tiny cobblestoned square. Just at the turn was a

Joan spoke to him; he spoke to Joan. "He says there's something wrong," Joan said.

"Oh, fine," I said. "Now we're getting somewhere. Does he know what?"

Joan asked him.

"What did he say?"

"He says his brother Paul knows," Joan said shortly. "He says brother Paul is the regular mechanic, and that we'll have to wait for him."

"Where is Paul?"

"Pardon?" the French boy said politely.

"Joan," I said, "don't just stand there acting like a spoiled child. Try to find out what is wrong with the car."

small decaying building with a sign saying that motor-cars could be repaired.

The car gave an enormous final clank and we stopped. Two or three men watched quietly. I hooted and a small boy came running out.

There was a smudge of oil on his nose and he was wearing the blue jumper that every garage mechanic in France seems to wear. He looked a little young, but I never question the customs of a country.

"Something seems to be broken," I said, getting out of the car, followed by Joan.

The boy smiled. "Pardon?" he said.

"The motor," I said.

The boy smiled again. "Ah," he said.

He lifted the hood and peered in intently. He said something.

"What did he say?" I asked Joan.

"Joan!" I said. "Don't just stand there. Ask him where Paul is, and when he'll be back, and how long we'll have to wait, and what we're supposed to do until then. You're acting like a spoiled child. Now please try to find out what this is all about."

"Certainment!" Joan said.

By three o'clock Paul still hadn't appeared and it was growing cold. Across the square was a small building, grey as almost everything in a French village is grey, the Hotel de la Cloche. It didn't look very inviting, but then there wasn't another hotel near.

Joan was behaving very badly. She sat in the car in distant silence, like a patient Indian squaw. She was very cold. Lisa was out on the cobblestoned square, walking about briskly to keep warm.

"Joan," I said.

"Yes?"

"I think we'd better go to the hotel."

"Do you?"

"Let's at least be comfortable."

"I'm comfortable here," Joan said.

She wasn't—she was freezing.

"I'm not!" I shouted.

The French boy popped his head out.

"Pardon?" he said.

"Joan," I said evenly. "Tell him we're going to leave the car here."

Say that we'll be at the hotel across the square, and ask him to let us know as soon as Paul turns up."

"Anything else you'd like to know?" Joan asked.

The hotel was small, grey, and damp. Madame Berthe, the proprietress, sat at a high desk, but

toned to her nose in a huge, shape-



ILLUSTRATED BY
John Wille

less black sweater, calmly going over her accounts.

Madame Berthe fortunately spoke English, a bit of knowledge she had picked up in the days when she had been a chambermaid in a fashionable Paris hotel. She was a very calm and understanding woman. I explained everything to her.

"Alas the rooms will not be ready for a little time," Madame Berthe said sympathetically. "However, if Madame does not mind, there is a small fire in the kitchen where one can gather some warmth. Or perhaps a little cognac in the cafe."

Joan was standing just beside me. Lisa was leaning negligently against the wall near the door. Madame Berthe eyed us all with interest. She eyed Lisa. She eyed Joan, she peered at me brightly.

"I vote for the fire first," Joan said.

"Lisa," I called, "we're going to the kitchen. There's a fire there. The rooms will be ready in a little while."

"You go ahead," Lisa said. "I'll be comfy out here. My hair's a

mess. I'll meet you in the cafe for cognac when Joan has thawed out."

We left her, wrapped in her mink, combing her hair. Madame Berthe nodded brightly and disappeared to prepare the rooms. Joan made small frozen sounds by the fire.

"Joan," I said. "Let's call it quits now—"

"Call what quits?"

"All this nonsense. You've been sulking ever since we left Paris. You know what's wrong?"

"No," Joan said. "Tell me."

"You're jealous."

"Me?" Joan said. "Of what?"

"Of a blonde who doesn't mean a thing."

"Then why did she come with us?"

"For the drive."

"She doesn't look exactly like a motoring enthusiast to me."

"Well, then perhaps to save money."

"With all that mink wrapped round her?"

"Perhaps she just wants to see the country."

Joan snorted.

"Look," I said, "we're stuck in a town miles from anywhere. We might have to stay some time. Let's not make it more unpleasant than we have to. There's nothing Lisa can do now."

"She could take the train."

"What train? Where?"

"There must be a train," Joan said. "France is simply full of trains. It's one of the glories of the country. Ask Lisa. She's a great one for the glories."

I warmed my hands very carefully at the fire. "Are you warm enough now?" I said to Joan.

"Boiling," said Joan.

"Let's have some cognac," I said.

Lisa was sitting at one of the tables in the empty cafe. She waved.

"I ordered three cognacs. Wasn't that thoughtful? Sit down and we'll pretend we're in Paris, that it's five o'clock, and we can smell roasting chestnuts in the air."

"Aren't the rooms ready yet?"

Joan asked.

"It seems there's a crisis on the second floor. The linen has dis-

appeared. Madame has informed me that there will be heat for only three hours tonight due to certain unfortunate shortages."

We drank the cognac silently. For a moment the world was gratefully warm. Joan turned to me with almost a kind of benign serenity. Then she turned to Lisa.

"It must be awful for you, darling," Joan said.

"For me?" Lisa said.

"We're roughing it, on our allowance, of course, Bob and I. We knew it might be a little grim every now and then. But you're just rolling down to Rome, and this wasn't exactly part of the bargain. Bob should have warned you. I'm terribly sorry."

"That's sweet of you," Lisa said. "Please don't worry about me. I'm really quite all right."

"I do worry—I can't help it. I feel responsible," Joan smiled very sweetly.

Lisa looked at her gravely and pulled the mink coat a little tighter about her. I reached for my cognac.

Lisa said calmly, "You don't like me, darling, do you?"

"Should I?"

"It's a little hard to say. I don't know you quite well enough yet. It depends on what you think, of course. What do you think of me, for instance? A little too fond of clothes? A little too fond of jewellery? A little too fond of men? Do you think I'm trying to take your husband away?"

"Are you?"

"Perhaps I am," Lisa said, and she didn't even look at me; she kept looking at Joan very quietly and very calmly. "It's very strange. I'm not quite sure. You may be quite right. Perhaps that's exactly what I am doing."

"Joan!" I said. "Lisa!"

"He's very nice," Lisa said quietly. "I've been here three years, you know, and have met a lot of English and American people who live here. There's quite a few of us. But the men are strange. Someone like Bob suddenly comes as some-

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LONDON PARIS NEW YORK SYDNEY

Continuing . . . A Lady In No Distress

[from page 9]

thing of a shock." She was silent for a moment. "He's so very British—I like him very much."

"Do you?" Joan said. "Do you really?"

"Joan!" I yelled. "Stop it, at once. You're both acting like children. I won't have—"

"What would you do?" Lisa said—to Joan, not to me.

"I'm not quite sure," Joan said—to Lisa, not to me.

"All right," I said. "The two of you can decide. Don't miss anything. Go over the whole business. Straighten it out. Settle it. You don't need me here, I'll go out and look at the places of interest." I got up. I pushed the table back. I was very angry.

Outside, the last of the sun made a fading yellow patch on the stone square and the cold night winds were beginning to rise in the hills. I walked past the square to where the road turned sharply. The village sprawled on the curve and I followed the turn. Suddenly I stopped. Just beyond the bend, gleaming like an apparition, was a large, modern garage.

It rose from the grey and ancient village like a strange tropical bird. Behind the gleaming garage doors was a repair shop, complete to the last spanner. It could have devoured and returned the little car, repaired and renovated and renewed, in ten minutes of determined work.

I knew very well what had happened. The French are a remarkable people. Had I asked anyone, even my little French boy of the oil-smudged nose, I would have been quickly and gladly directed to this modern establishment.

Since I did not ask, my little French boy courteously minded his own business. I wanted his brother? Very well, Paul shall be informed at the earliest possible moment. The little French boy was not to blame. But Joan—?

I knew the guide book. It is a monument of information: every cobblestone in France is carefully noted and graded in its pages. Joan knew very well what lay beyond the bend. "An establishment of the first class: with all the amenities that the most particular motor-traveller might require."

Joan knew it all the time. She did it out of spite. She did it on purpose. She did it as a jealous child might have done it, to provoke a crisis. It was the little girl's foot stamped in petulance, the spoiled frown, the shrug of I-don't-care: I was fed up. It capped the whole fantastic business. Joan! Joan!

The square was deserted and the sun was gone. The hotel stood in shadow, grey and old and tired. In the tiny hall the high walnut desk was forlorn. The cafe was unlit, but someone was still at the table, sitting in shadow, alone, and unmoving. When I went in Joan didn't turn.

"Joan—"

She didn't answer.

"Joan," I said. "I have just been out for a walk—"

"Have you?"

"There are some amazingly interesting sights in the village."

"Are there?"

"For instance, just round the bend is something I'm sure you should see. It is a monument to a childish, jealous, foolish, petulant, spoiled—"

A voice said, "Monsieur—?"

I turned. A young man stood there, chunky, pleasant, open-faced, dressed as if he had just come in from a day in the fields. He smiled at me courteously and began to speak. It took him some time. He spoke in French.

"Joan," I said quietly, "what did he say?"

"He said his name is Paul."

"I guessed that."

"He said he's sorry he's so late. He was chopping wood in a nearby forest. Also, since the times are what they are, he took the opportunity to hunt a little."

"Did he say anything about the car?"

"He says it can be adjusted by morning."

"Did he say what's wrong?"

"He says there's something the matter with the soupape."

"The what?"

"Soupape."

"Joan, I'm talking about the car—"

"That's what he said."

"The soupape?"

"Soupape."

"There's no such thing," I said.

"Shall I tell him?"

I am very fond of Joan. She is, or she can be, the sweetest and most amiable of people. She is, or she can be, completely reasonable and highly intelligent. She can also be the most infuriating and obstinate creature in the world.

"Joan," I said. "I can't stand any more. I've put up with tricks that would have driven a less patient man insane. I don't pretend to know everything. But I do know something about cars. Soupape! You're making it up. You're making it up exactly as you tricked me about the garage. You're making it up exactly as you made up all that ridiculous nonsense about Lisa—"

"You don't have to worry about Lisa," Joan said. "She has caught the train."

"What train?"

"There is a train at 5.26 that can be halted by passengers desiring to take it. Lisa had decided that she desires to take it. She is now on her way to Lyons. From Lyons she'll go on to Rome. Or back to Paris. Or to Copenhagen, for all I care."

"I wasn't talking about Lisa—"

"I beg your pardon," Joan said coldly.

"I'm talking about the car—"

"I thought you'd be interested," Joan said.

Paul coughed. "M'sieu—?"

"What shall I tell him?"

"Tell him anything you like!"

Joan spoke to him crisply in French.

"Paul says he'll have the car for us in the morning. I asked him again what's wrong. I didn't want to make a mistake. I listened very carefully. He says it's the soupape. Also,

he says he would be very glad to offer us a rabbit if you should care to have one for dinner."

"Joan—" I said.

"M'sieu," Paul said.

"M'dame."

"Paul is saying goodbye," said Joan.

"Joan," I said, "I swear I'll—"

Madame Berthe appeared.

"The rooms are ready."

"Merci," said Joan . . .

Lisa said. "It was fantastic. This little French train. It came chuffing out of the hills. The stationmaster waved a ridiculously huge red flag. I waved my scarf. The engine-driver leaned out of the cab and waved back, and kept right on going."

"He didn't stop?" Joan asked.

"It's just a provincial railway, you know. He's probably never had any passengers but the local farmers. He simply couldn't believe I really wanted to take the train. He thought I was being pleasant. These mad Americans—"

"You should have explained it more carefully," Joan said. "The French are very intelligent."

"There just wasn't time, darling," Lisa said. "Wave. Chuff. And he was gone."

It was very pleasant in the dining-room, warm and bright and cheerful. The soup was magnificent and Madame Berthe had a way with trout. There had also been a rabbit, Paul's rabbit, Lapin chasseur, and I forgave Paul everything. I was warm, full of the food and wine of the country and, in a way, I was delighted with the world.

"Of course," I said, "it could happen to anyone." I smiled at Joan. She was sitting very rigid at the table. She obviously didn't believe Lisa. I smiled at Joan again, then smiled at Lisa.

I felt very pleased. The girl who was serving us, a distant cousin of Madame Berthe, swept prettily to the table and began to gather up the dishes. I smiled at her, too. She smiled back shyly at me. Madame Berthe loomed up behind her. She held a long, thin-necked bottle.

"Mirabelle," I said to everybody. "Do you know how they make it? It's made from the juice of the plum. A drink with all the fire and romance of France."

"Oh, stop it," Joan said.

"You're doing it purposely."

"Doing what purposely?"

"The false charm. The gay smile. The wandering eye."

"Me?" I said. "Me?"

"You," said Joan.

The room was very cold. I got up. Joan seemed lost in the enormous bed. She lay huddled under the bedclothes, lost in a mountain of pillows and bolsters. An eiderdown was pulled to her chin until only her eyes peered out, twin lights of cold blue following me around the room.

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know. Read a bit. Write some letters."

"Are you going out?"

"Why? Probably."

"You're not."

"What do you mean I'm not?"

Joan said grimly, "You know very well what I mean."

"Joan," I said, "I'm a grown man. I haven't been told what to do or where to go since I was ten years old. I didn't like it then and I don't like it now."

"You're hedging," Joan said.

"There's no reason why I should hedge."

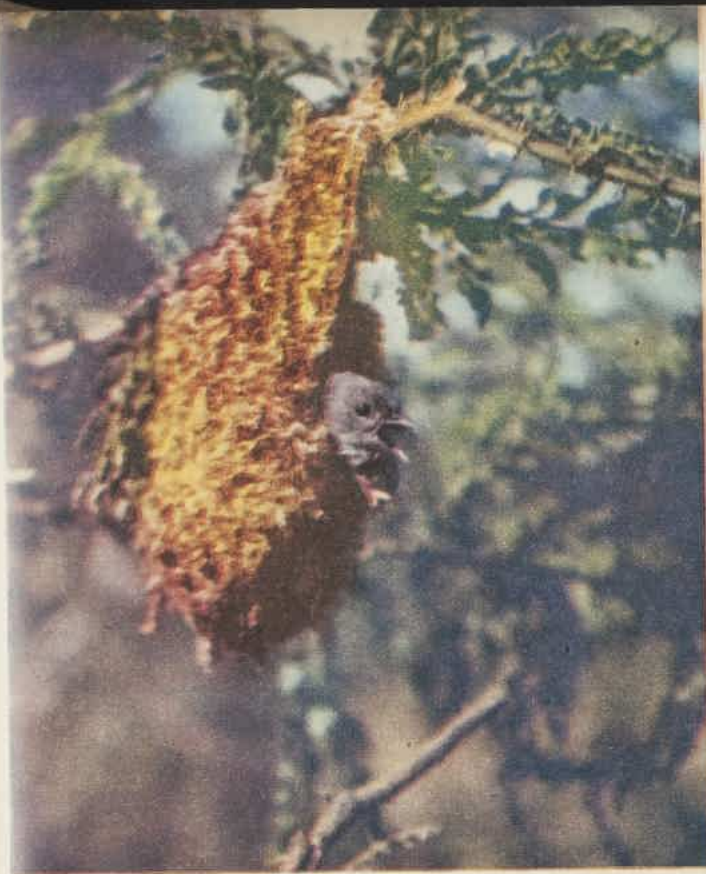
"Then why don't you say it?"

"All right, Joan," I said. "I'll say it. You've been acting like a silly spoiled child ever since we left Paris. You have some idea in your mind that I find



"Got it, now? You all sing La-la-la-la-la . . . then I come in, WHAM! WHAM! . . . La-la-la-la-la . . ."

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Royal children will see Australian film on

THE MISTLETOE BIRD

A long-kept bird kingdom secret is told in an unusual film, "The Mistletoe Bird," which the Queen is taking home from Australia as a special gift to Prince Charles and Princess Anne.

FOR an enchanted 11 minutes the film captures amazing close-ups of the domestic life of this gay little member of the swallow family, revealing the mystery of its work as nature's agent in spreading the mistletoe plant.

Mr. Ray Littlejohns, a clerk on the staff of the Department of Labor in Melbourne and a birdwatcher of 40 years' experience, devoted two years of week-ends to making the film. The importance of the film was recognised by Mr. M. H. Rosenthal, director of the Visual Aids Department at Melbourne University, and it was bought by the University.

Recently, at the inspiration of Mrs. John Turner, wife of Professor Turner, chairman of the professorial board, the film was presented to the Duke of Edinburgh by the Chancellor, Sir Charles Lowe, as the University's gift to the Royal children.

For Mrs. Littlejohns and her 15-year-old daughter, Nancy, the film conjures up memories of countless week-ends spent sitting in their 24-year-old car, parked on country roads and in forest glades, while Mr. Littlejohns, stalking birds with his movie camera, lost count of time.

There was always the

chance, too, that he might have had an accident if he had made a false move on the 15 to 20 feet high platforms he built as strategic settings for his camera.

Focused on sunlit nests and feeding grounds, the camera, carefully camouflaged with a small leatherette sheet painted in greens and browns to resemble leafy foliage, was operated by "pulling strings" sometimes from distances of 50 feet away.

After every 20 seconds of running, the camera had to be rewound.



MR. LITTLEJOHNS, whose film "The Mistletoe Bird" has been presented to the Royal children, finishes a watercolor painting of the little bird he knows so well.

The actual photographing of the birds was the simplest task. It was the preliminary work which demanded such care and patience.

Although mistletoe birds are not rare, they are little known. Only three and a half inches long, they fly at great speed and height in their almost fanatical search for the seeds of mistletoe berries.

Mr. Littlejohns, in making the film, first traced the birds by their shrill cries. Next he searched for mistletoe growing in the area, and closely watched the direction taken by the birds after feeding.

Sleuthing for their nests was his next problem. Mistletoe birds are just as likely to build their slender, hanging, purse-like nests 50 feet from the ground as they are to hang them on branches only three feet up.

He had then to condition the birds to having "a man about the house."

"I made a point of not disturbing them when they were 'at home,' but being about when they returned from an outing. Gradually they became accustomed to me."

"Knowing their greed for the seed of mistletoe berries, I used to remove all the adjacent mistletoe from the area except the clump on which I had set up the camera. This

forced them to eat where it suited me," he explained.

Mr. Littlejohns educated the birds to noise by building an electric buzzer. The noise of the buzzer was much louder than the whirr of the movie camera, so that in the end they took the whirr for granted.

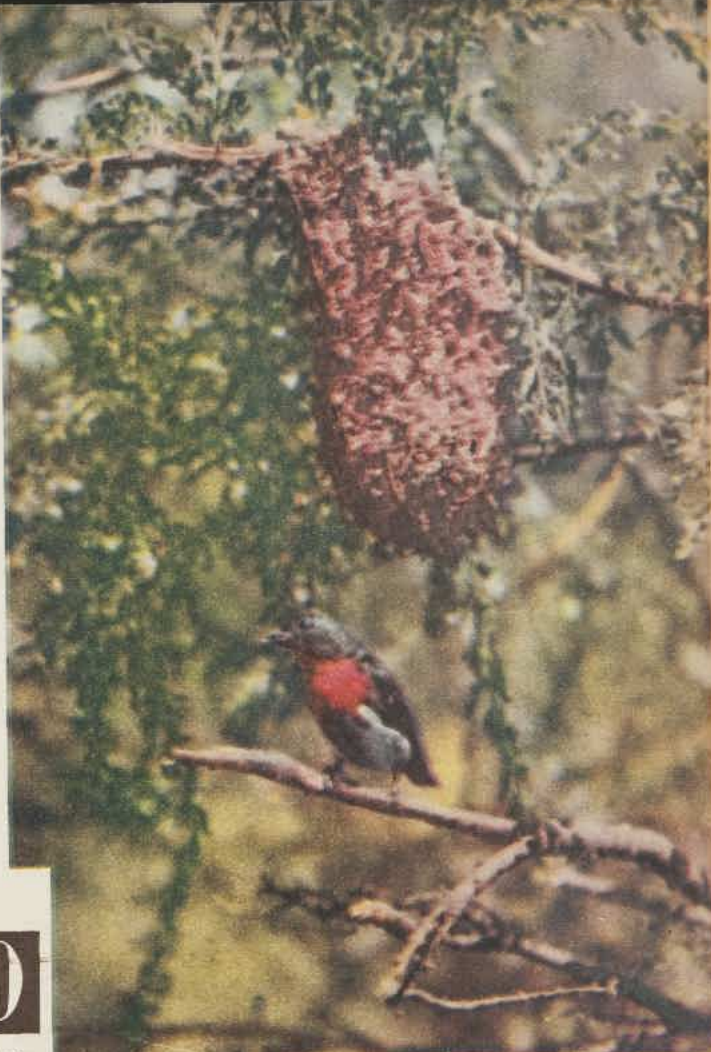
In this way he got valuable shots of them tapping off the ends of the mistletoe berries with their beaks and gently squeezing the tops to press out the sweet syrup-covered seeds.

From a scientific point of view the film's most interesting aspect was in explaining how the birds actually assisted nature in spreading mistletoe.

It was found that after digestion by the bird the mistletoe seeds were voided whole, still covered with enough sticky substance to allow them to adhere to the bark of the trees and there to germinate.

Ever since he was a lad in the country at Meredith, Victoria, where his father was a schoolteacher, Mr. Littlejohns has made a study of birds.

Most of his photography was done with a 25-year-old model box camera until a wartime friend, Commander J. W. Hesse, of the United States Navy, gave him his present 16 mm. movie camera.



ABOVE: The brightly colored male mistletoe bird sitting near his purse-like nest, which is built of thousands of pieces of fibre and cobweb closely felted together. The female builds the nest while the male superintends. Above left is the female in the nest, which sometimes swings as high as 50 feet above the ground. She is grey with just a wash of color under the tail.



MALE BIRD, hanging head down, feeds the chicks with mistletoe seeds, which have been removed from their yellow cases. The birds absorb most of the sticky covering of the seeds, which are voided unharmed after digestion. A family of five can eat 300 seeds daily.

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SAFARI IN AFRICA



DARKEST AFRICA calls to these American women about to take off on the first leg of their journey into the big game hunting country round Nairobi, British East Africa. The trip, which lasted a month with two weeks on safari, cost them each £1116.

Beauty treatments, tears when glamor cats track game

The first all-woman safari into "darkest Africa," in which 14 American females set out to conquer the jungle with gun and camera, developed into a burlesque of the great male safaris of the past.

THE brave hunters of the jungle were replaced by girls who wept bitterly over their first kill, who demanded bowls of cracked ice for daily beauty treatments, caviar snacks and cocktails before dinner, and sniped verbally at members of their party who, in their opinion, attempted to monopolise the three gallant white hunters who accompanied them.

The safari was organised by Beverly Putnam, 31, a Scandinavian Airlines employee who wanted company on a jungle holiday. Two weeks' holiday in the jungle cost each member of the group £1116.

Bunny Allen, a handsome jungle adventurer, led the safari into the Kenya jungles of British East Africa.

Reading like a Hollywood scenario for a "B" class film or a skit on an Ernest Hemingway story, Miss Putnam's diary makes fascinating reading. Here are extracts from her day-to-day account:

First day out: At nine o'clock today, all was ready. The six huntresses who had applied for licences picked up their guns from the "check room" of the local police station. We piled into two hunting cars and one station wagon.

Our first day on safari was spent in a long, tiring, dusty drive over the Athi Plains of Southern Kenya and the rolling countryside of Tangan-

yika—mostly dirt roads. At 7 p.m. we arrived in our first night's camp, located in the bush of a rift valley.

A native staff of 41, including room boys, cooks, skimmers, drivers, gun-bearers, mess boys, met us. All were of the M'Kamba tribe. Kikuyu (Mau Mau) mostly used to work on safaris, but their employment has been prohibited since the Mau Mau uprising.

We were off immediately in two double fly officers' tents with collapsible baths. The shower tent had a quick workout. Then we settled beneath a yellow thorn tree outside the mess tent for cocktails. Dinner that night was particularly gay.

Hyenas obliged by howling 300 yards from our camp for local color. Hope (Miss Hope Beavers, of New York City) says, "I hear they will eat your camera."

Cheers, tears

IN addition to Hope and myself, the original lady safari members include: Mrs. Aimee Baron, Mrs. Clare Burnett, Mrs. Charlotte Guerrero, Mrs. Gladys Lyman, and Mrs. Louise Schilling, of Honolulu, T.H.; Miss Helen Blasberg, of Hawthorne, N.J.; Mrs. Bernice Gray, of Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Helen Halliwell, of Ardley-on-Hudson, N.Y.; Mrs. Charlotte Johnson, of Syosset, N.Y.; Mrs. Margaret Katzin, of Winnetka, Ill.; and Mrs. Mary Whalen, of Philadelphia, Pa.

Third day out: The hunt began today—ending in cheers and tears.

Yesterday after breakfast we started for the Ngorongoro Crater. We climbed from 4500 feet to 5500 feet across the tsetse-fly barrier to Serengeti National Park. At a turn in the road the world came to its end before the crater, 15 miles in yawning diameter.

Our vehicles stopped at the Mto Wa Mbu (River of Mosquitoes), which rushes down from an escarpment over moss-covered rocks. There were seemingly private pools at various levels—where monkeys watched.

Today's hunt began with the 14 women of our party piling into three hunting cars, with one of our three male professional "white hunters" assigned to each, and streaming across the veldt in different directions.

We found the game in our area very wild because of the frequent safaris through it. My group came upon representatives of the Masai tribe tending cattle. I gave one girl a bottle of water to let me take a picture of her in her fancy hair-do of ancestors' hair and ochre.

Several miles farther on we encountered a herd of the big fast antelopes called hartebeests. Coins were tossed, and I was the first to shoot. My heart pounded. I had never killed an animal.

Stan Lawrence-Brown, my hunter, directed me to walk a couple of hundred yards from the car as sportsmen's ethics required, squat and fire. I did. Hit in the belly.

FOURTEEN WOMEN AND ONLY THREE MEN



ON SAFARI. Solar topees and khaki replaced the hunters' mink for long, hard days on the veldt. This group of intrepid hunters were photographed on the Manyara Plain. On the way to the lake they came across a group of the Masai tending their cattle. The day the girls spent at the lake millions of flamingos formed a pink horizon.

my target hartebeest ran like crazy. We chased after him in the car. I got in a second shot, in the neck. Took one more, and then the hunter finished him. These white hunters always do.

Later I finished a hartebeest on my own. I was told I did a good job, but I am not sure I liked it. Turning back to the car, I found four of my female companions — huntresses with cameras rather than guns — crying. Stan grew angry, and hurried that photographers and hunters should be separated. I was confused.

The return to camp was exciting. Be (Bernice Gray, of Indianapolis), who was in another car, brought in a Grant's gazelle. And when Bunny Allen, our head white hunter, congratulated me, I looked at my formerly tearful friends significantly.

By 4.30, after lunching on curry and having a shower, we were back on the hunt. This time I shot a francolin (partidge) with a .22. Stan graduated me, said I could go out alone thereafter with native gun-bearers.

The day had been wearying. The lights of our camp as we approached it across the veldt at night were a welcome sight.

Safe age

A WORD about our pro-hunters. They all belong to the East African Professional Hunters' Association, whose members must have spent a 12 months' probation period on safari and have a spotless reputation with the game department as naturalists and gentlemen. For safety's sake with our group, so Bunny said, he picked Stan and Bobby Cade (our trapper guide) for being men of his own age, roughly 47.

I once asked Bunny what Ava Gardner had meant, after making a movie with his help in Africa, by her crack that Bunny was the kind of man any girl would trust in the jungle. He commented, "I imagine she means I know what to do if we met an elephant."

Fourth day out: Each morning I saw Wathome, one of our native boys, pass by my tent with a bowl of ice, which one girl used to keep her pores closed. Close behind him was

Muindi bringing Cookie (Mrs. Helen Halliwell, of Ardsley-on-Hudson, N.Y.) her orange juice.

They made a unique profile against the African sky.

Three kerosene-operated refrigerators, not usually carried on safari, supplied us with ice cubes and home-made ice-creams. Cooking was done for us on iron grids six feet long by 18 inches wide over hot embers. Bread was baked fresh daily in closed tins which, bedded in hot ashes, acted as ovens. The tins were used for b-king pasties and roasts as well.

We ate fresh fruit and chiefly fresh meat, including impala, guinea hen, francolin, buffalo tongue, antelope meat and buffalo tail soups. Our laundry was done by room boys daily in brooks, ironing with charcoal-burning irons. Be's plus-fours shrank to plus-threes.

Two 40-gallon drums with chimney-flue heating furnished the camp a constant supply of hot water. We had chemical toilets.

Snacks of pate de basques, lobster and caviar were served every evening with cocktails. Dinner dress was mixed with most of us in hunting clothes, a few in blouses and skirts. Bunny Allen wore kiki — a waist to ankle wrap-around skirt — with his chest bare.

Dec (Mrs. Sadie Lee Norfleet, of Honolulu) was the best-dressed gal. Her husband, who manufactures Hawaiian beachwear, designed her safari clothes for her.

Today, we all took off for a picnic hunt at Manyara Lake.

Our first view of the lake was a pink horizon, formed by millions of flamingos. We lunched under an umbrella tree on hartebeest tongue sandwiches, fruit and tea amidst thousands of tsetse flies.

A herd of gnu appeared. Tabei, a native gun-bearer, and I went after them. I wounded one in the leg. We continued chasing him for four miles in a lorry. I hit him twice more on the run. Bobby Cade (our trapper guide) hit him three times and Tabei fired a final shot before he gave up.

The animal was ugly and it was all too bloody for me. Made me give up hunting for

several days. We put the gnu in the rear of the lorry and its stench was with us the rest of the afternoon. The odor became known as Beverly's No. 5.

We saw a couple of rhino carcasses lying on the plains that day. Vultures were just leaving an impala (high leaping antelope) skeleton.

Manyara is a soda lake and the heat plus the sun's reflection made it unbearable on shore. We drove home over corrugated roads. I can't find the Swahili word for bottoms, but they were sore.

It was a big night in camp. Three Mexicans and their two pro-hunters from a camp down the road heard we were about. They dropped in, and stayed until morning. The girls liked the feel of extra men about. The strain had been great on Bunny, Stan, Bobby (our white hunters), and Peter, our ex-Italian P.O.W. mechanic.

Two members of our safari, Mrs. Margaret Katzin, of Chicago, and Mrs. Mary Whalen, of Philadelphia, left us mid-safari. Mrs. Katzin later issued a statement that it was "ridiculous putting 14 American women there with three men and expecting them to be happy." Well, we had not

Caviar and cocktails in jungle dusk

seen any lion yet, and they were out to photograph big game.

They should have stayed. We saw lion, cheetah, rhino, and buffalo later. A safari changes every five minutes, so that you never know what's around the next bush or over the next hill. Moods and temperaments change with it.

Ninth day out: On my big day on the first all-girl African safari it was pouring rain.

Bobby (one of our male white hunters) and I took off in a jeep. After a two-hour drive over the veldt, Kipkoich, a native gun-bearer, and I started stalking a male impala we spotted in a herd with 30 females. Still in the rain.

I fired on the run and missed. The impala beat it. After another 500 yards he came on them again. I was ready to fire when they moved. Crouching, I watched them



WHITE HUNTER Bunny Allen with Beverly Putnam, who organized the safari. The girls became jealous if one of them appeared to monopolize the time of the professional hunters. Two members, Mrs. Margaret Katzin and Mrs. Mary Whalen, left in mid-safari, saying that it was ridiculous to expect 14 women to be happy with three men.

travel a half mile through a gully, my eye still on the male. Kipkoich shrugged, suggesting I give up, and grinned when I said no.

We really stalked them for the next 30 minutes, when

peated "m'zuri, m'zuri," shaking my hand and meaning "well done," while we dragged the carcass four miles back to the jeep over the hill and rocks. We arrived back in camp with the first impala killed on this safari — and soaked to the bone.

Six (Mrs. Gladys Lyman, of Honolulu), white hunter Bunny Allen, Tabei, a gun-bearer, and I went after buffalo early one morning. At one time a young bull sprang out of the bush not more than five yards from us. But Bunny said not to shoot, too young, wait for a real bull.

After a thrilling stalk, I did get two bulls with Bunny's help that day. We arrived back at camp at 4 p.m., five hours late, and I was accused of breaking our rule about not hogging a white hunter. I was too weary to listen.

Bunny had asked back in New York, "Do you want 15 pro-male hunters?" We settled on three. These men were fun to walk, talk, and hunt with. I think another half-dozen would have solved our only handicap. I remember a hunter's moon one night, just after two women had left the safari, and figuring we were still nine hunters shy.

Derogatory remarks and all malicious gossip were en-

couraged in our special rules of etiquette as helping to occupy the mind. By the eighth day we heard remarks like, "Listen, you, are you talking to me today?" Other than that, things did not get out of order. The girls were never without lipstick, did up their hair every night, and some even stuck to red nail polish. As long as there's a guy around . . .

And I must say we were all mighty glad to have around the guys we had.

Masai women

OUR last day in camp: The young native girls of the Masai village visited by the first all-girl safari touched us in wonder. Wonder as to which sex was which among these long-haired women wearing trousers and their short-haired pro-white hunters in shorts.

Well, they looked just as strange to us, weighed down with earrings that stretched their ears to their necks, and heavy with necklaces and bead bracelets. They giggled and grinned incessantly. But they made us pay for every picture we took of them.

Tonight we found out that it was our hunters who had been growling outside our

To page 24

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ANZAC DAY

Medals and Memories

At dawn on Anzac Day the notes of the Last Post and the Reveille will start a flood of memories throughout the nation. This year thousands of Australians again will attend dawn services throughout the Commonwealth, and later in the day big commemorative marches will be held in every capital city. In every community, no matter how small, there will be someone to place a wreath beside a war memorial or honor roll, and recall a gallant past. Above, Mr. "Derry" Denver, a 69-year-old original Anzac, of Sydney, rests on the grass near the Anzac Memorial in Hyde Park. Mr. Denver served with the 4th Battalion in World War I and took part in the landing at Gallipoli. In World War II he served with U.S. and Dutch forces and his three sons were in the three branches of the Australian armed forces. Mr. Denver is a life member of the Gallipoli Legion of Anzacs Club, whose badge he wears. Picture was taken by staff photographer Ron Berg.

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DW106—POLA: Burgundy,
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Girls here should be more feminine

By NORMAN STRACHAN

Is a mere male—and an English one at that—allowed to express opinions about the women of a country in which he has lived for only a few weeks? Sigh no more, ladies, for I'm going to. I don't really apologise, for I firmly believe in first impressions. They may be superficial, but they are sometimes in the right direction...

WHEN I made my first landing on Australian soil in Perth, Australian Woman made a big impression on me. I couldn't keep my eyes off those lissom, fresh-faced young athletes with superb figures and glorious fluffy hair.

I'd just arrived after a three-week stay in Greece and Yugoslavia and other outlandish places, where it's a miracle to see a blonde in shorts swinging lightly along the road with a tennis racket under one arm and a boy-friend on the other.

Another thing that struck me from the word go was the youthfulness and general zest for living of the 40-to-50 generation.

It took me quite a time in Melbourne before I got my critical faculties properly adjusted. Not that I've changed my opinion about the natural freshness or youthfulness of Australian women; it's merely that I began after a week or so to fill in the general picture with details.

First of all, clothes. It stands out a mile that the average girl here can afford a bigger and better wardrobe than the average European. The question is: does she exploit this natural advantage?

Not fully, I think. To me, Australian girls seem smart, and sometimes elegant, but lack that little extra something that causes men to ignore their wives and turn round in the street to stare. In Europe a girl is flattered (though she doesn't show it) if you stare at her; she thinks there must be something wrong with her if you don't.

Perhaps it's conservatism, perhaps it's fear of being different from her neighbor. Whatever it is, I can't get rid of this impression that the girl here appears to be shy of bright colors, a little timid in styles, and somewhat unimaginative and conventional in their whole ensemble.

It's a difficult thing to put one's finger on because the general effect is undoubtedly one of neat grooming. Yet, curiously, it doesn't thrill.

Maybe I miss that little eccentricity, that slight touch of flamboyance, that dash of unorthodoxy, which make up

the very individual chic of, say, a French or Italian girl. I am not screaming out for glamor, and I don't think French or Italian girls are necessarily "better dressed," but they do have a genius for wearing a simple frock with an air.

They are more original, particularly in their use of accessories, and, the Lord be praised, they don't burden themselves with barrowloads of jewellery.

I'm sure the Australian girl has just as much taste, but doesn't have enough self-confidence to rely on it. She seems too content to be the same as other people, too shy to strike out on her own.

And another thing—why do Australian women tend to



spoil their naturally lovely features and complexions by larding them so heavily with red grease? Haven't they got anything better to do with their time than making up and wiping off?

This fascinating subject of what makes or mars chic (that much abused word) is, of course, inextricably bound up with personality.

Now the Australian girl has a homely and wholesome charm all her own—and I don't mean this disparagingly. At the risk of splitting hairs, I would call her bright and lively, and the European girl vicious. She is a good companion; she laughs a lot and listens well, and is not too frightfully intelligent. The French girl may be more adept with the lowered eyelash and the girlish simper when occasion demands them, but the Australian, I should say, is more genuine a person.

One of the things I like most about Australian women

is their enviable ability—or is it an art?—to be completely relaxed. There is an unhappy minority in the cities who think it the thing to be sophisticated—by which they mean black frocks and frills—but in my opinion they fail miserably. The Australian girl is not naturally sophisticated, so why in heaven's name should she try to be?

No, she is a direct, not an artificial, person. She calls a spade a spade—which can be awkward at times. Almost alarmingly uninhibited, she can be disconcertingly forthright. I shall never forget a party where I met a charming young creature with innocent blue eyes and a radiant smile. I simply couldn't believe my ears when out of her mouth poured a string of Great Australian Words such as would have adorned the vocabulary of a London wharfer.

We men are peculiar animals. We put our women high up on pedestals and expect them to stay there.

If one is feeling critical—and I seem to be—it isn't usually difficult to fix on one characteristic in women of different countries as their national failing. About Mediterranean women one might say they run to seed by the time they are 25, about German women that they are too brawny, about American women that they talk too loud and too long, about English women that they have a regrettably horsey tendency to wear sensible tweeds...

But about Australian women? They are a race apart, elusive and difficult to analyse. I can boil it down to the rather unsatisfactory generalisation that they are not feminine enough. Partly because they have a quite unjustified inferiority complex vis-a-vis Continental women, and partly because they are spoilt—and therefore a bit lazy.

Yes, spoilt. Everything is served up to them on a platter: splendid living conditions, a high basic wage, children's clinics and kindergartens, every possible variety of food.

And yet they seem to want equality! To follow men's careers, to receive men's salaries, to drink in men's bars. Now men and women are neither equal nor unequal—they are just different. So why try to be the same? The subtlety of a clever woman consists in exploiting her femininity by making a man feel superior, not by slapping him on the back and standing him a drink.

Being feminine is a whole art of living in itself, and I think it is largely due to complacency and relatively easy living that Australian women don't seem to have fully mastered it.

Is the Australian woman beautiful? Bless her, of course she is. But why, oh why, isn't she allowed to wear bikinis?

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WITH CREME-ROSE WAVING LOTION

guarantees a faster

With New Crest you whiz through "waving" faster than you'd imagine possible. The clever new Creme-Rose Waving Lotion supplies the lightning touch, yet is incredibly gentle... actually conditions your hair as it waves.

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Nice to know that though New Crest is gentle, your wave will last till the day it's cut off. Your guarantee: the magic duo in every New Crest Kit—the Creme-Rose Waving Lotion and the reliable neutraliser.

more "natural" wave

Most important of all, you just can't tell a Crest wave from naturally curly hair. It's gloriously shiny, silken to touch. You can punish it with salt water and sunshine... walk in a high wind... and a flick of the comb sends every wave back into place.



SOFT, SHINY AND
NATURAL-LOOKING.
THAT'S MY WONDERFUL
NEW CREST WAVE

says lovely

Torraine Casey

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Page 17

GREETINGS
TELEGRAM

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FOR MOTHER'S DAY

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NEW SPECIAL COLOURED FORMS AT
NO ADDITIONAL COST.



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MOTHER



"Would you like an ice-cream? . . . Then you could go to the butcher's and the grocer's and the cake shop and . . ."

BUTCH



"The branch reaches the window, all right, but another little problem has come up."

It seems to me

MOST people outside Parliament will agree with the A.B.C.'s recommendation that Parliamentary broadcasts should be curtailed.

Whether the recommendation will have any effect is doubtful. One political writer states that "members regard the broadcasts as a unique opportunity of addressing electors."

It may be an opportunity of addressing the electors, but whether the electors listen is quite another matter.

When the broadcasts first started they had a certain amount of novelty value. Many people became quite addicted to listening to debates. I knew one woman who said that the monotony of the voices had a soothing effect on her while she swept and dusted.

But gradually the listeners found that the flashes of drama and entertainment did not compensate for the dryness of the bulk of proceedings. Like some members, they found themselves going to sleep.

Nowadays you practically never hear anyone say: "I was listening to Parliament last night."

If there were any method by which a visual gauge could show the low number of listeners, Parliamentarians might be discouraged from taking up so much time on a broadcasting channel.

The only other solution is for one of them to invent a device which will cause a radio set to flash a light when some dramatic announcement or entertaining brawl is in progress.

THE Americans have a talent for making statements about ordinary things in a picturesque way.

For instance, everyone knows that sore feet make people bad-tempered, but a lady in Florida who runs a health establishment recently announced that the nation would have happier marriages if it had more comfortable feet.

Apart from their effect on the temper, there is something particularly unglamorous about aching feet.

That thought was never better put than by David Niven in the film "The Moon Is Blue" when the ingenuous heroine says that her feet hurt. "Say 'My foot hurts,' singular," he tells her. "But never, never say 'My feet hurt.'"

A COLLEAGUE reports a nature note from the heart of Sydney:

Passing down Park Street near Hyde Park he saw a magpie shaping up belligerently to its reflection in the hub-cap of a parked car.

The colleague, who is of a fanciful turn of mind, thinks it may have been a parking policeman in disguise ("Just a simple matter of hypnotism," he explains airily, "or the transmigrated soul of one, if you like that better").

Or then again, life in the city being what it is, it may simply have been a neurotic magpie.



Dorothy Drann

ONLY one horse entered in the Clydesdale section of the horse judging at the Royal Sydney Show. They all belonged to the one owner, who said: "Clydesdales are a dying race because of tractor."

Probably some old ancestor of this Clydesdale sniffed at troubled air suspiciously when James Watt started watching his steam-kettle, and a descendant shivered when the internal combustion engine was invented.

These Clydesdales, donning their ribbons, must have been lonely but unsurprised at their lack of companions.

Around the same time that the Clydesdales were on show an American airlines company announced that its transatlantic planes would be equipped with special V.I.P. suites, where an executive, for an additional 125 dollars, will have complete privacy in the air, including his own cocktail bar.

As one mare said to another: "You see, they've gone a long way past the horse and buggy age. Well, all I can say, dear, is that it's their world, and they're welcome to it."

DOES an egg, thrown by a husband at a wife, constitute cruelty? A court of appeal in London has been considering this point.

Lord Justice Singleton remarked that a husband hit his wife with a hard-boiled egg it might be cruelty, but that just throwing the egg and saying "Take that away" might not be.

No doubt the legal mind is better equipped to consider these problems than mine, but I would take strong issue with the learned judge over the matter of the timing of the egg.

You could quite quickly forget being socked with a hard-boiled egg from a short distance, but if the egg were soft-boiled—that would be something a woman would never forget or forgive.

AFTER a party at a home in America Lady Astor, one time member of the British House of Commons, said: "I had a nice time, but you're all such peculiar people."

Lady Astor, who is noted for her sharpness, often quoted, Gets her feelings off her chest, Makes a rather startling guest.

Lesser mortals at a party, Hypocritical but hearty, Say, "I've had a lovely time," Feel a lie is not a crime, Though at times they mean, "How boring! Wish I were in bed and snoring!"

While it's oft impressed on youth How desirable is truth, Used too freely, it's alarming, Tact is mostly much more charming.

Lighthearted lovelies in Beaverlure

Regd.

make you the
smartest girl in town

You're wonderful to look at
... and wonderfully cosy
in these super smarts
by Beaverlure. The soft-
spun texture and graceful
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Beaverlure's fascinating colour
collection ranging from
brilliant shades to fragile
pastels and the ever
wonderful white. Beaverlure
washes perfectly ... never sags,
shrinks or goes out of shape.



Genuine Beaverlure is
registered and branded.
Beware of imitations.



W77

W418



W369. HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME. This Beaverlure stole
wraps you gracefully and warmly. Smart fringed ends. About 32/6.



W570. SNUGGLY RIBBED at waist and
neck, this form-fitting Beaverlure cardigan
fastens with matched buttons from V-neck
to basque. About 46/-.



W414. PARTNER YOUR
SKIRTS with this cosy Beaver-
lure jumper, high neck and
slashed pocket. About 35/-.

W77. OUTDOOR PERFECTION
in a Beaverlure Zipper-front that
keeps out chilly breezes with its
high ribbed collar and snugly fit-
ted waist. About 65/-.

W418. COSY SMARTNESS of
Beaverlure in this adorable shrug-
ette that sits happily over either
day or evening frocks. Ribbed
sleeve and pearl button finish.
About 40/6.



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WHEN THAT CERTAIN PARTY coyly suggests that you wipe-up a towering mass of dishes, tell her that "drying-up" is a form of slavery which was abolished by the invention of "Trix." It's a chore which no enlightened husband need ever again perform. The drill is simply this: Into the washing-up water you drop (at least, *She drops*) a teaspoonful of "Trix." No soap—just "Trix." Madame then gives the dishes and etceteras a once-over in the usual way and puts them out to drain. They drain dry, they dry with a gleam and every item is as clean as if it had been sterilised.

Maybe you've got a sweater or jumper you're fond of. Maybe She doesn't feel the same way about it. Says it's grimy, stained and fit only for cremation. Flatly refuses to wash it any more. Here's the what-to-do: Grasping

a bottle of "Trix" firmly in one hand, and Old Faithful lovingly in the other, stride manfully into the laundry. There procure for yourself about two gallons of lukewarm water. Into the water pour a tablespoonful of "Trix." Immerse Old Faithful.

Squeeze! Watch the dirt spiral out! Woolens washed with "Trix" come out clean, fluffy, rejuvenated. And they don't shrink.

So the Little Woman doesn't like washing floors or wood-work? Shudders at cleaning gas rings; bristles at burnt baking dishes; loathes 'laving' the lino? Make a Big Fellow of yourself.

Introduce her to "Trix"... the detergent that tricks dirt and grease. No more messing about with soap suds.

Whatever suds can do, "TRIX" can do better. (Note: Use "Trix" on your windows and for cleaning the car.)

TRIX is twice as thick
as ordinary detergents—
so Trix is TWICE as economical!

PSST! Did you know that Trix keeps the drainage system clean and clear? That's because Trix emulsifies grease and leaves no residue to clog the pipes. In fact, once you start using Trix, it will quickly dissolve and carry away any grease that has already accumulated in the pipes. It's a point worth knowing.

TRIX is a product of SAMUEL TAYLOR Pty. Ltd.,—
makers of famous MORTEIN.



Worth Reporting

"NO slouch hats were worn by Anzacs at the Gallipoli landing," said Mr. J. Birnie, manager and secretary of the Gallipoli Legion of Anzacs Club in Sydney, who served with C Company, Second Battalion, at the landing 39 years ago.

"We wore peaked caps with the wire stiffening removed from the peak," he added. "This was done to help prevent forehead wounds."

Mr. Birnie, who is always present at the Dawn Service on Anzac Day, told us that the legion has 1054 members as well as 737 men who belong to the club or are associates.

Members of the legion entitled to wear the red, white, and blue badge surmounted with the initials G.L. are those who served on the peninsula from the time of the landing until the evacuation.

Club members and associates are drawn from ex-servicemen of several wars who served in active theatres of war.

On Anzac days ex-soldiers who take part in the Dawn Service join in the march under their old unit banners and return to the club for the reunion afterwards.

Mr. Mapps' time machine

TWELVE months ago Mr. Arnold Mapps, of Bexley North, N.S.W., was taking a ride on a Manly ferry when his mind, which had been gently ticking over, seized on the idea for a new invention.

"It's a gadget which fits on to the back of an alarm clock," he explained.

"Say you want to get up at six in the morning. You've only to set your alarm, and at six sharp the gadget will switch your radio on.

"Of course, my idea has been patented."

Mr. Mapps added that he was "better known to some as William Loiter," and that he'd written a book on modern dance movement as well as inventing his alarm-clock attachment.

SUCCESSFUL presswomen who have never lived outside cities, and who claim never to have boiled an egg, usually marry backwoods characters, settle in pioneering towns, and write books turning hardships into humor.

Journalist Joan Walker, once of England, now of Canada, has followed this time-tested pattern with her newly published "Pardon My Parka."

It's a light, gay book dealing with the Walkers' life in Val d'Or, a town which was "painfully like any set for a Wild West film, except that there weren't any board sidewalks. There weren't any sidewalks, period."

Mrs. Walker tells of her visit to Val d'Or's only nightclub, where customers "wore macinaws, plaid shirts, or, if it was a hot night, no shirts at all."

She finds good copy in describing her nearest, but not dearest, neighbors—an Indian

HERE'S YOUR SONG

Our radio session:
LISTENING TIMES
SYDNEY, 2GB, 7.15 p.m., Thursday.
MELBOURNE, 3AW, 7.15 p.m., Thursday.
MARYBOROUGH, 3CV, 7.15 p.m., Thursday.
BRISBANE, 4BH, 6.30 p.m., Thursday.
ADELAIDE, 5DN, 6.45 p.m., Thursday.
PERTH, 6IX, 6.45 p.m., Monday.
KATANNING, 6WB, 6.45 p.m., Monday.
MERREDIN, 6MD, 6.45 p.m., Monday.
BRIDGETOWN, 6BY, 6.45 p.m., Monday.
HOBART, 7HO, 7.15 p.m., Saturday.
LAUNCESTON, 7LA, 7.15 p.m., Saturday.

THERE'S a 10 Downing Street in Australia. It's the name of a holiday caravan on a camp site near Palm Beach, just a few miles from Sydney.

What we want to know, however, is whether the name of the owner is Churchill.

Brides of the round table

FATHERS of this season's brides might like to hear that American girls are pacing down the aisle in creations whipped up from double damask tablecloths and linen table napkins.

Australian brides-to-be might consider searching through the linen cupboards after hearing of Boston designer Phyllis Bianchi's ideas.

Miss Bianchi made a full-length wedding dress from the two damask cloths and a ballerina-length gown for a bride.

A round pink linen tablecloth formed the circular skirt, and matching pink table napkins outlined the top of the close-fitting bodice and formed a scallop motif over one hip.

Handshakes by the thousand

FIVE thousand handshakes have been given by Elenor Hempton, of Aus Heights, N.S.W., to members of New Zealand Forces passing through Sydney bound for or returning from Korea.

President of the New Zealand Club in Sydney, Ms Hempton left her hometown, Wellington, N.Z., in 1927 and has, for the past months, met ship and plane loads of her countrymen as they arrived in Sydney.

When Mrs. Hempton, in a feathered hat and grey ensemble, dropped into an office she took our hand in a grey-gloved grasp.

"I'd hate to see any of our New Zealanders pass through without giving them a warm coming handshake and an offer of hospitality," she said.

Mrs. Hempton likes nothing better than arranging dinner for the boys or putting them up overnight in the comfortable home which she shares with her son Allan, an ex-8th Div. P.O.W.

The skilful needlewoman

A CUSHION COVER in jacaranda-blue fabric, embroidered with satin and stitch in burgundy silk, was second prize for Mrs. G. Rootham, of Fairfield, N.S.W., in a Dominion competition conducted by the Embroiderers' Guild of London.

The Guild issued a treatise of a design, featuring the national emblems of the British Dominions, and transfers were sent to women's organisations.

Mrs. Rootham entered the embroidery through the Country Women's Association and has just received first prize, a book about traditional Portuguese embroidery.

Mother of three children, Graeme (6), Reba (4), and Sonya (24), Mrs. Rootham is already encouraging her youngest girl, Reba, to use a needle.

"So far Reba has only buttons on to cloth, using needle and a thick piece of cotton," she said, "but, in time, it's a start."

Book News

By HELEN FRIZELL

family, headed by a gentleman known as War Bonnet.

Published by Arthur Barker Ltd. Our copy from the publishers.

"Our Virgin Island," by Robb White, tells how the writer and his young wife, Rodie, chose to exist on a tiny spot of land known as Marina Cay, in the British Virgin Islands.

Marina Cay was a parched, rocky island covering less than eight acres of dry land, possessing a white beach, a banyan tree, a bay, no drinking water, and the utmost solitude.

Before they built their house with their own hands the Whites had nowhere to sleep but on the sand, and nothing

to eat but the fish they caught or the stewed seaweeds, "a taste of iodine and a factory texture to life."

And when they had built their shelter of a house they were happy to be alone on the island, where the only noise were of sea birds, the crashing of the sea, and of the sea—gentle sometimes, but coming in hurricane force bringing horizontal squalls.

Robb White, a successful writer, took his bride to the place against parental opposition.

The story, set immediately before World War II, is graphically written and absorbing. Mr. White has no humor out of the circumstances of early poverty and endurance, but has written a sincere book with some bitter undertones.

Published by Victor Gollancz. Our copy from Gollancz. Gollancz Book Company, Sydney.

Mother contests motor-cycle race

She finds decoking bike easier than making kiddies' dresses

Only woman entrant in the 2494-mile motor-bike race through three States, commencing on June 6, is Mrs. June Murray, of Collaroy, N.S.W., an attractive blond housewife and the mother of three.

By
SHEILA PATRICK,
staff reporter

MRS. MURRAY, who has been racing a motor-bike since 1949, not only competes in open bike races with men regularly each week-end but also looks after a husband, a house, three little girls, and a secretarial job.

For bike races Mrs. Murray wears a brown leather outfit of breeches, jacket, helmet, and riding-boots.

"I wear goggles and tie a scarf round the lower part of my face to protect it from flying dirt and the cold.

"I always rub on plenty of face-cream, and my bike-kit includes powder and lipstick as well as spanners and other tools," she said.

When I met Mrs. Murray she was dressed in a pretty white blouse and tartan skirt, with a gold necklace and matching ear-rings.

"I make my own clothes and the girls' clothes," Mrs. Murray told me, and added that only the previous night she had made the outfit she was wearing.

"Hilmon, my husband, is a



WEARING CYCLING GARB, Mrs. Murray poses on her motor-bike. She always carries powder and lipstick as well as spanners in her bike kit.

motor-bike enthusiast, too," she said. "He has a racing bike. Mine is only an ordinary one.

"He makes me maintain my bike myself, although he cleans it for me on Saturdays while I do the washing.

"But I change tyres, do a decoke, perhaps regrind the valves, which, by the way, I must get done before the big race, and change the rings.

"I'd rather do a decoke than

make the kids their new dresses," she said, laughing. "It's easier."

Mrs. Murray explained that her bike is a single-cylinder 350c.c. Matchless.

"I won't explain all that to you," she said when I looked puzzled. "But it is a fairly small motor-bike.

"Have you ever been on a motor-bike?" she asked me.

When I shook my head and

said only once, and then disastrously, Mrs. Murray told me that many women went to the meetings.

Although only a few women actually rode in the races, and then usually on their husbands' bikes, about 50 were interested and rode pillion.

"My husband has a specially hepped-up racing bike which is a beauty," she said proudly.

I asked Mrs. Murray why she liked riding a motor-bike

when the family had a car which she could drive.

"Oh, car driving is dull," she said. "On a bike there's a feeling of power and control.

"I don't speed," she added hastily. "When I'm going to work each morning, I always go on the bike from Collaroy to Mosman. I usually never do more than 25 to 30 m.p.h., but I've done 90 m.p.h. during a race.

"We all love motor-bikes,"

ATTRACTIVE Mrs. Murray, mother of three daughters, who manages to combine motor-bike racing with housework and a secretarial job.

Mrs. Murray explained. "My little girls are dying to get their own bikes and always come with us to meetings every week-end.

"If I'm in a race and my husband is minding the girls, they meet me at check points to give me my meals and cheer me on," she added. "They think I'm wonderful.

"Even our golden cocker spaniel, Sniffer, comes to the bike meetings," she added.

Mrs. Murray said motor-bike racing is not dangerous or difficult.

"I used to ride a pushbike. Then when I met my husband I learned to ride his racing bike," she explained.

"When we got married, he promised to let me have a bike and race it as soon as the children were a few years old."

Mrs. Murray's daughters are Cynthia, 11, Judith, 10, and Susan, 8.

"The kids wouldn't miss the meetings for worlds," she told me. "Cynthia and Judith both ride passenger with us and take the rings off the poles."

Taking the rings off the poles is like flag-bending in horse-races. The riders must collect a certain number off each pole.

Mrs. Murray has been in three or four big bike trials during the past few years.

"I won a cup for good riding in the Goodwin Shield in 1951, and a teaset and a teatray for other events.

"I don't diet for my races, and will just eat and sleep normally before this big interstate trial," she explained. "I think doing all my housework keeps me pretty fit."

In the big race she plans to meet her family at the overnight stop in Melbourne, and in Adelaide.

SWEDISH ROYALTY TO VISIT THE QUEEN

By **PATRICIA ROLFE**, of our London staff

It is appropriate that the first State visit Queen Elizabeth will receive in her reign will be from the King and Queen of Sweden.

SWEDEN'S Queen, wife of 71-year-old Gustav Adolf, is an Englishwoman. She is a sister of Earl Mountbatten and aunt of the Duke of Edinburgh.

Details of the visit will

probably wait on the return of Queen Elizabeth from her tour. However, a Grand Ball is almost certain to be the highlight of the visit, which will take place from June 28 to July 1.

King Gustav Adolf has a distinct preference for English things. Every morning a copy

of "The Times" is brought to his bedside with morning tea.

The King and Queen often visit England privately for shopping and to see relatives and friends.

Gustav Adolf also reads and speaks English frequently and prefers English cooking.

Many of Queen Elizabeth's subjects who feel that life for her and her young family could be simpler and more informal without loss of dignity refer to the Scandinavian Courts as models of democratic Royalty.

Swedish Court life is not as informal as the Danish and Norwegian.

Women still must wear traditional white-and-black puffed-sleeved lace Court dresses when they attend the palace in Stockholm.

However, when Gustav Adolf succeeded to the throne in 1950, he forewent a Coronation ceremony. He merely swore the official oath, then shook hands with his Ministers.

On State occasions he doesn't wear his crown, but it is carried beside him.

Gustav Adolf and Queen Louise have apartments in 13 rooms on the ground floor of the vast Royal palace, which has 680 rooms, some of them as long as a city block.

However, Gustav Adolf cannot dispense with State ceremony altogether. On occasions, when it is required, it seems even more formal than British style.

At banquets the "King's Hunter" stands behind him in green uniform. Behind the Queen stands her "Outrunner," wearing pointed cap with two ostrich plumes, knee-length breeches, black stockings, and silver-fringed kilt.

These two functionaries take dishes from the servants and hand them to their Majesties.

Gustav Adolf knows personally many of his lesser subjects. When he walks through the streets of Stockholm without a bodyguard passers-by greet him and he gravely raises his hat.

As Crown Prince, Gustaf Adolf had to fight a shyness of appearing in public similar to that which afflicted the late King George VI as a young man.

He is now one of the best public speakers in Sweden. He writes his own speeches in longhand.

His lifelong absorbing interest has been archaeology. When he was 16 he found some prehistoric bones in the grounds of the Royal country estate. Since then he has joined expeditions to Italy, Greece, Cyprus, the Middle East, Korea, and China.

Today he is regarded by professionals as an authority on Tuscan remains in Italy and the ancient civilisations of Cyprus.

Like his father, King Gustav V, who was still playing tennis when he was in his 80's, Gustav Adolf is fond of this sport. He still plays it twice a week.

Heir to the Swedish throne is the grandson of the present King, Crown Prince Carl Gustav.

Two of the present King's sons married commoners and one is unmarried. In 1947 the eldest son was killed in a plane crash. He left four daughters, and a son was born posthumously.

Carl Gustav is a few years older than Prince Charles, but he is the same type of little boy.

He loves riding and is often seen in public parks in Stockholm trying to make his pony go faster. He also loves soldiers and always stops to watch troops march by.



ROYAL COUPLE of Sweden, King Gustav Adolf VI and Queen Louise, who will be the guests of Queen Elizabeth on her return to England after the Royal tour.

"ZIP GOES A MILLION"

● Based on the famous old play "Brewster's Millions," the musical comedy "Zip Goes a Million" is now running at the Tivoli Theatre, Sydney. "Brewster's Millions" was first staged in 1907, has been revived many times, and has been filmed. The musical version tells the story of a Lancashire window-cleaner, Percy Piggott, who has to spend a million pounds in four months under the terms of the will of his rich Texan uncle.

LEFT: Glamorous "Garter Girl" ballet, which is a feature of one of the musical shows Percy backs in his efforts to spend money. The elaborate costumes for the production, designed in London by Anthony Holland, are worth £7500.

BELOW: Rarotonga Island provides an exciting native ballet sequence when Percy takes a cruise. "Zip Goes a Million" is presented by international impresario Emile Littler in association with David N. Martin.





CHIKITA BALLET is the high spot of a musical show in "Zip Goes a Million." This show-within-a-show is written by vaudeville artist Buddy Percy, hoping to lose money, backs it, but it succeeds. Pictures on these pages were taken by staff photographers Bob Cleland and Eric Donnelly.



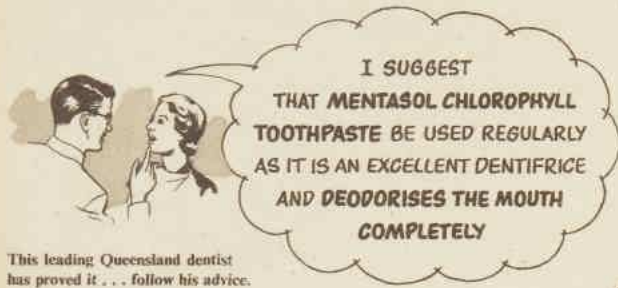
IN PIGGOTTSVILLE, Texas, the people do a joyful square dance when Percy comes there to claim the millions left by his uncle.



ABOVE: Outside the Ziegfeld Theatre, Buddy (Tony Fontane) shows Percy's fiancée, Sally (Nina Cooke), a poster for his new show.

RIGHT: Buddy, Lilac (Margaret Brown), and Piggottville people welcome Percy (Roy Barbour) and fiancée Sally on their arrival there.

When a dentist finds MOUTH ODOUR ...here's what he does!



This leading Queensland dentist has proved it... follow his advice.

(Name withheld for professional reasons but original letter held in our files.)

"As a dentist I would say that the number of people with some degree of mouth odour is amazingly high. It may be caused by digestive disturbances, or things like strong foods, alcohol or tobacco. That is why I recommend Mentasol Chlorophyll Toothpaste so strongly. Not only does it clean the teeth thoroughly, but from experience in my own surgery I've found that Mentasol deodorises the mouth better than any other toothpaste, and that its effect is instantaneous and lasting."

DENTISTS IN EVERY STATE OF AUSTRALIA SAY MENTASOL IS BETTER THAN ANY OTHER TOOTHPASTE

Questioned on what they thought of Mentasol, 7 out of 10 answers from Australian dentists said: "Better than any other toothpaste I've ever used."

We're so sure you'll agree that we make this unconditional guarantee: Mentasol will do more for you than any other dentifrice—white or chlorophyll—to give you a cleaner, fresher, healthier mouth—or your money back.

Try a tube of spearmint-flavoured Mentasol today—proved 50% more effective in destroying mouth odour than ordinary toothpastes.

The world's original
CHLOROPHYLL TOOTHPASTE



M9.WW10g

Safari in Africa

from page 13

tents to provide atmosphere—not the wild animals we thought. And yesterday I learned our seemingly fearless native boys did have one phobia in common with us gals, namely snakes.

Coming back to camp from a hunt, a ten foot python—the first snake we'd met in Africa—crossed in front of us. White hunter Stan Lawrence-Brown said I was just standing there shaking with shotgun in hand when Bobby Cade (white hunter and trapper) walked over, slapped a burlap over the snake's head, squeezed it by the neck and shoved in it the toolbox as a live prize.

Mwanga, the native boy commissioned to sit on the box in the lorry, did so with the whites of his eyes showing to the end of the ride.

The day finally came when a gun-bearer called "simba," meaning lion. The king of beasts, in the flesh, walked out and moved slowly towards us, then turned. We whistled and he looked back over his shoulder. Head white hunter Bunny Allen said he was pretending we couldn't see him.

King of beasts

THE lion continued to play cat and mouse with us for a while, then got disgusted and took off as though a bee had stung him. Later that day we also came on a mother cheetah with her three cubs. She laid down and let us approach her, then tried to lead us along a different route from her cubs' and give them a chance to get away. We let the babies gallop off over the hill.

Lou (Mrs. Louise Schilling, of Honolulu) shot at a bu-

falo, wounded him, gave chase, but he got away. She and a white hunter spent 18 hours looking for him. It is illegal to leave wounded animals.

I think Be may have shot a champion-size wildebeest (gnu). She aimed at the biggest animal in a herd and hit him.

Rhino hunt

ON one of our last safari days several of us went looking for rhino—Tabei, the gun-bearer, led, followed by Bunny, myself, three girl photographers, and Hope (Miss Hope Beavers, of New York City), who held the gun-bearer's hand all the way.

We sighted a female with two young on a hill, and lost them when she ran into the bush with her children.

And so back to Nairobi.

Well, the final breakdown for the six of us women who handled guns was four buffalo, three gnu, two hartbeest, two impala, one Tommy's gazelle, four Grant's gazelle, and three zebras. There was no jealousy over trophy results, a disease sometimes caught by men on safari.

Our hunters were particularly respectful towards us, and I suspect most of us share a fond admiration for them. At least when we broke up camp the girls were still talking with one another and the hunters were still talking with their wives.

I, for one, shed a tear when we drove from the site. It was undoubtedly the greatest experience of my life.

★ As I read the stars ★

★ By EVE HILLIARD ★

ARIES (March 21-April 20): A proposition, advanced with enthusiasm April 28, may strike snags, disagreements, April 30. May 2 is likely to combine business with pleasure.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): You may decide to persevere with an enterprise, April 27, 28, against bitter opposition, but stick to your own point of view and be justified, April 30.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Few of you enjoy being put in a corner and neglected, yet, on April 27, that gives you a wonderful chance to think things out and find the answer, May 2.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): If you're a club member or active on a committee, April 27 brings big news, with the chance to show the stuff you're made of. May 2 favors outings, group activity.

LEO (July 23-August 22): You might gain prestige, get in solid with the boss, or your crowd, April 28, which beams also on job hunters. May 1 starts a new venture.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): Plans should be taking shape, April 28, with high adventure in prospect. May 2 is suitable for seeking agreement with friends, associates.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): If deprived of an anticipated pleasure, April

27, or suffering from minor physical upsets, look forward to April 30, which shows gain.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Social interests are likely to be particularly important, May 1. If eligible, romantic moments, perhaps an offer of marriage. The evening of May 3 could turn sour.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Any important business arrangement should be jammed through, April 27. Steer clear of extravagant projects, April 29. May 1 fine for recreation.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): If you have a date with your best-beloved, April 28 is out of this world. It brings romance for young and old, but don't plan heavily on May 2.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): The stars shine on shopping for the home, April 29. May 1, also on family entertaining. The morning of May 3 is kind to home-seekers.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Explore your own neighborhood for interesting possibilities, April 27. Expeditions set for May 1 are likely to prove disappointing; better postpone outings.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.)



PREVIEW

"We're giving Mum beautiful
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For the cakes she makes.



"This new style Cake, Biscuit and Scone container was an easy choice. We bought the three units but could have had just one or two. Mum will love the way the sections separate easily, yet fit snugly together to give complete food protection."

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"YOUNG AGAIN" now she's REGULAR —without purgatives!



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CYMA AMIC

Worked at sea to finish new liner

By FREDY YOUNG, staff reporter

Five North-of-England men and one Australian, who travelled from England in the new luxury liner Orsova on her maiden voyage to Australia, spent the voyage at work putting the finishing touches to the ship.

THE six men, who travelled first-class to Australia, had all seen the beautiful liner grow from the first plate laid on the ships at the shipbuilding yards of Vickers Armstrong Ltd. at Barrow-in-Furness, Lancashire.

All had worked on her from the beginning, and then, when she set off on her maiden voyage, they went on the trip to finish off many jobs and to see her through what they described as her "teething troubles."

Discussing their trip on arrival in Australia, only the Englishmen in the group called this beautiful 29,000-ton liner "it."

They said as with one voice, "As Barrovians we are justly proud of it."

The Englishmen are John Gilbert, William Clark, nicknamed "Nobby" ("All Clarks are Nobbys," someone said), George Goacher, Harold Whittall, and David Parker Rodger.

Three are electricians, Mr. Rodger is a foreman plumber, and Mr. Whittall foreman joiner.

The Australian is Reginald Gibson, of Sydney, an assistant shipyard manager.

From Cockatoo Island dockyard in Sydney he went to England four and a quarter years ago to gain experience in shipbuilding with Vickers Armstrong.

This is the Englishmen's first trip to Australia.

"In England we don't appreciate the great distances of sea travel involved in coming to Australia—3000 miles from Colombo to Fremantle, for example," said Mr. Rodger.

"I was glad to see Fremantle," he added.

It was a quick trip of just over three weeks from England to Fremantle, and it passed pleasantly for this team of men, who disembarked promptly whenever the ship reached ports to see what they could of the world.

While at sea they were always on call to attend to any minor trouble that might develop.

"There were no big troubles or we would not have made such good time," said Mr. Gibson.

Their biggest completion job was the verandah bar, which was opened by Lady Anderson, wife of Sir Colin Anderson, a director of the Orient Line, when the ship had just left Colombo.

This lovely, large room on B deck has wide windows opening out on to the sheltered verandah deck, and is distinguished by a huge,



SIX TRAVELLERS who arrived in Australia in the new luxury liner Orsova spent the voyage putting finishing touches to the ship's interior. They are (front, from left) Australian Reginald Gibson and Englishmen William Clark, David Parker Rodger, and George Goacher. At back are John Gilbert (left) and Harold Whittall, also Englishmen.

brightly colored photo mural which looks like a copy of a piece of Dutch tapestry.

"The Orsova has about the biggest electricity system that has ever been put into a ship," Mr. Gibson told me.

"There are a greater number of neon lights than on any other ship. All the first-class cabins have telephones. There is wiring for radar and radio.

"In fact, there are miles of wiring and its full length would reach round the whole coastline of Australia."

"I should say that every job in shipbuilding now is 50 per cent bigger than in pre-war days. There are so many modern ideas being developed," said electrician John Gilbert.

Mr. Gilbert looks surprisingly young to be the father of a 17-year-old son who goes to Barrow Grammar School back home in England.

Miles of pipes

THE foreman plumber, Mr. David Parker Rodger, who has charge of all the plumbing, said there were at least half a million feet of pipes in the ship.

These included the pipes for all water services—hot and cold, salt and fresh, and the drainage and sewerage.

"Maintenance of it all while it is new is like running-in a new car," he added.

Foreman joiner Mr. Whittall said there were always jobs to be done in easing the new doors and drawers, eliminating squeaks, and replacing odd screws—always something to be put in order.

The only thing there seems to be less of in this modern liner is the maintenance of interior painting.

The walls of all the cabins, first-class, tourist, and in the crew's quarters, are plastic-lined, and, when necessary, have only to be washed or scrubbed with soapy water.

Some of the cabins are of plain white plastic and others are colorfully patterned.

The Englishmen are all family men. Mr. Clark has a 14-year-old daughter, Marjorie, at the same school as John Gilbert, junior. Mr. Rodger has an eight-year-old daughter, Susan, and Mr. Goacher a 15-months-old son, Stephen. The only grandfather in the group is Mr. Whittall, who has a 19-year-old son and

a married daughter who is mother of a four-month-old son.

The Australian, Mr. Gibson is the only bachelor in the group.

The men are travelling beautiful first-class cabins on the return voyage to England. They expect that as the ship will be in apple-pie condition they may have a better time of the meaning of sea travel.



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NEWLY APPOINTED G.O.C. Northern Command, Major-General B. C. F. Harlock (left), and Mrs. Harlock (right) took afternoon tea with the Governor, Sir John Lavarack, and Lady Lavarack in the Officers' Mess after the Passing Out Parade at No. 11 National Service Training Battalion, Wacol.



ROCKHAMPTON GIRL Judy Dally (left) and Judy Browne (centre), nurses at the Mater Hospital, at a Parade of '54 Fashions held in the City Hall by the War Widows' Guild. With them is Mrs. Jack McDonald, whose husband is a jet pilot in Korea.



NEWCOMERS to Brisbane are Mr. and Mrs. K. Watson, snapped at the "Moulin Rouge" party given by the Water Ski Club in the grounds of the Sid Sakzewski's St. Lucia home. The Watsons have a house at New Farm.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

K EEN supporters of the Dalby Picnic Races will drive from surrounding districts with horses to enter for the various events on May 5 and 6, and many will follow on to the Warwick Picnic Races, which will be held the following week.

President of the race committee, Mr. Aubrey Mace, and Mrs. Mace, of "Banchory," Cambooya, will receive the guests at the Race Ball on May 6. They will also entertain more than 100 friends at a buffet dinner on May 5 at the Commercial Hotel, where they will be staying.

Guests will include Mr. and Mrs. Des Perse, of "Uralla," Macalister, who will have the Ken Lloyds, of Warwick, staying with them; Mr. and Mrs. G. Hozier, who will entertain the Neil Frogmans, of Surat, and Mr. Geoff Farrar, of Sydney; and the Charles Russells, of Jim-

bour House, who will have the Theo Coopers, of Texas, with them.

Others expected are Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Terlier, of Cecil Plains, Mr. and Mrs. Muir Bassinghwaite, of "Marnhull," Jandowae, the Charles Friths, of "Taunton," all of whom will enter horses.

A WEDDING reception at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Foley, of Camp Hill, will follow the wedding of Gloria Foley to Jiri Svoboda at St. Stephen's Cathedral on April 28. Gloria met Jiri while she was studying music in Prague. The priest who will marry them is a fellow countryman of Jiri's who escaped from behind the Iron Curtain about the same time as he. Gloria's wedding frock of white embroidered nylon has been made by other Czechoslovakian friends. The couple will make their home on a farming property at Kuraby.

THE infant son of Mr. and Mrs. David Harpham, of "Yandarlo," Miles, has been named Robert. He is the Harphams' fifth son.

ROCKHAMPTON will be the home of Sibyl Crossan after her marriage to Dr. Wylie Gibbons, of Townsville, at the Holy Trinity Church, The Valley, on April 24. Sibyl's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Crossan, who now live at Goondiwindi, formerly lived at Rockhampton, and Sibyl has remained there in a secretarial position. The reception, which will be held at Rowe's Cafe, will be attended by many country friends and relatives.



AT COCKTAIL PARTY given by the Spastic League Younger Set at McDonald's Cafe are Carmel Butler and Graham Pearson. Graham is a member of the committee and helped to organise the party.



ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED was that of Jill Stevens and Colin Bell (right) at a party at the home of Jill's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Stevens, of St. Lucia. Congratulating them are (from left) Brian Foster, Doree Egerton, and Warwick Thornthwaite.



CONGRATULATIONS for Pat Hart at her coming-of-age party given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. Hart, at their home in Coorparoo. Youthful well-wishers are Rod Withers (left) and Keith Free, snapped at the front gate.

A PROCESSION through the streets, an open-air concert, a stage presentation, and Parliamentary debates will all be part of the usual round of festivities of University "Commem. Week," beginning next Monday. The impressive Graduation Ceremony will take place in the City Hall on April 29, when degrees will be conferred by the Chancellor, Dr. Otto Hirschfeld. Graduates themselves look forward to the customary formal dinner, which this year will be held in the Refectory, Victoria Park, before the Graduation Ball at Cloudland on April 30. Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Broad will receive guests at both functions.

LONGREACH girls making their debut at the Church of England Ball in Longreach on April 29 will be presented to Bishop Housden, Bishop of Rockhampton. The ball, which will be the highlight of Longreach "May Week," will be hosted by Mrs. G. Trabert. Barbara and Francis Rogers, of "Belmore," who have been on holidays in Brisbane, will be home in time for the festivities, and Muriel Quinn, of Brisbane, will be the guest of Mrs. R. V. Barnes and her daughter Helen at "Rivoli Downs." From Ilfracombe will come Mr. and Mrs. Peter Sale, of "Summerhill," and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Murray, of "Beaconsfield." Among those who will be entering horses in the race events are Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Edkins, of "Bimbah," Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Terry, of "Warbreccan," Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Macintosh, of "Fairfield," Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Butler, of "Roynton," Mr. and Mrs. John Todd, of "Boorooda," and Mr. and Mrs. Berry Lamond, of "Tarcombe."



NEW ZEALANDER Barbara Excell, who has been living here for the past three years while on the lecturing staff of the Physiology Department of the University, is leaving on April 24 to sail for home in the Monowai. After a few weeks there Barbara will join the Oronsay for Canada, where she intends to find employment at a university and remain a few years.

HORTICULTURE enthusiast Mrs. N. V. Jubb, of Hamilton, will visit the Royal Horticultural College at Wisley when she arrives in London in the Stratheden. Leaving Sydney on April 24, Mrs. Jubb will be met at Melbourne by her son and daughter-in-law and their three children, who will come from their property, "Nungerner Hills," Gippsland Lakes. Mr. Jubb will go to New Zealand in December to meet his wife, who is returning via Panama. The Anthony Scarisbricks will occupy the Jubb's home, "Redgates," for the next few months.

HORSEWOMEN pictured together at Sydney Royal Show are Mrs. Bessie Stride (left), of "Infune," Berrigulla, Queensland, and Ruth Allingham, of "Tilbuster," Armidale, N.S.W. The horse is Mrs. Stride's Gallant.

INTERESTING arrivals from Calcutta are Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Green and their six-year-old daughter, Jessica. The Greens will spend two months' holiday with Mrs. Green's mother, Mrs. C. Fawthrop, of Stafford, who came from India three years ago to make her home in Australia. Mr. Green is one of India's top-line squash tennis players.

AFTER a trip to Sydney Mr. and Mrs. Jack McCormack will go to "Dilga," their property outside Glenmorgan. With them will be the three McCormack children—Margo, Pam, and Edward—who will be on holidays from school.

Sara

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says Mr. E. H. Borden, Managing Director, of Tasman Dry Cleaners, Sydney. In conjunction with the Dry Cleaners' and Dyers' Association of N.S.W. Tasman's put 120 Beutron buttons through these rigorous dry-cleaning tests:



1 40 minutes in the dry-cleaning washing machine, containing white spirit.



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3 15 minutes in the drying tumbler, at a heat of 130 degrees.



4 Stood up to spotting room tests in stain remover solvents, steam.



5 Steam pressed under 80 lbs. pressure at a heat of 140 degrees.

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Beutron buttons—a product of G. Herring (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Dunning Avenue, Rosebery.

DRESS SENSE

● The basic formula for autumn-through-winter maternity fashions is a two-piece with concealing jacket and skirt designed for expansion. This answers the letter below and will also be of interest to numbers of other readers writing for a maternity suit.

"I AM expecting a baby five months hence and am beginning to need a special maternity outfit for better wear. I want to make the outfit myself and I thought I would like a suit. I intend wearing just smocks at home. Would it be possible to obtain a paper pattern for the design? Normally I take 32in. bust."

The design I have chosen for your maternity suit is sketched at right. The jacket

by
Betty Keep

has a concealing silhouette, the skirt is styled with two 8in.-deep slits in front. The slits, hidden by the jacket, keep the skirt-line slim and allow for any amount of expansion. The skirt can be utilised with other tops. For the material I suggest velveteen.

You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. The price is 4/6. Lines under sketch will give further details and how to order.

"I AM having a full-length frock made to wear to a large evening function and would like your advice. My problem is the shade and material to choose. Would you advise me on latest shades and materials being worn overseas for such an occasion?"

In Paris white is the No. 1 color shown in all the big fashion houses. White is seen in a variety of materials—lace, jersey, satin—and in shades from chalk to magnolia. Dior has popularised mink-brown wool in his formal evening fashions; the wool is so fine it has the appearance of satin and the same bloom. Fath's newest color is saxe-blue, often seen in a rich satin, and Gres shades white jersey down to rose-pink.

"WHAT sort of coat would be correct for an outing that starts at 5 p.m. for cocktails and then goes on to dinner?"

A black velvet coat or one made in any rich fabric cut



body is the newest silhouette of the season, and one seen frequently in informal evening fashions. Black or a honey-beige looks well with red; the material could be silk taffeta or a very fine wool. Design details to follow: Bodice top wrapped over, with long sleeves, midriff well fitted, skirt widened by shaped gored.

"IS it possible to have a princess frock made with a wide skirt? I don't want to have to wear the frock with a petticoat, but I don't want it to hang straight; it doesn't suit my figure."

Certainly it is. The Empire-princess silhouette is often gored from under the bust into dome-like fullness. In an unbroken-princess silhouette with the waist accented, the line can be very full from the waist down, — goring is again used. The silhouette will hold its shape more successfully if it is lined. The type of lining can be varied according to the weight of the material used in the dress. Tulle and a light dress canvas are the two most popular linings.

"WHAT is the most popular fashion for a teenager to wear to take the place of the cotton dirndl skirt and blouse I usually wear in the summer at week-ends?"

The teenage fashion for winter leisure, according to Paris and New York, is a flared princess skirt with a high curved midriff or stove-pipe slacks. A midgy-type blouse with a sailor collar or a sweater with a turtle neck and shoulder width accented by contrasting stripes is currently popular for "tops."

"MY small daughter is to be flower-girl at an afternoon wedding and I am not quite satisfied with her frock. It is made ankle-length with fullness from a yoke and has little puff sleeves and a Peter Pan collar. It seems to need a trimming—and I can't decide on a headdress. The frock is a creamy-colored velvet."

I think it would be a simple and pretty idea to use small white yellow-centred daisies to cover a wide headband and the Peter Pan collar on the dress. Have the headband slightly shaped and just reaching to above the ears, and have it placed well back from the child's forehead to show her hairline and hair.

"I HAVE a piece of printed woollen material that was brought to me as a present from America, and I wondered if it would be correct for a day coat. The material is printed all over with dark pink roses and it has a creamy white background."

Your rose-printed material would make a charming day-coat to wear with a simple black or dark navy sheath dress. The coat would be best made collarless and beltless. If you are planning a special dress for the coat, have it made in a very fine wool buttoned down the front to hip level. Have the bodice top sleeveless with a scoop neckline.

D.S.82.—Maternity suit made in velveteen with contrasting neckline and front trim. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material, and 4 yds. 36in. contrast. Price, 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Dress Sense, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

on daytime lines, waist defined, street-length. In U.S.A. a coat in this category is called a theatre coat and is very popular for restaurant dining, the theatre, movies, cocktails, and concerts.

"COULD you suggest an idea for a frock to wear in the evening? It is mainly for movies and dinner. I want a style that will look nice without a hat, and to go with a deep red overcoat."

Beltless and shaped to the

Paris has new daytime line

● The closely moulded dress designed with beautiful precision and a loose wrapped coat both figure brilliantly in every French collection. Materials are subtly textured. All shades of blue make color news.



JACQUES FATH'S all-day dress has the new moulded line, is beltless, well-waisted, and buttons from neck to hemline. A large cape-collar creates a softly rounded shoulder-line. A rose-pink sailor hat and matching pink gloves complete the chic autumn ensemble.



CHRISTIAN DIOR'S "tender"-blue tweed ensemble (above) is designed for 5 o'clock onward. The dress is low-cut, sleeveless, and beltless. The jacket is hip-length and loose.

HUBERT DE GIVENCHY'S vivid blue tweed coat (below) is worn over a matching wild silk dress, pleated from shoulder to hemline. The forward-worn sailor hat is Paris news.



MADELEINE DE RAUCH'S daytime ensemble features a loose coat of the new seven-eighths length made in coarse line tweed. The slim coat-dress under the coat is in a softer tweed.

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It sounds almost too good to be true—but years of research have proved it! Now those enzymes which turn starches and sugars into dental decay acids can be stopped! Now! Kolynos Dental Cream contains a special anti-enzyme

ingredient which protects your teeth from these acids. This wonderful new kind of protection is effective from the first moment you start brushing your teeth after a meal. Those acids don't have a chance to get started on their destructive work!



**KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM**

YOUTH FEATURE by Kay Melaun

Happily ever after

Boy meets girl; boy loves girl; and after just enough misunderstandings, squabbles, and family upsets to keep things interesting, boy marries girl. And they live happily ever after.

SO often you read the story, hear it on the radio, see it on the movies, that even against your will you think there must be something in it.

There is, on the two big conditions — 1: That you're prepared to earn the happiness, and 2: That happiness turns out to mean something other than you might expect at 18.

If "they lived happily ever after" is rarely the personal hope or aspiration of anyone no longer young, it's still a universal idea.

THAT wedding in your family, for instance — wasn't it super? Wasn't the bride lovely? Did you get a lump in your throat as she came down the aisle arm-in-arm with the proud bridegroom?

Maybe you didn't, but you were moved by the sight according to your mood, temperament, and experiences.

So was Aunt Bessie, large and damp in navy-blue, sighing heavily, "I remember my own wedding," the old horror, when she's been happily widowed for years. Or Aunt Martha, thin and chic in black, an edge of scorn to her sadness. "I looked as happy as that when I got married," she says, "poor sap that I was."

Most older people at that wedding have given up hope of the fairy-tale ending. But even the toughest of them were wondering, perhaps cynically, perhaps wistfully or hopefully: "Will they be happy?"

HERE'S one bride who isn't — Evelyn, who has been married six months. Incidentally she's a real person although I'm drawing my own conclusions.

Her story is dream material. Beautiful, married at 19 (in a dress straight from Paris) to Johnny, that perfect dear. A glamorous honeymoon, a marvellous flat — that's Evelyn.

ON Y6550 Ralph Sharon couples two swoon-tunes, "Indian Summer" and "September Song," to make a highly atmospheric disc. He's billed as playing his "shimmering piano," and, odd though it may appear, that's a perfect description. What secrets did the recording engineers use to gain this extraordinary effect? At times it sounds as out-of-this-world as the music in a film dream-sequence. Ralph's artistry has clicked over in the States, and he's now busily taking out his naturalisation papers.

THE increasing influx of foreign recordings is making disc collecting more enjoyable than ever. With EA4147

But Evelyn now looks neither happy nor unhappy. Disappointed, or blank, or flat — that's her expression.

An outsider can see why. She had the excitement of growing up, of getting into pretty clothes after those abominable uniforms, of parties, of learning from continual male admiration that she is lovely, then of finding Johnny and discovering the world.

The fuss of the wedding was an extension of all this frothy happiness, with the end: Walking down the aisle on Johnny's

It was the end of girlhood or the spring of life or whatever your own phrase is. It was also the beginning of womanhood, or summer, a quite different season that needs a different adjustment.

Ev thought that life was going to be such an infinity of bliss, perfect like a cloudless blue sky out on the plains. And now look at it. It's a perplexing jumble of see-saw, tug-of-war, drama, and rapture, monotony, responsibility, and always, seemingly forever, a contest.

To Ev, Johnny was someone quite god-like before they were married. He's turned out to be a man who slurps his soup when they're not in company, and screams with rage when she uses his razor.

The matrimonial diet was going to be kisses and spun sugar. It's turned out to be knowing how Johnny likes his steak grilled.

POOR little Ev can't take it. What's more, she's so busy regretting the lost dream that she can't see that this tough conflict which marriage turned

out to be is, like most realities, more challenging and interesting than any dream.

What Ev always adored in Johnny was that he's "different." Now they have "differences."

Johnny hasn't changed. They still love each other. But if it's any consolation to Ev she's in distinguished company with her wilful disillusion.

Do you know anything about Strindberg, the writer? He was a genius, a monstrous egotist, and, therefore, as a human being, a no-hoper.

He made a hash of four marriages. But every time he thought, like Ev, that living happily ever after was an automatic sequel to getting married. So instead of seeing marriage as a reality, a partnership between two people demanding the best and sometimes bringing out the worst in them, he called it a War to the Death.

by Stanley Black's orchestra. Although it lacks something of the verve found in Xavier Cugat's disc, it gains by modern recording and a competent vocal by Jan Muzurus. Reverse to Y6558 presents the same combination doing "You Belong To My Heart."

FOR sheer enchantment, collectors of piano records shouldn't miss Moura Lympany's masterly interpretation of "The Lover and the Nightingale," by Granados. You'll capture this rare essence of Spain on EA4145. A magnificent vocal version of the same music, sung by Victoria de los Angeles, may be heard on DB21069.

—BERNARD FLETCHER



"Seen much of Bill King lately?"

arm and out of the door of the church into the excitement of living happily ever after.

No, Evelyn is certainly not unhappy. But walking out the church door was like the end of something. To herself she's saying: "Oh, well, it's all over for me. Like in the films, THE END could have flashed across the screen when we drove off on our honeymoon."

You're going to preach that Ev was spoilt, that she married too young, that she got everything too easily. You're going to say she should have had to fight for Johnny, and struggle for somewhere to live, and save for a wedding dress; that she needs triplets to make her realise she's alive.

All you say might be true. Whether it is or not, Evelyn's basic mistake is that the church door was the end of the story instead of the end of a chapter.

DISC DIGEST

I've just had a trip to Italy to hear the sort of songs they're playing over there today. The virile singer is Luciano Virgili, and the two songs he brackets are "Lasciami Cantare Una Canzone" and "Santo Della Solitudine" (in fascinating beguine tempo). His voice is as dark and as luscious as a ripe olive, while orchestration and general production of the disc are of world standard. Listen for these two graceful songs, particularly the melodic "Lasciami."

AN all-time favorite rhumba, "Green Eyes," is back in a new version, this time done

An Important Message To Laxative Users

Constipation is such a widespread complaint that there's hardly a person who doesn't have to use a laxative occasionally. The symptoms of constipation are many and varied. Lack of energy, headache, tiredness, biliousness, indigestion and upset stomach are quite often the signs that you need the help of a good laxative. The choice of a suitable laxative is therefore important to almost everybody.

What is a suitable laxative? There is a laxative agent which medical experience has found to be mild, gentle, effective — when administered in controlled dosages — and yet has none of the unpleasant actions of cathartics and roughage. The laxative agent is the active ingredient of NYAL FIGSEN.

Figsen's gentle, stimulating action begins where laxative action should begin — in the large intestine, not in the stomach. Figsen does not form waste matter from the system — but gives gentle, natural assistance.

Figsen offers many other advantages.

1. Figsen is easy and pleasant to take. There's no "medicine taste." It is equally agreeable to children and adults.
2. Figsen won't upset sensitive stomachs — it does its work in a natural way.
3. Figsen acts gently — promptly — without pain or irritation because it contains no harmful drugs.
4. Figsen comes in convenient tablet form — easy to take anytime, anywhere. The pleasant-tasting tablet may be chewed or swallowed and can readily be divided to adjust the dosage for small children.

Figsen is available in two strengths. Figsen Regular, equally suitable for adults and children, and Figsen Double Strength, for those adults who find that they need a slightly more positive laxative action. Figsen Regular 2/3

Figsen Double Strength 3/6
All Chemists.

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FIGSEN**



"Naturally, we both fly... D.C.6 'Skychief', of course!"

Like many wives, I have a husband whose business takes him around Australia. The family would see precious little of him if it weren't for air travel. Why, he's actually conducted business in two capital cities in a single day and been back home with us the same evening!

I go interstate with George when I can and, believe me, we wouldn't travel any other way. A.N.A. service is so helpful and those wonderful girls, the hostesses, go to endless trouble to make us feel welcome guests.

Now the "Skychiefs", with their pressurised and air-conditioned cabins are in service, A.N.A. travel is the last word in comfort... like relaxing in a luxury hotel lounge and being whisked to your destination by Aladdin's pet "genie"! Frankly, I can't understand why some women still hesitate to fly.



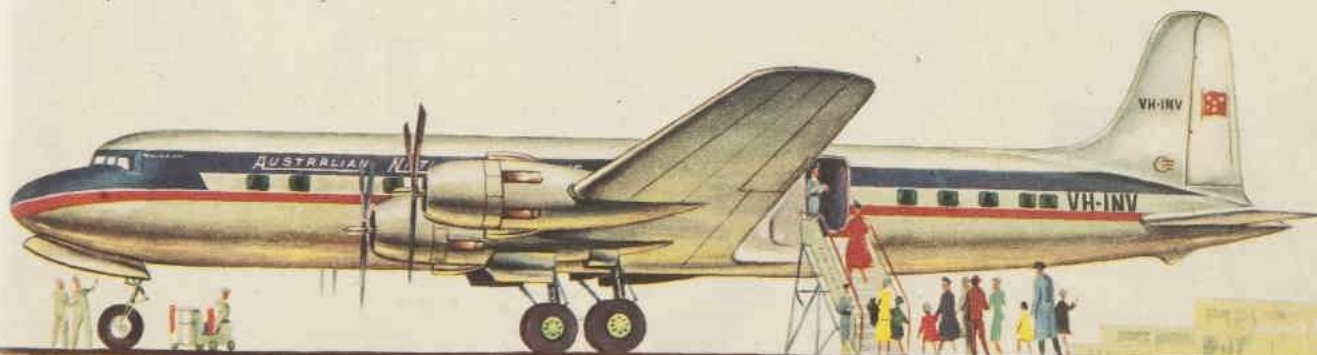
"Skychief" seats are extra wide and super soft, with touch-button adjustment to any angle. Panoramic windows are frost and fog proof. Complete air conditioning gives a change of air every 3 minutes and pressurisation of the sealed cabin maintains comfortable sea level pressure at 8,000 feet.



A.N.A.'s justly famous hostess service is at its hospitable best on the "Skychief". Three hostesses attend to your every want—from supplying magazines, drinks, writing materials, rugs and pillows to serving tea and delicious meals with the compliments of A.N.A.



The up-to-date design of the D.C.6 Super "Skychief" includes the provision of a Club Lounge which provides reserved seating for six in spacious comfort.



"Skychief" Facts of Interest

Size: Australia's largest airliners, seating 58 passengers. Length 100 ft. 6 ins., Wingspan 117 ft. 6 ins., Height 28 ft. 5 in.

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Power: 4 huge Pratt & Whitney 2,800 H.P. engines with reversible, anti-icing propellers.

Air Conditioning: Complete change of cabin air with "sky-fresh" outside air every 3 minutes.

Pressurisation: Normal sea level pressure at 8,000 feet.

Crew: Captain, 1st Officer, Flight Engineer, 3 Hostesses.

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The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 28, 1954

Page 31

DEPENDABLE HOLEPROOF

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WEATHERWEAR. Impeccable tailoring
of the finest quality pure wool and
wool union venetians, cotton gabardines
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BOTTLE, MAROON, NAVY,
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THE UNIVERSALLY POPULAR
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"STORM-
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CONCEALED ELASTIC WAISTBAND IN
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from page 3

...of everything, she said.

"I'm glad you like it," he said modestly, "and that you came along to see it at exactly the right moment."

"Actually," she warned, smoothing the skirt over her knees. "I really came down here to talk business."

He sank back on the grass and shut his eyes again. "Business. Business. I feared as much."

She looked down at the strong relaxed length of him, the sun on his tanned skin, hands crossed on his chest, feet crossed . . . like a Crusader on an ancient tomb . . . just as peaceful looking . . . While she—

An acute embarrassment seized Kay at the way she had invaded his privacy to force her worry on him.

Glancing at him again, she saw that he had opened one eye and was watching her. He asked: "Are you still determined to talk business, or is it safe for me to open the other eye?"

She said, with an uncertain smile. "Well . . . what other subject do you suggest?"

"Oh, that's easy," he leant up on his elbow. "The scene around us, for instance. Take botany. That little blue flower in the flower-bed over there—mugella, isn't it called?"

"I've never learnt botany so I call it love-in-a-mist."

"All right then, the local fauna, if you prefer it. That brown beetle that's just fallen off a grass stalk and thinks the atom bomb's hit it."

Leaning forward, her head within a foot of his, she sighted the struggling insect with a finger-tip. "Subject disposed of," she said firmly. "It's business, I'm afraid. And I'm afraid it's my own."

"Oh, of course," she said, with reproach in her voice. "I know men believe that on a spring day, girls in offices think about nothing but hats and holidays—and love."

He sat up again. "I stand rebuked. Tell me about it."

"I think you know what it is, Mr. Rawlings? Don't you?"

"Perhaps I do."

"Since you saw the memo that Miss Sefton sent in."

After offering her a cigarette he took one himself and lighted them both, then drew back again, resting on his elbow.

"Yes, I know," he said. "It's very unfortunate. But you know how it is. There are times when a firm realises it's a bit overstuffed, work overlapping and so on. My father seemed to think some retrenchments were now indicated."

The phrases fell from his lips glibly but he was plainly ill at ease.

"Please!" she said quickly, "don't try to save my face. You know that's not why my services are being dispensed with. It's because of Miss Sefton. She said in the memo that I was forgetful and careless."

There was a hint of irony in the glance he shot at her. "And aren't you, Miss Pierson?"

She said hotly, "It's so unfair, it's so untrue. It's only that Miss Sefton makes me nervous and then, of course, I make mistakes. She makes such mountains out of molehills."

"Business is one large molehill blown up into a mountain," he reminded her. "When you enter the business world I'm afraid you find that you have to subscribe to that convention."

"But I do," she protested. "You do, eh?"

"Certainly. Nobody's more interested in her work than I am. My shorthand speed has increased quite a lot in the six weeks I've been with the firm, I'm conscientious, I'm punctual."

"Then why do you think you were suggested as being—er—dispensable? What makes you think Miss Sefton would be unfair to you? I'm sure she has only the office welfare at heart. She's been with us for over twelve years, you know."

"I know, but always being so right yourself can make you a bit impatient with others."

She snapped off a spear of grass and broke it into small, even lengths. "Of course I know my spelling isn't absolutely perfect. The other day—such a fuss! You'd have thought the heavens were going to fall because I made a slip and spelt disappointed with two S's."

"Did you?" he said gravely.

He was leaning on his elbow, digging small holes in the grass with a spent match, and his eyes were lazily amused.

Kay's grew stormy. "Oh, you don't care, you're just playing with the subject."

He flung the match away. "No, I'm not, really I'm not. His tone was serious."

"You can't think it was easy for me to come down here today and tackle you like this and—she broke off, hearing her voice begin to tremble."

"Now look, don't get upset. Quite true. I didn't realise it meant so much to you."

"Isn't everyone's job important to them?"

"Yes, but you're so young, 30—30—"

"I'm twenty. This is the first job I've had and—well, a job is a job if one needs it." She couldn't say, and on the strength of this one how rashly I've spent!

New curtains for her mother's room, this new suit, a football for the boys. No, she couldn't say any of that. She wasn't appealing to his pity. All she was asking was to be reinstated because she was competent, was reliable.

He said, "Yes, I see . . . nodded thoughtfully, turned the tip of his cigarette round and round on a twig. "Yes . . . Well, then, suppose I mention to my father that I think the whole affair has been settled rather hastily?"

"Oh, will you?"

"Yes, I'll say I think you're doing quite well in the job and that you should stay on."

She flashed him a shining look. "Thank you. Thank you so much."

"It would be just too bad, wouldn't it, to come all this way and be disappointed? With either one S or two!"

"Don't rub that in!"

"I won't. Obviously, all you need is a little more confidence and a good pocket dictionary."

"Why, your being so kind and everything has given me the first—and I'll buy the dictionary tomorrow."

She laughed with happiness, with relief.

But suddenly Kay knew that her concern at the thought of leaving Rawlings & Grayson had not been because of the job, the money.

No, it had been the knowledge that losing her post would mean not seeing Ted Rawlings any more, missing his step in the office, his glance, those brief words, all that made the day, the whole day, and every day for her.

That was the real cause of her determination to cling on there, even to the extent of coming to plead, almost humbly, for another chance. And now—oh, joy!—everything was going to be all right.

"And now," she said, and opened her bag. Opened it and gazed into it. And the landscape faded out and the sun, and all her happiness and triumph of a minute ago.

For the long office envelope containing the important documents for Mr. Rawlings' signature was not there.

Kay sat very still, gazing into the bag, unable to speak, unable to move, while a sickening dismay filled her. What had she done with it? Where was it? What could she say to him?

Then in a flash she saw what had happened. When Miss Sefton had told her to come down on this errand she had jumped on a bus, rushed home, and changed into her new suit, because she was going to see him.

What a lot of thought and care she had given to choosing a hat. And she'd put on the right shoes and blouse, and changed her brown office bag for this white one. She had taken everything out of the brown one, transferred—yes, there was no doubt about it—her lipstick, powder, her purse with money.

But the envelope, the whole reason for the journey, she had left lying on the dressing-table. She had never given it another thought—she, the reliable, careful employee! Boasting of her efficiency, getting back her job on the strength of it . . .

"And now?" he was asking.

bag. "You'd better keep your job, Mr. Rawlings," she said, looking anywhere but at his waiting face. "It's true. Everything Miss Sefton said about me is true. I didn't tell you at first—I mean, I really came down here with some papers for you to sign. I don't quite know what they were, but Miss Sefton put them in an envelope and gave it to me with her instructions—and—I forgot it. I haven't got it. I must have left it on my dressing-table at home. I just don't know what to say. I—I feel so ashamed."

"On your dressing-table?" he repeated. She looked up and met his eyes. There was an odd expression in them.

"No, Miss Pierson, you didn't leave it there. You did worse than that: You left it in the train."

She started up. "Impossible! I couldn't have. No, no!"

"I'm afraid so. You must've opened your bag there for something." He lifted a quizzical eyebrow at her. "Is it quite impossible? Powder? Lipstick? Your little mirror?"

She nodded slowly. "All too possible," she murmured, recalling it now, the last appraising look at herself as the train drew into the station.

"Well, the envelope fell out. A passenger found it and gave it to the station-master. As it was addressed to me he sent a boy on a bicycle with it. He left just as you arrived."

Thrusting his hand under the cushion his head had been resting on, Ted pulled out the envelope. "When I saw you coming I slipped it here, out of sight, on an impulse. An impulse of pure, unadulterated, indefensible mischief. To see just how you'd get out of this fix."

"I don't get out of it," she said slowly. "I've no defence. I'll take my dismissal without further protest . . . I'd better take up window-cleaning—or, better still, baby-sitting. At least they howl out loud if you leave them lying around."

He stubbed his cigarette and knelt up on the grass beside her. "Kay—what you said about girls in offices just a moment ago—perhaps it is true."

"Perhaps you weren't thinking about precious documents, perhaps it was hats and holidays—and—love?"

She murmured: "Could've been," hardly able to speak for the joy that filled her. For in his nearness, in his glance, his tone, there was nothing to read but love—an answering love to what she had felt, almost without knowing it, for the past six weeks.

"I hope so," he was saying; "I do hope so. Because that's what I've been thinking about—love. I mean—ever since the first day I walked into the office and saw you sitting at your typewriter, Kay! . . . Kay!"

He was holding her hands in his, leaning nearer, saying her name over and over. "How relieved I was at the thought of your leaving the job! So that I could see you, meet you away from there. Somewhere where the office-boys wouldn't be winking at each other every time I looked at you."

"They don't!"

"They do. Thompson, aged fifteen, has already guessed my secret. Only you failed to notice anything."

"Oh, darling!"

He drew her to him, looking deeply into the soft blue of her eyes. "Love-in-a-mist?" he said. "Kay-in-a-fog! In the office, amidst wills and mortgages, torts and tenures. Someone will have to take you away from it all and marry you out of pity for your very inefficiency. And it's going to be me."

The ecstatic moment lengthened. A bee came down and hovered around their heads . . . hovered and stormed up again into the white canopy of blossom.

Later, Ted ripped open the envelope, looked inside. "By heaven!" he exclaimed. "This is serious."

"What is it?"

"It looks as though I'll have to marry Miss Sefton as well. Here's her covering note, the list of the enclosed documents"—the single flimsy sheet of paper fell from his fingers and fluttered to the ground—"but she's forgotten to enclose the enclosures."

(Copyright)

Are you in the know?



When someone 'phones, should friends . . .

- ☐ Go dumb?
- ☐ Keep talking?
- ☐ Comment on the conversation?

During a get-together, if the host receives a call—don't let the conversation lapse. You may think it polite but HELL, think you're listening! So keep up the chatter (tuned low) and nobody will feel embarrassed. Embarrassment is always needless for clever girls—on calendar days, too. Because with the extra protection of Kotex, "accident" worries say goodbye. Kotex has a moisture-proof panel deep down, forming the safety centre of each napkin. Whatever side you wear it is the RIGHT side with Kotex.

Do you choose the color of your clothes . . .

- ☐ To copy a girl friend?
- ☐ To suit your color type?
- ☐ Because they're high fashion?

A color that's fine for one girl can be her best friend's poison. The trick is to find shades that suit your own type. How? Tuck materials of assorted hues under your chin. Which ever flatters your skin and hair—that's the shade for you. It's a pose-booster. So, too (on "those" days), is Kotex. Kotex is thicker, wider, with feather-soft edges that can't chafe. It can't pack hard or go stringy, either. Always ask for Kotex in the box. That way you get your Kotex right home at its best—soft, cushiony and absorbent.



De Luxe, 3/6 • Featherweight, 1/3 • Wonderform, 3/2

You need a Kotex belt to give you complete Kotex comfort. Choose it from the Kotex dispenser right there on the counter. There are three kinds:

Should a week-end guest . . .

- ☐ Expect to be waited on?
- ☐ Help with the housework?
- ☐ Leave it to her hostess?

The considerate house guest goes places—and goes more often. Be helpful to your hostess. Do your share of the household chores. One thing is certain: Even when visiting on calendar days you can really enjoy your visit. Kotex tapers to fit you—from a deeper centre area, where you need protection, to thin, flat-pressed ends that positively can't show bulges or ridges.



More women throughout the world choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins.

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IN THE COTSWOLDS

● Three hundred and fifty years ago Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lindner's home at Broadway in the Cotswold hills, England, was an inn. Today it is considered one of the most charming of the old houses built of Cotswold stone that fringe the roadways and the village green. In the spring and summer thousands of tourists go to Broadway just to see these picturesque houses.—Eve Gye.



DRAWING-ROOM in Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lindner's home at Broadway, England, has a domed ceiling, oaken floor mellow with age, and a beautiful old fireplace. Lamp standards were taken from an old four-poster Georgian bed. Family heirlooms, like the collection of Jacobite glass and priceless china, are housed in cabinets.



DINING-ROOM, looking through into the entrance hall, which was the tap-room of the inn in the 17th century. The original stone-flagged floors are in use in both rooms. An old school table is used for dining. Blue Spode china decorates the dresser. The glass cabinet holds some old coins, dated 1653, found in the garden.



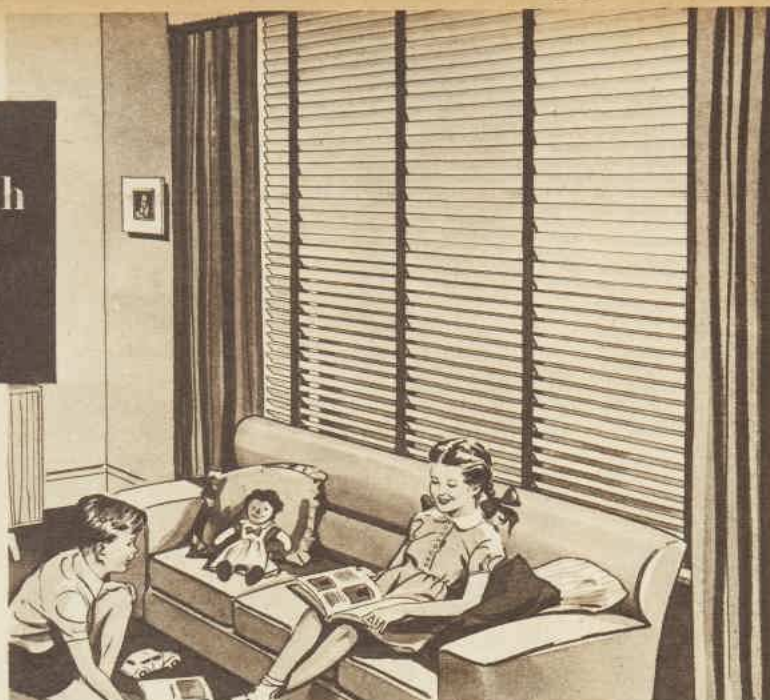
ORCHARD TREES in bloom are shown in this view, taken from the rear garden, part of which is being reconstructed. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lindner's small sons, Michael and Andrew, have a vast playground. The stone walls surrounding the outbuildings and a section of the orchard are as old as the house itself.



ABOVE: This view of "Bannits," the home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lindner at Broadway, England, was taken from the stable loft. Notice the espaliered pear, covered with blossom. It yields superb quality fruit.

BELOW: In winter the bare limbs of the old walnut tree lean across the daffodil-bordered path to the entrance door. In Worcestershire, the walnut tree is called "Bonnits," after which the Lindners named their home.





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BETTER GLARE PROTECTION. This diagram shows how the sun's rays, indicated by arrows, entering a room through Kirsch All-metal venetian blinds, are diffused by the S-shaped slats to give an even, glare-free light. The slats can be tilted to control light to the strength you find most pleasant. Breezes also, entering through the S-shaped slats are directed upwards — instead of causing direct draughts.



MORE LASTING BEAUTY. The Kirsch All-Metal Venetians in this modern office will still be as beautiful when the junior executive is a senior partner. Baked enamel wears and wears — wipes clean easily.



MORE PRIVACY. When blind slats are tilted to the closed-position the exclusive S-shaped overlaps to give neater closure. With the slats partly open rooms are still completely private — even at night.

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K4-WWZ

Continuing

A Lady In No Distress

(from page 10)

Lisa very attractive. Of course I do. Any man would.

"You don't believe Lisa missed the train. I don't believe it, either. I'm very flattered. I feel very young and very handsome at the moment. I don't feel at all like the picture you've been trying to draw. I don't think I like that picture. It makes me feel a little like a pet stuffed poodle. I'm not at all angry with Lisa. I think I'm rather pleased with her—"

"Bob!"

I picked up my dressing-gown.

"Where are you going?" Joan asked.

"Where do you think I'm going?" I said.

The hall was empty. The wind swept down the bare wood of the floor. The doors chattered and creaked in their ancient frames.

At the stair well a billow of light glazed the ceiling from the desk below, where Madame Berthe was laboriously going over her endless accounts, and there was a rim of yellow light around Lisa's door . . .

Early in the morning the sky was full of the beating flight of birds bearing south. Madame Berthe was in the kitchen preparing the eggs, rolls, and coffee. Outside, the day promised sun, a day of clean, clear light, the light of autumn. Joan came in.

"Good morning," I said cheerfully.

Joan sat down at the next table. She didn't say a word. She was very carefully groomed. She looked very pretty and very aloof. Lisa arrived. She was wearing the mink coat.

"Good morning," I said.

"Good morning, Robert," Lisa said.

She sat down next to me. She looked across at Joan and then looked at me again. Joan turned so that she was facing us. "I'm going to count three," Joan said.

"I beg your pardon," Lisa said.

"When I finish counting," Joan said carefully, "I'm going to get up. I'm going to cross from this table to your table, and I'm going to take you by the scruff of your mink and throw you out."

"Joan!" Lisa said.

"One—" said Joan.

"Robert!" Lisa said. "What's wrong with her? Is she mad? Robert, you must do something."

"Robert," said Joan, "has done enough."

"You're acting like a lunatic," Lisa said shrilly.

"I'm acting like a woman whose husband stayed out all last night. I don't like people who call my husband Robert. His name is Bob."

"Robert—" Lisa said.

"Two," Joan said.

"Bob—" Lisa said.

"Ladies," I said, "I thought you'd settled all this. I'm a fine normal Englishman on a fine normal French morning, and at the moment I'm waiting for hot rolls. Didn't you decide everything yesterday?"

"Robert, you can't—"

"Now, Lisa," I said, "don't take an unfair advantage. You were both going to decide all this without me. Go ahead now. Don't let's change the rules."

"Robert, I can't—"

"Three!" Joan said.

She came to the table like a furious sparrow. Lisa gathered her mink around her in one outraged gesture. At the far door Paul came in and stopped abruptly. At the kitchen door Madame Berthe appeared with the eggs. Joan got to the table and one small grim hand reached for Lisa.

Lisa screamed and sent her

chair clattering to the floor. Madame Berthe didn't move. Paul didn't move. Lisa hurried to the door. Joan stood at the table. The room was utterly silent. At the door, Paul gingerly took off his beret and stepped forward.

"Good morning, Paul," I said.

Paul said good morning. Madame Berthe brought the eggs to the table. Joan sat down. I looked brightly at Paul. Slowly, and a little diffidently, Paul began to speak. I turned pleasantly to Joan. "What did he say?"

"He says the car is ready."

"Good."

The eggs were excellent, the coffee was good, the rolls were superb. Sometime between the eggs and the rolls Lisa eased through the hall.

Through the window I watched her cross the cobblestoned square. Her blond hair swept immaculately over the collar of the soft brown mink. She didn't turn back. She looked very elegant.

We didn't get to Dijon. We stopped at Vezelay, nestled high in the hills of green French countryside. We had a room that looked across the fields to the quiet old church.

"What really was wrong with the car, Joan?" I asked. "It did need repairs, didn't it?"

"Oh, something went wrong, all right," Joan said.

"What?" I said.

"The soupape," Joan said.

"The soupape?"

"The soupape."

I am very fond of Joan, which is perhaps only the best and understated way of saying it. She is beautiful and kind, and I know no other woman with whom I would rather share my life.

She is also childishly and wilfully proud. She will insist to the end of time that on the road from Auxerre to Dijon we were cursed by the soupape. So be it. I have never asked whether any such thing actually exists.

And I never will.

We left Vezelay for the Massif Central. The road slipped through pine forests, and all around the ancient volcanoes rose like craters of the moon.

"Bob—"

"Yes?"

"What did you do that night?"

"Oh, I helped Madame Berthe—"

"Madame Berthe?"

"We went over her books—"

"Bob—"

"And we worked on her tax returns."

Joan is, as I have said, a proud woman as well as a beautiful one, and she will never ask me again. Even if some day we should go back the way we came, she would never say a word to Madame Berthe.

This is all to the good, for Madame Berthe, I imagine, is still amazed and somewhat shocked that a man travelling with two women might prefer, of an evening, the long, dull columns of her ledgers. But Joan will never ask. In a lost life, in a married life, things even out.

And just outside Villefranche: "Do you think she likes it in Rome?" Joan said.

"They're doing marvellous things in Rome," I said.

"What do you really think of her?"

"She's not so bad," I said.

"She's a handsome wench."

"She's a witch," Joan said crisply.

"She's what?"

"You heard me."

"Now, Joan—" I said.

"Oh, soupape," Joan said. It's a very useful word.

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thoughts mounting in a wild, unbelieve crescendo.

Even if they had found the body early this morning, how could the police have got here so soon? How could they be here at all? Humphrey had been so careful. What went wrong? Nothing went wrong. His plan had been perfect. Perfect.

But here Lieutenant Van Younger was, and here Humphrey was, and in the next room sat Francys Maguire, probably getting up the courage to tell the story that would finish Humphrey Ward. Francys Maguire. He must dispose of Francys Maguire. Not one second to lose. If this man ever talked to her—He would talk to her next.

Humphrey had never wished so much for time. A lot of time, preferably, in which to perfect his story. But lacking that, a little time, just to think, to sort out the confusions that whirled in his brain. Humphrey was not fond of improvisations. It was no accident that he was a man of custom or routine. He not only did things in the same way and at the same time—he liked to do them in the same way and at the same time.

But I can improvise. Some of my most brilliant performances have come when I had to improvise.

Lieutenant Van Younger took a polite look at the Braque, and sat down.

He had one of the gentlest voices Humphrey had ever heard. He spoke conversationally, as to a friend.

"I know you are very upset, Mr. Ward."

Humphrey knew his voice showed the strain of the rigid self-control he was imposing on himself. He fought for his usual tone, his usual words, his usual attitude.

"I knew Rachel a long time," he said.

"But you had not seen much of her lately?"

"Not very much. I dropped in occasionally. She hadn't been well. She seemed depressed."

"Oh?" Lieutenant Van Younger took a pencil from his

Continuing . . . Cry Murder

[from page 5]

pocket, made a note on a scrap of paper. "Are you suggesting the possibility of suicide?"

"I? Certainly not. I don't know what happened. Why should I suggest the possibility of anything? How did she die?"

"She was poisoned. And it was in connection with that poison that I came to see you today, Mr. Ward."

Humphrey stared at him in genuine amazement.

The poison, he thought incredulously. It couldn't be the poison. I might have been identified going into Rachel's building—no matter how careful I was, I always knew there was the possibility that Humphrey Ward might be identified anywhere. But to have them find me by the poison! I was so careful about that. A common poisonous insecticide, which could be bought anywhere, purchased a month ago, in a big store, where I was so sure no one noticed the transaction at all.

He said stupidly, "The poison? You wanted to question me about the poison?"

"Yes. Because it seems to have a direct connection with you."

"With me?"

Lieutenant Van Younger sat looking at him for a moment. Finally he said, "In all New York, two persons were poisoned last night, Mr. Ward. And with the same poison, about the same hour. Perhaps it is coincidence, but—"

"Two persons? Who?"

"Rachel Sabinson and your son, Gabe."

"Gabe? You mean Gabe was poisoned?"

Humphrey was thinking furiously. No wonder that box of chocolates looked disarranged when I opened it for Rachel. It was disarranged. Gabe had been at it. The little glutton had that extra peppermint.

"I don't understand."

"Neither do I," said Lieutenant Van Younger gently. "It hardly seems credible that anyone would have any reason for attempting to murder your son. Anyhow, he did not get a lethal dose, even for a boy his age."

Humphrey said weakly, "It must have been an accident."

"Yes. It must have been an accident. But Rachel Sabinson's death was no accident. The same poison, the same time, Mr. Ward. And the only obvious connection between the two events is you. Directly or indirectly. Perhaps someone close to you."

"I don't understand."

Lieutenant Van Younger said, "Your family. How did your wife feel about the—ah—renewal of your friendship with Miss Sabinson?"

"My wife? Brenna? You aren't insinuating?"

"Please don't get excited, Mr. Ward."

"There was nothing for her to feel anything about, one way or the other. I saw Rachel a few times, as an old friend, as

Class Caruso did, and probably as many others. I hadn't seen her in years before her return to New York."

"You realize, Mr. Ward, that we must check every avenue of inquiry."

Humphrey answered stiffly. "I've tried to answer your questions with patience, Lieutenant, though certainly I do not understand their import."

"Just one or two things more. What enemies would you say Miss Sabinson had?"

HUMPHREY rubbed his head with genuine weariness. "I don't know. Rachel was a—well, a positive person. She was constantly in a feud or quarrel with someone. In the days I knew her, of course. She was married twice, with rather bitter divorces. I don't know. Plenty of people disliked her."

"Enough to kill her?"

"I don't know. Apparently one of them did."

Lieutenant Van Younger said quite casually, "When did you see her last, Mr. Ward?"

Here it was. The question for which Humphrey had most wanted time, most desperately needed it. Humphrey's hard-won control was gone now; his panic returned. Francys Maguire. It all depended on Francys Maguire. If she said even, "Last night when I met Mr. Ward coming out of Rachel Sabinson's apartment . . ."

Humphrey could spike that by opening his mouth now, saying openly that he was there last night. Rachel was fine when he left, though she had seemed despondent. But the questions would start there. Why had Humphrey gone so surreptitiously? Why had he not mentioned it up to now? Why had he told Pernaud that he had walked to the restaurant from the theatre with Francys? And there are those large sums you have drawn out of your bank account for the past six months, in cash. Rachel Sabinson had been here just six months. She had no apparent source of income . . . Your first wife was found murdered in the park, wasn't she, Mr. Ward?

No. That way was certain disaster. And Francys Maguire?

She would know her own danger too. Would she risk it, as all blackmailers do? Being Francys Maguire, would she think, coolly, as Humphrey would have thought in similar circumstances, that he was no good to her in jail? That out of it, and at her mercy, he might be a great deal of good indeed?

Humphrey knew he could not hesitate any longer. He must make the decision. He made it. Quite coolly, he cast his life on the chance that Francys would react in this situation as he himself would have in her place. Looking after her own interests. Which by sheer chance happened here to be identical with the interests of Humphrey Ward.

Lieutenant Van Younger was watching him very closely. He said again, "When did you see Rachel Sabinson last?"

"I was trying to remember. Sometime within a few weeks, I think. The end of the season, you know, the play's closing."

"You didn't see her last night?"

"No. I didn't see her last night."

The words were spoken, the course chosen. Now there was no going back. If the police found that Humphrey had been there, they would know he was lying about that and doubtless other things; they would begin

their relentless probe of Humphrey Ward's past.

"Thank you, Mr. Ward."

"You have no idea?"

"We have lots of ideas. But which one of them is right—Your brother-in-law has been very helpful to me."

"Japhet?"

"If I hadn't met him, I might have had to wait days for this to go through lab. Reports, routine. Fortunately, Japhet was able to help me greatly by identifying the poison almost immediately. And now he's doing a bit of private analysis for me."

"A private analysis?"

"Oh, the lab's working on it too. But sometimes I get a little tired of waiting for them. But this might be an important clue."

"This?"

Lieutenant Van Younger seemed to hesitate. "Just an analysis of a substance on Rachel Sabinson's hands."

"What sort of a substance?"

"That's what Japhet and the lab are going to tell me," said Lieutenant Van Younger, getting up. "It seems to be some sort of hair oil. Not one of the standard prescriptions, we hope, something special. If they can get the exact formula, and it was made for only one person, probably we'll have our murderer. I won't keep you any longer, Mr. Ward. Thank you. No need to show me out."

No need to show me out. Lieutenant Van Younger was leaving. Without giving Francys Maguire a thought. Routine. This questioning had been just routine. He didn't suspect Humphrey. He hadn't challenged the statement that Humphrey had not seen Rachel in several weeks. . . . But that oil had been specially prescribed for Humphrey. Would they be able to trace it to him, from the minute amount that could have been found on Rachel's hands? It seemed impossible.

Humphrey opened the study door quietly. He walked soundlessly down the hall beside the lieutenant. He fought to avoid turning his head to watch the dreaded kitchen.

To page 45

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



BY RUD

A REAL "MEAL" between MEALS!

WORKING LATE . . .

DRIVING . . .

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Children's Knitwear

The exclusive handknits presented in this section show that modern designers are giving much thought to the styling of children's woollies.

THE brother-and-sister set shown at right is a happy example, but the pretty, party-like dresses illustrated in color on page 41 and the baby set on page 43 will win the hearts of all young mothers.

FAIR ISLE BROTHER AND SISTER SET

Materials: 16 oz. skeins Lincolns Mills Daphne crocheted wool (the original was worked in natural—13 skeins, and 1 skein each red, green, and yellow), 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles, 1 steel crocheted hook, size 3½, 15 buttons, small buckle.

Measurements: Frock — To fit 25in. chest; length from top of shoulder, 23½in.; sleeve seam, 3in. Suit — To fit 24in. chest; sleeve seam, 3in.; length of jumper, 12in.; length of trousers, front seam, 9in.; leg seam, 2½in.

Tension: 7½ sts. and 10 rows, 1in.

Abbreviations: R, red; n, natural; g, green; y, yellow. Moss St. (m-st.) worked on an uneven number of sts. * (k 1, p 1) to last st., k 1 * rep. from * to * every row.

FROCK FRONT

Using No. 10 needles and a wool, cast on 161 sts. Work in m-st. for 10 rows, dec. to 160 sts. in last row.

Change to st-st. and work for 4 rows.

Join r. wool and commence patt.

1st Row: K (1r, 1n) to end of row.

2nd Row: P (1r, 1n) to end of row. Break r.

3rd Row: K in n.

4th Row: P in n. Join g.

5th Row: K (4n, 3g, 1n, 3g, 4n, 1g) to end of row.

6th Row: P (2g, 3n, 3g, 1n, 3g, 3n, 1g) to end of row. Join y.

7th Row: K (2n, 2y, 3g, 1n, 3g, 2y, 3n) to end of row. Break g.

8th Row: P (3n, 3y, 5n, 3y, 2n) to end of row. Join r.

9th Row: K (2r, 3y, 5n, 3y, 2r, 1n) to end of row. Break y.

10th Row: P * 1n (3r, 3n) twice, 3r, rep. from * to end.

11th Row: K (3r, 4n, 1r, 4n, 3r, 1n) to end of row.

12th Row: As 4th row.

13th Row: As 3rd row.

14th Row: As 1st row.

15th Row: As 2nd row. Break r.

Cont. in st-st. until work measures 16in. from cast on.

BODICE

1st Row: (K 2 tog.) 35 times, k 18 (k 2 tog.) 36 times (89 sts.).

2nd Row: Purl.

Work 12 rows in m-st.

13th Row: K 10 (k twice into next st.) 4 times, k until 13 sts. rem. (k twice into next st.) 3 times, k 10 (96 sts.).

16th Row: Purl.

Work rows 1 to 12 of patt. given for bottom of skirt.

Armhole Shaping — (Commence at A and ending at B), work from chart as follows:

1st Row: Cast off 5 sts., k to end.

2nd Row: Cast off 5 sts., p (1n, 1r) to end of row.

Cont. working from chart until 30th row is completed.

31st Row: Patt. 29 sts., cast off 20 sts., leave rem. sts. on spare needle. Cont. from chart dec. 1 st. at neck edge in every alt. row as shown on chart until 44th row is completed. (23 sts.).

Shoulder Shaping—Cast off 7 sts., k until 2 sts. rem., k 2 tog.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: Cast off 7 sts., k to end.

4th Row: Purl.

5th Row: Cast off rem. sts. Join wool at neck edge to sts. from spare needle and complete to correspond with side already worked.

BACK

Work as for front, omitting the neck opening, cont. the patt. right across the back until shoulder shaping is completed, casting off the sts. at centre back.

SLEEVES

Using n. wool and No. 10 needles cast on 59 sts. Work in m-st. for 12 rows.

13th Row: K 19 (k twice into next st.) 21 times, k 19 (80 sts.).

14th Row: Purl.

15th Row: Knit.

16th Row: Purl.

Work 12 rows of patt. as given for skirt.

Armhole Shaping—Cast off 5 sts., k to end in n.

2nd Row: Cast off 5 sts. (1r, 1n) to end of row.

3rd Row: (1r, 1n) to end of row.

Cont. in n. only, dec. 1 st. at each end of every 3rd row until 62 sts. rem., then every alt. row until 46 sts. rem., then every row until 30 sts. rem. Cast off.

Join right shoulder seam and left shoulder seam for ½in. at armhole end.

NECKBAND

Using No. 12 needles and n. wool, with right side of work facing and commencing at left shoulder seam, pick up and k 23 sts. down left side, 20 sts. across front, 23 sts. up right side, and 34 sts. across back. (100 sts.).

Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 5 rows. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Join side and sleeve seams, set in sleeves. Crochet five loops on front of shoulder opening and sew buttons in position on back to correspond.

BOY'S SUIT JUMPER FRONT

Using No. 10 needles and n. wool, cast on 90 sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 10 rows. Change to st-st. and work for 64 rows above ribbing.

Armhole Shaping—Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of next 5 rows. (70 sts.).

Now work from chart, commencing at D and working to E, and continuing until 30th row of chart is completed.



BROTHER-AND-SISTER SET knitted in a sturdy fawn-toned yarn, will always look trim and tailored. The Fair Isle pattern worked in red, green, and yellow gives a pretty finish to the frock and suit.

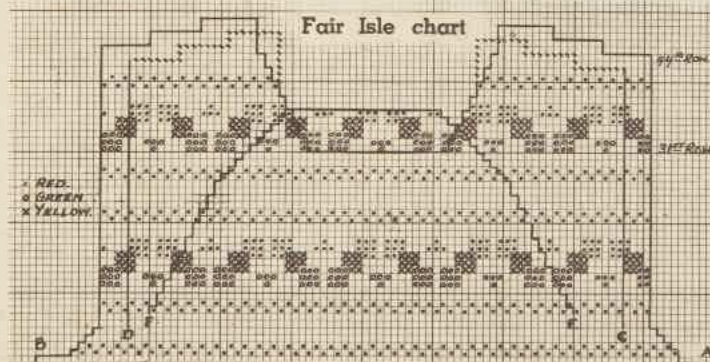


CHART for the Fair Isle pattern which decorates the brother-and-sister set shown above.

31st Row: Patt. 25 sts., cast off 20 sts., leave rem. sts. on spare needle.

Cont. from chart, dec. 1 st. at neck edge of every alt. row as shown on chart until 21 sts. rem., and 42nd row is completed.

Shoulder Shaping—Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of 43rd and 45th rows and rem. on 47th row.

Join wool at neck edge to rem. sts. and complete to correspond.

BACK

Work as for front, omitting the neck opening and working the patt. right across the back, casting off the sts. at centre back after shoulder shaping is completed.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 64 sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 8 rows.

Change to No. 10 needles and cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every 6th row following until there are 74 sts. on needle. Work 3 more rows.

Armhole Shaping—Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Then dec. 1 st. at each end of 3rd and 5th rows.

6th Row: Purl.

Commencing with a k row, cont. from chart working from E to F, dec. at each end of 7th and every alt. row following until 40 sts. rem., then every row until 22 sts. rem. Cast off.

Join right shoulder seam and left shoulder seam for ½in. at armhole end.

NECKBAND

Using No. 12 needles and n. wool, with right side of work facing and commencing at left shoulder, pick up and k 16 sts. down left side of neck, 20 sts. across front, 16 sts. up right side of neck, and 28 sts. across back of neck. (80 sts.). Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 5 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press on wrong side. Join side and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Crochet 5 loops on front shoulder opening and

sew 5 buttons on back to correspond.

TROUSERS LEFT LEG

** Using No. 12 needles, cast on 80 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 10 rows. Change to No. 10 needles and proceed in st-st. as follows: **

1st Row: K 10, turn.

2nd Row: P 10.

3rd Row: K 20, turn.

4th Row: P 20.

Cont. in this way, working an extra 10 sts. in every k row, until all sts. are knitted across row. Cont. in st-st. across all sts., inc. 1 st. at beg. of next k row, and then every 4th row following until there are 90 sts. on needle. Cont. without further increase until work measures 8½in. from cast on measured along straight edge.

Leg Shaping—Dec. 1 st. at each end of every row 6 times, then work 6 rows without further shaping.

Change to No. 12 needles and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 8 rows. Cast off in rib.

RIGHT LEG

Work as for left leg from ** to **.

1st Row: P 10, turn.

2nd Row: K 10.

3rd Row: P 20, turn.

4th Row: K 20.

Cont. as for left leg, working the extra 10 sts. every p row until all sts. are worked and then complete to correspond with left leg, working the increases at ends of k rows instead of beginning.

BELT

Using No. 12 needles cast on 16 sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 9 rows.

10th Row: (K 1, p 1) 3 times, k 1, cast off 2 sts. (p 1, k 1) 3 times, p 1.

11th Row: (K 1, p 1) 3 times, k 1, cast on 2 sts. (p 1, k 1) 3 times, p 1. Cont. in rib until belt measures 20in. from beg. Cast off.

TABS (4)

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 16 sts. and k 3 rows. Cast off.

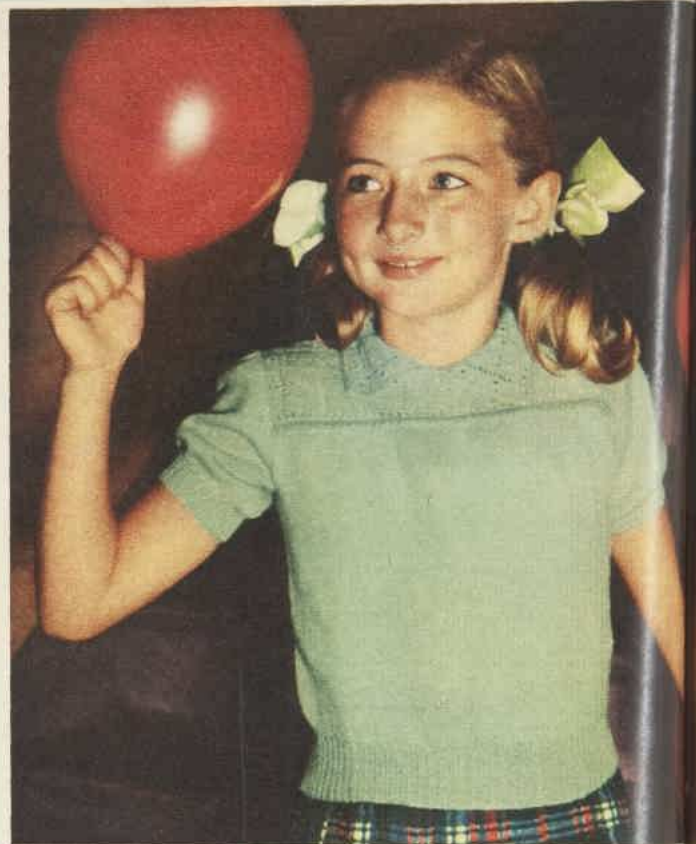
TO MAKE UP

Press on wrong side, join back, front, and leg seams. Crochet 2 buttonhole loops on front of trousers at top of ribbing and two more on back. Sew buttons on jumper in position to correspond with loops. Sew button on end of belt and trim with buckle. Sew tabs on to trousers and thread belt through.



TWO - PIECE
set, bolero and
sweater (left),
will be an in-
valuable addition
to a child's win-
ter wardrobe. The
sweater has short
sleeves.

PARTY
sweater (right).
Directions for
making commence
on this
page, and a de-
tail of the pat-
tern stitch is
on page 42.



BOLERO SET

Blackberry stitch trims the short-sleeved sweater and the bodice of the long-sleeved bolero of this comfortable two-piece set for a five-year-old. The sweater is also shown on page 42.

DIRECTIONS for making are below:

Materials: 9oz. Villawool "Horizon" crochet wool (this is the only wool that should be used); 1 pr. each Nos. 12 and 10 knitting needles.

Measurements: 24in. chest; jumper length, 13½in.; bolero length, 9in.

JUMPER BACK

With size 12 needles cast on 90 sts. and work k 1, p 1 rib for 24in. Change to size 10 needles. With wrong side of work facing, p 1 row, inc. evenly along row to 97 sts. Now work evenly in st-st. till work measures 8½in. Now shape for armhole thus:

Keeping to st-st., cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. K 2 tog. at beg. and end of next 8 rows, leaving 73 sts. Cont. in st-st. With right side of work facing, k 34 sts., cast on 5 sts., turn, work on these 39 sts., knitting the first 2 sts. at placket edge every row, but working the remainder in st-st. When work measures 13½in. from start, cast off 11 sts. at armhole edge on next row and next alt. row. Leave rem. 17 sts. on spare needle and return to other 39 sts. Work in st-st. the same as other side, knitting the 2 sts. at placket edge every row. Work a small buttonhole at 1½in., also at 3½in., on placket side. When work matches other side, leave rem. 17 sts. on spare needle same as other side.

FRONT

With size 12 needles cast on 90 sts. and work rib k 1, p 1

for 24in. Change to size 10 needles. With wrong side of work facing, p 1 row, inc. evenly along row to 97 sts.

Pattern—1st Row: * K 6, p 1, * rep. till 6 remain, k 6.

2nd Row: * P 6, k 1, * rep. till 6 remain, p 6.

Rep. these 2 rows till work measures 6in. from start. Make blackberry on top of two outside p ribs on each side thus: With wrong side of work facing, p 6, (k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1) into next st., p 6, k 1, * rep. from * to * till 20 rem., then p 6, (k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1) into next st., p 6, (k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1) into next st., p 6.

Next Row: K 6, p 5, k 6, p 5, * k 6, p 1, * rep. from * to * till 28 rem., k 6, p 5, k 6, p 5.

Next Row: P 6, p 5 tog., p 6, p 5 tog., * p 6, k 1, * rep. from * to * till 28 rem., then p 6, p 5 tog., p 6, p 5 tog., p 6. Cont. working st-st. over blackberries to first rib, then rib to last lot of blackberries, then complete row in st-st. After 5 rows have been worked, make blackberry sts. over 3rd rib from each side on next 3 rows. Work 5 more rows and work blackberry on top of 4th rib from each side.

Cont. in this way until every rib has a blackberry on top and remainder of front is st-st. At the same time, when work measures 8½in., shape armholes same as for back.

When work measures 11in. from start, shape for front of neck thus: Work 30 sts., cast

off 13 sts. Work 30 sts. Cont. on last 30 sts. in st-st., knitting 2 tog. at neck edge every row 8 times.

Cont. without shaping till work measures 13½in. Cast off 11 sts. at sleeve edge on next row and on next alt. row. Return to other 30 sts. and make to correspond with first side.

SLEEVES

With size 12 needles cast on 69 sts. and rib k 1, p 1 for 1in. Change to size 10 needles, k 6, p 1, finishing k 6.

Next Row: P 6, k 1 to last 6, p 6.

Rep. these 2 rows till work measures 24in. from start. Now make a blackberry on top of each rib. Then cont. in st-st. When work measures 3in., shape top of sleeve thus:

K 2 tog. at beg. and end of every alt. row till 49 sts. rem., then k 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row till 29 sts. rem. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Seam shoulders. With size 12 needles and right side of work facing, take 17 sts. of left side of back, pick up 60 sts. around front of neck, take 17 sts. of other side of back on spare needle (94 sts. in all). K in rib on these sts. for 8 rows, making buttonhole 1½in. from last buttonhole. Cast off.

BOLERO

BACK

With size 10 needles cast on 97 sts. and rib k 6, p 1, finishing k 6.

Next Row: P 6, k 1, finishing p 6

Cont. working these 2 rows till work measures 24in. With wrong side of work facing, work the 3 rows for making a blackberry on top of every rib. Cont. in st-st. till work measures 3½in. Cont. in st-st., shaping armholes same as for back of jumper.

When work measures 9in. from start shape shoulders same as for jumper. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

With size 10 needles cast on 28 sts. and rib k 6, p 1, next row inc. 1, * k 1, p 6, * rep. to end of row. Cont. in rib patt., inc. 1 st. at centre edge every row until there are 48 sts. on needle. Keeping to rib on inc. sts. as well, cont. in rib till work measures 24in.; with wrong side of work facing, work blackberry sts. on top of 3 ribs nearest armhole. Keep other ribs going. When 3 rows are complete for blackberry, work 5 rows in rib and st-st. over blackberries. Then work blackberry over 4th rib from armhole. Work 5 more rows, then work blackberry over 5th rib from armhole. The 6th rib cont. right up to neck. At the same time, when work measures 3½in., shape armhole same as back.

Cont. in st-st., keep one rib near front till work measures 7in. from start. Shape neck thus:

With wrong side of work facing, cast off 7 sts. at neck edge. Cont. in st-st., knitting 2 tog. at neck edge every row 7 times, leaving 22 sts. Cont. in st-st. till work measures 9in. Cast off 11 sts. at armhole edge on next row and next alt. row.

RIGHT FRONT

Make to correspond with left front with shapings and blackberries on other side.

SLEEVES

With size 12 needles cast on 42 sts. and rib k 1, p 1 for 2in. Change to size 10 needles and p 1 row, inc. sts. to 48.

PARTY SWEATER

The lightweight sweater with its decorative yoke and sleeve pattern shown above is one that will be ideal for winter party-wear. Directions are given for size 26-28in. chest.

Materials: 3oz. Patons Beehive Fingering 2-ply; 4 pr. each Nos. 11 and 13 knitting needles; 4 buttons; medium-sized crochet hook.

Measurements (to fit 26-28in. chest): Length from top of shoulder, 15in.; length of sleeve from underarm, 3½in.

Tension: 9 sts. to the inch in width on No. 11 needles.

BACK

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 100 sts.

1st Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to end of row. Rep. 1st row for 24in. **2nd Row:** * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to end of row. Change to No. 11 needles

and proceed as follows:
1st Row: K plain; inc. 16 sts. evenly along row.

2nd Row: Purl.

Cont. in plain smooth fabric until work measures 9½in. from commencement.

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of each of next 2 rows, then dec. once each end of needle in every alt. row until 92 sts. rem.

Cont. without shaping until work measures 12½in. from commencement.

Next Row: K 16, turn. Cont. working on these 46 sts. until work measures

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Next Row: Rib k 6, p 1, finishing k 6.

Next Row: P 6, k 1, finishing p 6.

Cont. in rib till work measures 3½in. from start, then work blackberries on top of every rib. Work the rest of sleeve in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row till there are 76 sts. on needle. Cont. without shaping till work measures 12½in., shape top of sleeve. K 2 tog. each end of every alt. row till 56 sts. rem., then k 2 tog. each end every row till 30 sts. rem. Cast off.

COLLAR

Seam shoulders. With wrong side of work facing, pick up 77 sts. evenly around neck and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of every alt. row 5

times. Work 2 rows even, then k 2 tog. at beg. and end of next 5 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces lightly with damp cloth and warm iron.

Jumper: Seam sides and sleeves and seam sleeves and armholes. Sew placket facing at lower edge. Sew on 4 buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

Bolero: Seam sleeves and sides and seam sleeves and armholes. Work one row of double crochet around centre front and lower edge. Around collar work one row of double crochet with a picot about every 4th Crochet chain loop at top of right front edge. Press all pieces with a damp cloth. Sew buttons on left front.

KNITTED DRESSES

Dainty knitted dresses in glowing colors are always lovely for little girls. These attractive designs for an 18-month-old and a four-year-old are easy to knit.

DIRECTIONS for the two garments are given on this page.

LACY-PATTERNED DRESS

Materials: 6oz. Patons "Nimble" knitting wool (this is the wool which should be used); 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 14 knitting needles; 1 crochet hook; 1 stitch holder; 1yd. velvet ribbon, 1in. wide; 2yds. velvet ribbon, 1in. wide; 3 press studs.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 22in.; width all round at underarm, 24in.; length of sleeve from underarm, 24in.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1in. in width.

Abbreviations: W. fwd., wool forward; w.r.n., wool round needle; k b, knit into back of st; p b, purl in back of st.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 192 sts. Work 5 rows in g-st.

Then work in patt.:

1st Row: K 1, * k 2 tog., k 2, w. fwd., k 1, w. fwd., k 2, k 2 tog., p 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, * k 1, p 2 tog., p 1, w.r.n., p 3, w.r.n., p 1, p 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: K 1, * k 2 tog., w. fwd., k 5, w. fwd., k 2 tog., p 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

4th Row: Like 2nd row.

5th Row: Like 1st row.

6th Row: K 2, * p 9, k 1, mp. from * to end of row.

7th Row: K 1, * k 9, p 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

8th Row: Like 6th row.

9th Row: Like 7th row.

10th Row: Like 6th row.

These 10 rows form patt.

Continue in patt. until work measures 12in., ending with 9th row of patt.

10th Row: P 2, * p 2 tog., mp. from * to end of row. (97 sts.)

Using No. 14 needles, work 6 rows in st-st.

Make ribbon holes as follows:

Next Row: K 1, * (w.r.n.) twice, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row.

Next Row: P, purling (w.r.n.) twice as one st. Work 3 rows in st-st.

Next Row: * P 15, p twice into next st., rep. from * to last 17 sts., p 17. (102 sts.)

Using No. 10 needles, k 1 row, p 1 row.

Now work in patt. as for skirt, and when work measures 5in. cast off 5 sts. at beg. of each of next 2 rows; k 2 tog. at each end of every following row until 80 sts. rem. Cast off.

FRONT

Work as given for back.

BACK YOKE

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 81 sts.

1st Row: Purl.

2nd Row: Knit.

3rd Row: Purl.

4th Row: K 1, * w. fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row.

Rep. 1st, 2nd, and 3rd rows, inc. 1 st. in last row.

8th Row: * P 2, k b 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

9th Row: * K 2, p b 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 5in.

Cont. in rib patt. shape for shoulder by casting off 8 sts. at beg. of each of next 6 rows. Cast off.

Turn back first 3 rows of st-st. on to wrong side so that picot edging is formed.

Stitch yoke to back part of bodice.

FRONT YOKE

Work as given for back until 3 rows of st-st. above eyelet holes have been worked.

Next Row: Work 38 sts. in rib patt. and slip rem. 44 sts. on to stitch holder, turn, cast on 6 sts.

Work for 3in., then continuing in rib patt. cast off 10 sts. at centre front edge of next row and k 2 tog. at same edge of every following row until 24 sts. rem.

When work measures 5in. shape for shoulder by casting off 8 sts. at armhole edge every alt. row three times.

Join in wool at centre front and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

Turn back first 3 rows of st-st. to form picot edging and seam yoke to front part of bodice.

SLEEVES

Using No. 14 needles cast on 83 sts.

1st Row: Purl.

2nd Row: Knit.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice, then 1st row once.

8th Row: K 1, * w. fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows three times, then 1st row once.

16th Row: K 1, * (w.r.n.) twice, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row.

17th Row: P, purling (w.r.n.) twice as one st.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows three times, dec. once in last row.

Using No. 10 needles, work in lace patt. for 14in.

Continuing in patt., cast off 5 sts. at beg. of each of next 2 rows, then k 2 tog. at each end of needle in every following row until 23 sts. rem. Cast off.

Turn back first 7 rows of sts. on to wrong side so that a picot edging is formed.

COLLAR

Using No. 14 needles, cast on 90 sts.

Work in st-st. and inc. once at each end of needle in every 4th row until there are 100 sts. on needle.

Dec. once at each end of needle in 8th and every following 4th row until 90 sts. rem.

Work 4 rows without shaping. Cast off.

Fold in half wrong side out and sew up short seams. Turn right side out and sew up rem. long seams.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Using 1in. seam, sew up shoulder, side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Work 1 row of d.c. round front opening and sew on press studs. Sew on collar. Thread ribbon through holes at waist and tie in a bow. Thread two-lengths of ribbon through holes in sleeves and tie in bows. Using narrow ribbon, make three small bows and sew on front yoke.



TURQUOISE DRESS

Materials: 6 skeins "Twin-Prufe" Mothproof and Shrink-proof crochet wool, shade No. 2194 (turquoise); 1 skein shade No. 1075 (white); 2 pairs needles, Nos. 10 and 12; press studs.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 18in.; chest, 24in.; length of sleeve seam, 2in.

Abbreviations: T, turquoise; W, white.

Tension: 7 sts. 1in., 9 rows 1in.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles and T wool, cast on 156 sts. K 6 rows. Work 5 rows st-st.

6th Row: K 25, * k 2 tog., k 50, rep. from * to last 27 sts., k 2 tog., k 25. (153 sts.)

Work 5 rows st-st. (commencing and ending with a p row.)

12th Row: K 24, * k 2 tog., k 49, rep. from * to last 27 sts., k 2 tog., k 25. (150 sts.)

Work 5 rows st-st.

18th Row: K 24, * k 2 tog., k 48, rep. from * to last 26 sts., k 2 tog., k 24. (147 sts.)

Work 5 rows st-st.

24th Row: K 23, * k 2 tog., k 47, rep. from * to last 26 sts., k 2 tog., k 24. (144 sts.)

Work 5 rows st-st.

30th Row: K 23, * k 2 tog., k 46, rep. from * to last 25 sts., k 2 tog., k 23. (141 sts.)

Cont. in this way, dec. 3 sts. every 6th row until dec. to 105 sts. When work measures 12in. k 1 row, knitting every 4th and 5th st. tog. (84 sts.) Change to No. 12 needles, k 7 rows. Change to No. 10 needles and cont. in st-st. for 4 rows, then shape armholes by casting off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times. When armholes measure 5in., shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

FRONT

Work the same as for back until armhole shaping is complete.

Next Row: K 31 (leave on a spare needle), k 35.

Next Row: P 31, k 4.

Cont. in st-st., keeping the 4 border sts. in g-st., and when

armhole measures 4in. cast off 6 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge every row until dec. to 21 sts. When armhole measures 5in. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Join wool at centre front, cast on 4 sts., and work to correspond with other side.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles and T wool, cast on 50 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1in. Change to No. 10 needles, p 5, * p 1, p twice into next st., rep. from * to last 5 sts., p 5 (70 sts.) Work in st-st. for 1in., then k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 50 sts., then every row until dec. to 16 sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 70 sts. K into back of every st., p 1 row, purling twice into every 4th st. (87 sts.)

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K 3, p to last 3 sts., k 3.

TURQUOISE dress for the 18-month-old girl has a softly flared skirt, small Peter Pan collar and short sleeves. The dress is knitted mainly in stocking-stitch, and the rows of white V-shaped flecks embroidered on the frock after it is made up may be omitted. The lacy-patterned dress with sleeves and waist threaded with velvet ribbon and three small bows down the front opening is an unusual design. Detail of stitch, page 42.

Rep. the last 2 rows for 4in., then k 6 rows, dec. 1 st. inside each border on the first 2 rows then every 2nd row twice. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves, gathering any fullness around top of armholes. Sew on collar, sew press studs on front opening. Using w wool, embroider as shown.

Baby's three-piece set

This set, consisting of mitts, matinee coat with a bunny motif in the design, and a cute little cap with stand-up ears, is suitable for a boy or a girl from six to nine months old.



HERE are the directions:

CAP AND MITTS

Materials: 1 skein of F. W. Hughes "Twinpuke" 2-ply wool in white and a few yards of blue; 1 pair of No. 12 knitting needles; 1 button; 1 yd. of narrow ribbon; No. 13 Aero crochet hook.

Tension: 9 sts. and 12 rows to 1 in.

Abbreviations: B, blue; w, white.

MITTS

RIGHT MITT

** With b wool cast on 44 sts. and k 2 rows. Change to w

wool and work in st-st for 14 in., ending with a p row.

Next Row: * K 2, w.f.d., k 2 tog., rep. from * to end.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: K 21, inc. by picking up loop before next

st. and k into back of it, k 2, inc., k 21.

Next Row: Purl. **

Now commence patt. thus—

1st Row: K 6 w, 9 b, then with w k 6, inc., k 4, inc., k 21.

2nd Row: P 35 w, 2 b, 1 w, 3 b, 1 w, 2 b, 6 w.

3rd Row: K 8 w, 5 b, then with w k 8, inc., k 6, inc., k 21.

4th Row: P 37 w, 5 b, 8 w.

5th Row: K 8 w, 5 b, then with w k 8, inc., k 8, inc., k 21.

6th Row: P 39 w, 5 b, 8 w.

7th Row: K 8 w, 5 b, then with w k 8, inc., k 10, inc., k 21.

8th Row: P 42 w, 3 b, 9 w.

9th Row: K 10 w, 1 b, then with w k 10, inc., k 12, inc., k 21.

10th Row: P 44 w, 3 b, 9 w.

11th Row: K 9 w, 3 b, 23 w, turn and p 14 w for thumb.

Work 12 rows on the 14 thumb sts.

Next Row: K 2 tog. to end. Break off wool, run the end through rem. sts., draw up tightly and fasten off. Join seam of thumb. With right side of work facing, join w wool to main part and pick up and k 2 sts. from base of thumb, then k 21.

12th Row: P 32 w, 3 b, 9 w.

13th Row: K 10 w, 1 b, 33 w.

14th Row: P 32 w, 1 b, 1 w, 1 b, 9 w.

15th Row: K 8 w, 2 b, 1 w, 2 b, 31 w.

16th Row: P 31 w, 2 b, 1 w, 2 b, 8 w.

17th Row: K 7 w, 2 b, 3 w, 2 b, 30 w.

18th Row: P 30 w, 2 b, 3 w, 2 b, 7 w.

19th Row: K 7 w, 1 b, 5 w, 1 b, 30 w.

20th Row: P 30 w, 1 b, 5 w, 1 b, 7 w.

Break off b, and with w wool cont. until work measures 44 in. from start, ending with a p row, then shape top thus—

1st Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 16, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

2nd and Every Alt. Row: Purl.

3rd Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 14, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

5th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 12, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

7th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 10, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

9th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 8, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

11th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 6, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

13th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 4, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

15th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

17th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

19th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

21st Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

23rd Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

25th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

27th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

29th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

31st Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

33rd Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

35th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

37th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

39th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

41st Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

43rd Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

45th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

47th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

49th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

51st Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

53rd Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

55th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

57th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

59th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

61st Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

63rd Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

65th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

67th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

69th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

71st Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

73rd Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

75th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

77th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

79th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

81st Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

83rd Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

85th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

87th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

89th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

91st Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

93rd Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

95th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

97th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

99th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

101st Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

103rd Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

105th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

107th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

109th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

111th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

113th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

115th Row: * K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

p.s.s.o., k 8, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * once.

Cast off all sts.

LEFT MITT

Work as for right mitt from ** to **, then rep. patt. rows 1 to 10 inclusive, but read each row backwards in order to reverse the design.

11th Row: K 35 w, turn and p 14 w for thumb.

Now work thumb as for right mitt. Next, with right side of work facing, join w wool to main part and pick up and k 2 sts. from base of thumb, then k 9 w, 3 b, 9 w.

Now complete as for right mitt from 12th row of patt. but cont. to read each patt. row backwards.

TO MAKE UP

Join the top and side seams of each mitt. Press with a warm iron over a damp cloth. Thread ribbon through the holes at wrist.

CAP

MAIN PART

With w wool cast on 6 sts. and k 1 row, then inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row until there are 14 sts., then inc. 1 st. at each end of every row until there are 30 sts. Leave these sts. on one side and work another section in the same way.

Next Row: Cast on 10, k 30 sts. of one tab, cast on 30, then k the 30 sts. of second tab, cast on 10 sts. (110 sts.).

Cont. in st-st. until work measures 24 in. from centre-front, ending with a p row.

Next Row: K 37, cast off 10, k 16, cast off 10, k 37.

Next Row: P 37, cast on 10, p 16, cast on 10, p 37.

Cont. until work measures 44 in., ending with a p row, then shape top thus—

1st Row: * K 4, * k 2 tog., k 8; rep. from * to last 6 sts., k 2 tog., k 4.

3rd Row: * K 4, * k 2 tog., k 6; rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

5th Row: * K 4, * k 2 tog., k 4; rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

7th Row: * K 4, * k 2 tog., k 2; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

9th Row: * K 2 tog., k 2, * k 2 tog., k 3; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

11th Row: * K 2 tog., k 1, * k 2 tog., k 2; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

13th Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

15th Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

17th Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

19th Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

21st Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

23rd Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

25th Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

27th Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

29th Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

31st Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

33rd Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

35th Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

37th Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

39th Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

41st Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

43rd Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

45th Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

47th Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

49th Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

51st Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

53rd Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

55th Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

57th Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

59th Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

61st Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

63rd Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

65th Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

67th Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

69th Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

71st Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

73rd Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

75th Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

77th Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

79th Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

81st Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

83rd Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

85th Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

87th Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

89th Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

91st Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

93rd Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

95th Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

97th Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

99th Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

101st Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

103rd Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

105th Row: * K 2 tog., * k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

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Candy Wilton, top-notch 5th Avenue designer, whose speciality is line and fit, sent us ideas like cute self-ruffled little-boy collars on neat-bedded pyjamas. Trim peaked collars that "cover-up" for a deep slashed neckline. All rippling with ruffles.

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AT STORES

EVERYWHERE

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 28, 1954

door. His heart sank as he saw Lieutenant Van Younger glance into the living-room, where Cass lay on the couch, with Brenna seated quietly nearby. The lieutenant stopped, then went on irresolutely. Almost to the door.

Behind him, Humphrey heard a door crash open, the sound of hurrying feet. He turned to see Francys Maguire come running down the hall, dragging Gabe after her.

"Gee, father!" said Gabe. "She's crazy, but can she make pancakes!"

Francys Maguire had stopped now, breathing heavily. "Lieutenant—"

"Yes?"

Francys formed words with her mouth, but caught them on the tip of her tongue. She looked at the lieutenant. She's going to tell him. I gambled my life on her silence, and she's going to talk.

Francys looked at Humphrey, a sidelong look. She looked again, more steadily.

Lieutenant Van Younger said grimly, but insistently, "You wanted to see me?"

Francys swallowed audibly. Her eyes, as she rolled them towards Humphrey, were badly frightened. But still questioning.

Humphrey put out his hand to take her lean young fingers in his.

"I think Francys was about to suggest that you notify her father, Officer Maguire, that she is safe," he said. "Miss Maguire is one of my promising dramatic proteges. Properly managed, I see a great future in the theatre for her."

Lieutenant Van Younger said to Francys, "Was that what you wanted?"

Francys hesitated. She opened her mouth, looked at the lieutenant, looked at Humphrey. Plainly she was torn between fear and self-interest, and self-interest won.

Continuing . . . Cry Murder

from page 38

Her eyes held Humphrey's. She said, very softly, "How sweet of you to say that about my future."

Lieutenant Van Younger said impatiently, "Miss Maguire—"

She dropped her lashes, demurely, and said, "If you would, Lieutenant."

"Certainly. There wasn't anything else?"

"Not now," said Francys almost inaudibly.

Lieutenant Van Younger went out quickly. Francys looked suddenly frightened again. She half put up a hand to stop him. Then she looked back at Humphrey. He gave her his most admiring smile.

She said quite clearly to Humphrey, "We must talk."

"Yes," Humphrey squeezed her hand again. And he knew with satisfaction that now he had the time he needed. At least a little time.

Francys Maguire had given up none of her bargaining power. She could always come forward later, say she had not noticed the name on the apartment, but when she read the location in the paper, she realised that that was where she had met Mr. Ward last night—and she would be wary. Killing Francys Maguire was not going to be simple.

Brenna came out of the living-room. This time she very definitely noticed Francys Maguire. Brenna's clear blue eyes fixed themselves on the younger girl thoughtfully. Francys dropped her lashes and Humphrey's hand. Brenna's gaze swept past her to Humphrey. There was an expression in her eyes which he could not place. Knowledge?

Knowledge of what? Humphrey did not know. He thought again that Brenna, soft

and pretty and sweet as she was, adoring him as she did, was still possessed of a fearful attribute for the wife of a murderer. Brenna had a conscience. Brenna with any dangerous knowledge was potentially far more dangerous than Francys. Brenna did not speak to Francys or to Humphrey. Her voice was almost unnaturally quiet as she said, "Gabe, the doctor insisted if you came home you were to stay in bed."

Brenna followed Gabe upstairs, to be sure his bed was straightened and comfortable. As Brenna turned away, still without speaking, Francys slid her hand into Humphrey's. Her big eyes turned up to his face. She said, in a whisper, "Oh, Mr. Ward. If you only didn't have a wife."

Humphrey was startled to find they were thinking the same thing.

LIEUTENANT VAN YOUNGER stopped to speak to the uniformed policeman in the hall outside Rachel's apartment. He said smoothly over his shoulder, "I'll only be a minute."

Neither Humphrey nor Cass answered him. Cass Caruso's round figure wavered; he leaned heavily on Humphrey. Humphrey himself was too angry to answer civilly.

To be here, wasting time on this, he was thinking furiously, when life depends on my being—Where is Francys Maguire now? At any minute she may realise her own danger, open her mouth and start talking. To have to watch the hours today go by, since I have found her, without being able to do anything, because of Cass

Caruso and this stupid police lieutenant—

Yet I had no choice but to come with him, to walk out past Francys Maguire, leaving her still unharmed and free to do whatever occurs to her.

Lieutenant Van Younger's story had been so very smooth, so very convincing. A shabby looking man had been seen hanging around Rachel Sabinson's apartment building last night. The doorman had sent him away, but he might have come back. The police thought that perhaps robbery was involved, since little jewellery had been found, though Rachel Sabinson was known to be very fond of it.

Her killer had to be someone she knew. She apparently had let him or her in willingly. There had been no sign of a struggle. It seemed possible that if there had been a robbery, the killer might be a former actor. If Mr. Ward and Mr. Caruso would be kind enough to come downtown to look over some of the pictures that matched this man's description—

Humphrey had scarcely time to realise what was happening before he was in the police car beside Cass Caruso and the lieutenant, riding downtown.

What happened next had not been so clear. There had been a radio message which had excited the lieutenant greatly.

They had proceeded at a greatly accelerated rate of speed. And then, without announcement, they had been in front of Rachel's building.

"Picked up what may be our man," said Lieutenant Van Younger. "Not far from here. I told them to bring him over here. Save time. Much closer. The doorman may definitely identify him as being the man who was hanging around last

night. And there may be a certain psychological value in questioning him here. The murderer returning to the scene of the crime. If he isn't the murderer, he may know who is."

Humphrey said sharply, "How could you take the word of a man like that?"

Lieutenant Van Younger looked at him. "We'll see."

Humphrey said nothing. Even those few words, he knew, had been a mistake. But suppose this man was someone Humphrey knew? Suppose, anyway, that he had seen Humphrey come in here last night?

Deny it. That was it. Deny it. It would be Humphrey's word against that of an unknown derelict.

Humphrey was sweating. His legs felt unsteady. He was tired. So tired. His head ached. In the lobby mirror, he had seen that his eyes were bloodshot. Today, he knew, he looked his thirty-seven years.

Now came the moment which Humphrey had been dreading most. Lieutenant Van Younger turned from his conference with the uniformed policeman, put the key in the door. They were inside Rachel's apartment. An apartment strangely quiet, yet strangely unchanged.

Humphrey kept himself rigidly under control. Too rigidly; he was conscious of bodily stiffness, of a jerkiness in his walk. He did not glance towards the sofa. He simply helped Cass Caruso into the room. Then he stood beside him, looking politely at Lieutenant Van Younger, who was also looking politely at him.

"Our man isn't here yet. Maybe the boys are giving him a bit of a ride, giving him time to think," said Lieutenant Van Younger. "He'll be along any minute. Mr. Caruso looks done in. Perhaps you would like to sit down on the sofa?"

Cass sank gratefully on the sofa, choosing the opposite end. Humphrey was forced to sit, therefore, in exactly the spot where Rachel had been last night. He was proud that his training enabled him to do this casually, without apparent notice. But it seemed to him, as he put his hand down, that the spot was still warm.

Cass said brokenly, "She's dead, Rachel's dead."

"Yes," agreed Lieutenant Van Younger.

Cass stared around him with real horror.

"It's just the same," he said. "Nothing's changed."

Humphrey was pleased to note that Lieutenant Van Younger for the first time gave Cass his serious and speculative attention. Van Younger said, "Except the lights, naturally. The lamp wasn't in quite its usual place. Miss Sabinson's maid said. It has been pushed back a little. Almost as if the murderer were lighting a stage set."

Humphrey was sweating.

"Fingerprints?" said Cass.

"We're working on that," said the lieutenant. He looked around the apartment. "This is a nice place. Must have cost a small mint."

"I suppose Miss Sabinson made a good deal of money in Hollywood."

"Top salary in her time," said Cass proudly.

"And she was smart enough to save her money?"

"Rachel was smart," said Cass slowly. "About money and everything else. Nobody ever got the best of Rachel. At least not for long."

"We didn't find any bank-books. You have the figures on her savings, Mr. Caruso?"

"Nobody ever had that. Rachel saved in a safety-deposit box, or her stocking, or

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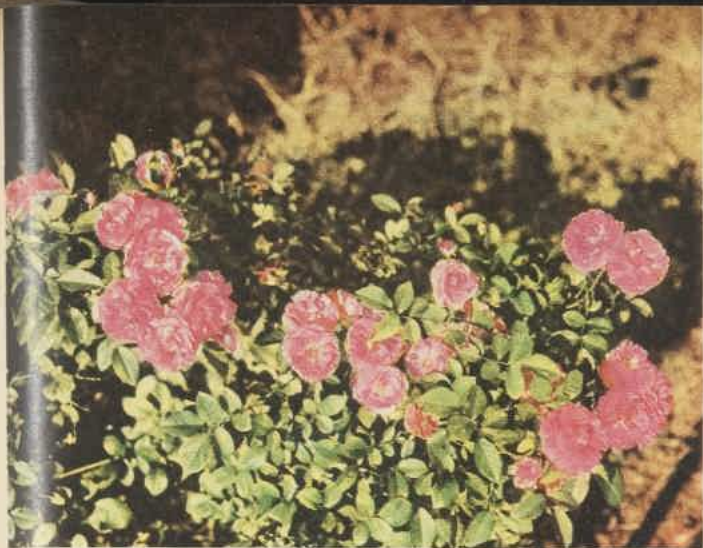


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LOVELY EXAMPLE of the floribunda roses is Ellen Poulsen, one of the older varieties. The brilliant pink blooms are fairly full and sweetly scented. Roses of this type are very spectacular when one variety is used for a whole bed.

CHOOSING YOUR ROSES

● Early winter is the rose-planting season, so it is now time to decide what varieties to buy and where to plant them.

CHOOSE an open situation for your rose garden, with plenty of sun and without competition from the roots of trees and shrubs. Attractive as it sounds, best results will not be obtained if annuals are planted among the roses. Be firm and keep the rose garden for roses.

As a rule roses do best in heavier types of soil. The best choice is a moderately heavy loam, but fine roses are also grown in heavy clays provided they are well drained, and in lighter soils which have been built up with organic matter.

In new gardens, begin preparing the rose garden now by digging soil deeply and incorporating dolomite, that useful magnesium-bearing limestone, at the rate of about one pound per square yard. Nearer to the planting season plenty of compost or well-rotted animal manure dug in to a depth of nine inches pays good dividends.

Since the war a great many new varieties have been made available by famous rose breeders all over the world.

Especially outstanding are the hybrid tea varieties. These are bush roses, and they have always been first favorites with home gardeners because of their vigor, hardiness, and free-flowering habits.

Among the reds, Charles Mallerin should not be missed. The blooms are very deep crimson with a velvety sheen and wonderful perfume. It is a very strong grower and a free flowerer.

New Yorker is another splendid variety, having large well-shaped crimson flowers.

Rouge Meilland has light crimson well-shaped flowers. It is a good grower and flowers well. This is a French rose and is grown in huge quantities in the south of France for the cut-flower trade.

Among the fine new pinks are Michele Meilland, Show Girl, and Charlotte Armstrong. Michele Meilland develops lovely pale pink buds which open to pink-shaded lilac

Grandmere Jenny has full blooms of golden yellow flushed with pink and red.

Madame Kriloff is the most richly colored of all. It is almost orange and is veined with darker shades. Foliage and stems are excellent, but bloom shape is not as good as the other varieties mentioned.

Forty-Niner is another of the vivid newcomers, being a deep red with a yellow reverse.

There are some attractive new varieties for gardeners who love yellow roses.

Sutter's Gold was released as recently as 1950. The long-pointed yellow buds, which are veined with orange and red, open to semi-double, rich yellow blooms flushed with orange. It is very fragrant.

Ellenor Le Grice has fragrant deep yellow flowers of first-class quality.

Diamond Jubilee is a very vigorous grower which flowers freely. The deep buff-yellow blooms, which have a lighter inner face to the petals, are large, full, and fragrant, and well shaped. There is color variation with season, but nevertheless the variety is a splendid one.

Rose breeders have been very successful in efforts to improve the delightful floribunda roses, formerly called hybrid polyanthus.

These differ from hybrid tea roses in that they bear many sprays of small massed flowers.

Among the most fascinating of the newcomers are Fashion, coral-pink suffused with gold; Vogue, carmine to red and like a darker Fashion; Pinkie, said to be the daintiest border rose in existence, which grows to 18 inches; Poulsen's Pearl, pale pink and rather like apple blossom with its massed golden stamens.



POPULAR Etoile de Hollande, one of the best dark reds among the older roses, is a strong grower with a beautiful perfume.

blooms with a deeper tinted centre. Growth is strong and the variety is free flowering and highly resistant to disease.

In the multi-colored section there is a wonderful variety.

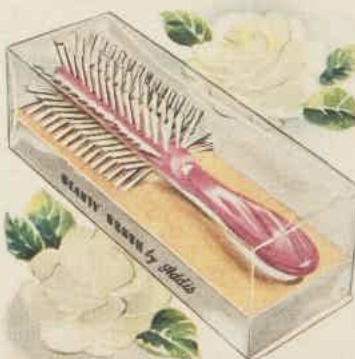
Peace, or more properly Madame A. Meilland, is already very popular. The rather short buds open to large full blooms of rich yellow edged with pink. It has attractive, shiny dark green foliage.

Printemps is very spectacular. It has semi-double blooms which are salmon-pink on the inside of the petals and gold on the reverse.

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Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND



SW 67.58

Continuing . . . Cry Murder

from page 45

something. I never knew how much. Nobody did . . . Did you, Hump?"

"No," said Humphrey. Lieutenant Van Younger said, "Ah. Here is our man now."

Humphrey forced himself to keep his eyes on the door, steadily, exhibiting only simple curiosity, as an innocent man would. He saw a small white-haired man who was indeed shabby—shabby brown trousers, shabby unmatched coat, shabby shoes. He was thin to the point of emaciation, with bent shoulders and sparrowlike arms. But there was a presence about him. A pride. He stood facing them, head up defiantly.

Lieutenant Van Younger said, "Sit down. I won't need you, Clansky."

Clansky went out, closing the door behind him. The little man sat down, still facing them defiantly.

He's no one I know, Humphrey thought, with relief. Now if he just doesn't know me.

Van Younger snapped, "All right. Talk. What's your name?"

The little man said quietly, "Nicholas. Nicholas Sabinson. I was Rachel Sabinson's first husband."

HUMPHREY thought, How little we know about others, even those to whom we are closest. How little Brenna really knows about me, and — I always thought Sabinson was Rachel's maiden name.

Van Younger asked quietly, "Why did you kill her?"

"I did not kill her!"

"Then how do you account for the fact that you were caught trying to pawn some of her jewellery? Don't deny that it was hers. The insurance company furnished descriptions."

Nicholas Sabinson made an effort at squaring his thin shoulders. He said, "I deny nothing that is true. They were Rachel's, and I was trying to pawn them. Those jewels were worth enough to give me a new start in life—to give me back perhaps a little of what she took from me."

"What was that?"

Nicholas Sabinson spread his thin fingers.

"I had a little shop," he said. "A little jewellery shop. I married Rachel when she was sixteen. She was so beautiful then. She ran away one day and she took with her some jewellery I was repairing for a customer. She left a note saying that I meant nothing to her, that I never had. No one believed me. No one. I went to gaol—" His voice trailed off.

"Ten years I was there," he went on. "Ten years! And when I came out, my shop was gone, and who will hire a jeweller who has been in gaol for theft? I was desperate. One day I saw Rachel's picture in the

paper. She was acting in a play. I went to her, asked her to help me. She said she had divorced me years ago. She laughed at me. I became angry. I made a scene, struck her. She had me thrown from the theatre. I never saw her again until last night."

"Last night?"

"Somehow, in all these years, I have never been able to get started again. I have had jobs, but always, somehow — And now I am older," Nicholas Sabinson's head went up again. "I am not asking for sympathy, understand. What I am telling you is fact. It cannot matter now. Last night I was hungry. Hunger does things, even to pride. I have said I never would, but came to Rachel again. Not for charity, you understand. Nicholas Sabinson does not take charity. But I thought perhaps—Rachel was older, too—she owed me a debt, you understand. A debt. I came last night to ask her to pay it."

"And she refused?"

Nicholas Sabinson shook his head. "She could not refuse. She was dead."

"You claim she was dead before you got here?"

"I do not claim it. I state it as a fact. She was dead before I got here."

"What time was that?"

Nicholas Sabinson shrugged, expressively. "You think I own a watch? Late, it was Very late."

"How did you get in?"

Nicholas Sabinson's grey eyes were quite steady. "One learns about locks in prison."

"You came in from the front door?"

Nicholas Sabinson nodded.

"And then?"

"She was on the sofa. Dead. I knew she was dead when I looked at her. But still, I tried the pulse. She was very dead. I went into the bedroom. I collected the debt she owed me. Just the debt, Lieutenant. Nothing more. I took the jewels as nearly equal as I could to those she stole from me. No more. I left the rest and I went away. I thought, now that she had repaid me, perhaps it would not be too late to start a little shop somewhere."

The room was very still. Cass Caruso looked at the little man, started to speak, but instead buried his head in his hands. Cass had known Rachel too many years to have many illusions left about her character. Humphrey was undecided on how to react: shock, disbelief?

He was relieved that the lieutenant was not looking at him. But his relief lasted only for seconds. For Lieutenant Van Younger was questioning Sabinson closely on the time he

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FOR THE CHILDREN



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 28, 1954

had stood outside the building last night.

"Who did you see?" "Nicholas Sabinson said, 'Many people. Many, many people. They came and went, all in their fine cars.'"

Lieutenant Van Younger bit his lip. "We'll have to show you some pictures, for identification. Everyone connected with the case. For a start, did you see either of these two gentlemen?"

Humphrey held his breath. Nicholas Sabinson looked at Cass. He looked at Humphrey. His grey eyes were soft. "Lieutenant, I am an old man. In my time, I, too, have thought of killing Rachel. I, too, have reason. I do not presume to judge whoever did so. Or his reason."

Lieutenant Van Younger sighed. "We'll talk more about this later. Meantime, suppose you show me where you found the jewellery."

Lieutenant Van Younger nodded at Humphrey, who followed them into the bedroom. Cass Caruso remained on the sofa, his head in his hands.

"Here," said Nicholas Sabinson, indicating a drawer by Rachel's bed. "They were here."

Lieutenant Van Younger said, "Don't you think you'd better tell the whole truth? Do you think you're going to like going back to gaol, Sabinson?"

The grey eyes leaped wildly. "Gaol! You cannot send me back there!"

It happened so quickly that Humphrey did not believe it. Nicholas Sabinson's thin hand darting out, grabbed a weighted wooden lamp base, bringing it down on Lieutenant Van Younger's head. The policeman crumpled silently. Nicholas Sabinson and Humphrey faced each other in the bedroom.

Nicholas Sabinson, breathing heavily, said, "I will take his gun and I will put it in your back. I will force the policeman at the door to let us pass, no sound no alarm or I will shoot you."

"Don't be a fool," said Humphrey. "You'll never get away with that. You wouldn't get ten feet. The fire escape."

Continuing . . . Cry Murder

from page 48

"The fire escape?"

"Certainly. Watch your chance when the policeman in the hall isn't looking—slip in and run down the stairs a floor—get an elevator and you'll be out of the building with no one the wiser."

Nicholas Sabinson wrung his hand. "Thank you!"

He was out of the window, on the fire escape, with an alarming speed. Humphrey had to call him back in a stage whisper: "Hey!"

Nicholas Sabinson came back eagerly. "What is it?"

Humphrey pointed. "Look."

"What?"

Humphrey shoved with all his force. It was not difficult, really, for Nicholas Sabinson weighed almost nothing. He went over the low iron railing without a chance of grasping it. There was a thin scream of terror far below. Nothing else.

He knew too much. He saw me last night. Anyhow, this makes a perfect solution to the death of Rachel Sabinson. Her killer committing suicide or dying accidentally while escaping.

Humphrey was back in the bedroom instantly. Regretfully, he looked at the heavy lamp base. But there must be a bump on his head too. He lay down beside Lieutenant Van Younger, in an artistically crumpled position, holding it in a handkerchief to avoid fingerprints. He raised the lamp, struck himself hard.

When he came to, Lieutenant Van Younger was pacing up and down, telephone in hand, barking into it.

"He must be somewhere in the building! What was that stupid Clanky—" There was a moment of silence. Then Lieutenant Van Younger said, "Oh," and hung up abruptly.

Humphrey reached out to pocket his handkerchief surreptitiously, which had fallen on the floor beside him. He stirred, moaning. The lieutenant told him, in a few crisp words, that Sabinson's body had been found

nine floors below. Suicide, or perhaps he had slipped.

Humphrey said, "Those iron rails are slippery. I mean iron rails would be."

Van Younger swore irritably. "He didn't do it, but I bet he knew who did."

Humphrey would have bet so, too. He got up gingerly. The room swayed around him for a minute, then straightened. "I suppose," he said, "that this closes the case?"

"M'm'm," said the lieutenant absently. "Oh, no. He couldn't have been the killer. He had an alibi for the time the murder was committed. They just told me they had checked it, and it held. He was sweeping up some bar until 2 a.m. The boys found witnesses to prove it. He was here earlier in the evening, apparently getting up his nerve to go in; he was here later, but not for the crucial hour or two..."

BACK in the living-room, they found Cass Caruso still on the sofa, still with his head in his hands. Though he exhibited a total indifference to their welfare or to the fate of Nicholas Sabinson, Cass was nonetheless making visible progress at pulling himself together.

He said quietly to Lieutenant Van Younger, "I've been thinking that there must be a lot in Rachel's past, like this, that would bear a closer looking into. Perhaps it might even explain her murder. We have a lot of stuff in the office on Rachel. Some of it I haven't looked at in years. There might be something there. There must be. I'll get it all out. Everything."

Lieutenant Van Younger nodded thoughtfully. "Could you do it now?"

"Yes." "Suppose you get at that while Mr. Ward and I look at the photographs. The doorman isn't sure. Nicholas Sabinson was the man he saw last night."

I may want you to look at the photographs later, but what you have may be more important now. If you would be good enough to go down to your office right away."

"Anything," said Cass Caruso. "Anything."

"I may be a little while." "I'll wait in my office for you. However late it is. You've got to find whoever killed her, Lieutenant. You've got to."

"Don't worry," said Lieutenant Van Younger gently. "I'll find him."

As the afternoon grew later, Francis Maguire prowled up and down Humphrey's study.

She went over and pulled at the drawers of the antique mahogany desk, which, unfortunately, were locked. She knelt and tried a few unsuccessful experiments with a bent bobby pin, which failed to negotiate the lock.

Suddenly she screamed, instantly muffling the sound with her hand. "I didn't see you!"

Brenna stood quietly in the doorway. She said, "I've been resting. I had no idea you had come back. Don't you really think you should do as your father says and go home?"

"Not until I see Mr. Ward." "You can see Humphrey some other time."

"No. Today." Brenna sighed. "You seem so—jumpy, Francis. Is something wrong?"

"I'm not jumpy. Not jumpy at all. Why would I be jumpy?"

Brenna sat down gracefully in Humphrey's big chair.

"Francis," she said, "I don't know what you're doing here, why you were here in the first place. But you give me the feeling, just looking at you, that you're in some serious trouble. I want you to believe that I only want to help you."

Francis snorted. "I'll bet!" Brenna bit her lip. "I'll be glad to help you if you'll let me. But it's my job to look after my husband. I just won't have any aspiring young

Beauty in brief:

Cosmetic pointers

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Deftness in handling cosmetics dictates the quality of the completed make-up, according to Hollywood expert Perc Westmore, who passes on the following tips on the subject.

WHEN liquid powder base seems to be too greasy, let the mixture stand untouched for a day and pour some of the oil off the top.

● Shake well all liquid beauty preparations before use, and keep powdery items loose and fluffy.

● A sponge is better than fingers for applying foundation, which should be patted on first in dots to keep it from settling into a heavy mask. The sponge should be carefully washed after each use.

● To control the consistency of cream rouge, mix it with a speck of powder base.

● After you've powdered your face, touch up with a damp cloth, or brush off excess with a soft brush.

● Keep eyebrow pencil sharpened to a chisel edge to simplify eye-line work. Wash your mascara brush daily.

actresses around to bother him."

Francis turned to glare at her. "You won't?"

Brenna's eyes met hers levelly. "No!"

Brenna smiled in spite of herself. She said quietly, "I don't want you to think I don't understand stage ambition. I do."

"You," said Francis scornfully. "How could you? All you did to be an actress was to be born a Laugham. And you didn't have much to do with that!"

"No. But I got my first part under another name, entirely on my own."

"I don't believe it."

"It's true. Everyone has to go through the same process whatever her name is. Theatre people are often sentimental, but the theatre itself isn't. Nobody can risk the money that

goes into a play today on sentiment over somebody's name. They hire the best actors and actresses they can get, whatever their names are."

"Like you!" Brenna flushed in spite of herself. She measured her words.

"We're not talking about me," she said. "We're talking about you. I'm telling you it will do you no good to chase actors as you're chasing Humphrey. There is no easy way. What you must do is haunt the producers' offices, the agencies. Get yourself a small part somehow. If you have real ability, you'll show it when you get your chance. Try television or radio."

"I tried that," said Francis Maguire. "All last week!"

There was a silence, during

To page 51

"We're a happier family now! We've said..."

GOOD-BYE TO NAGGING COUGHS!

Yes, this new Vick discovery brings cough relief you've never known before... actually stops coughs 2 ways faster!

You'll hear it all over Australia: "No more 'hang-on' coughs in my family!" Who's talking? The thousands and thousands of mothers who have discovered that new Vicks Cough Syrup brings an entirely new kind of cough relief.

CETAMIU is the secret... only **VICKS** has it!

With Cetamium... Vicks exclusive new penetrating agent... real relief begins the second you swallow Vicks Cough Syrup. Thanks to Cetamium's swift penetration, Vicks Cough Syrup sinks deep into hard-to-reach throat crevices ordinary liquids never touch. Cough-tortured tissues

are soothed at once. Coughing spasms stop. At the same time, Vicks Cough Syrup works all through the chest and bronchial system. It hunts down the source of the cough, and gets right to work on the cause of the cough... as it reduces congestion and gets rid of cough-causing phlegm.

Here's how Vicks Cough Syrup... with Cetamium... works to stop coughs faster in 2 ways!

1. IN THE THROAT... it penetrates, to relieve cough areas you couldn't even reach before.

Note the folds and crevices in this enlarged drawing of the throat membrane... perfect hiding places for cough and cold germs! Ordinary liquids can't get down into these tiny openings. They merely flow over the surface of the throat.

But, with Cetamium, Vicks Cough Syrup penetrates. Its soothing, healing medications get right down into these hard-to-reach, cough-tortured membranes. No wonder you feel such swift, wonderful comfort.

CS009

2. IN THE CHEST... works deep, to relieve congestion and break up bronchial coughs.

This drawing shows how thorough Vicks two-way action is. New Vicks Cough Syrup works all through the chest and bronchial system... right at the roots of your cough... where its special medications reduce congestion, loosen phlegm, and break up deep bronchial coughs that otherwise hang on so long. Try it!

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STILL ONLY **4^d**

**A
FLAVOUR
TO PLEASE
EVERY
TASTE**



which Brenna watched Francys closely.

Brenna said, "Why do you keep looking behind you? Are you afraid of something?"

"No!" Francys, you didn't act like this last night when we met you. You're a different girl now. What happened to make you change?"

"I'm not changed!" You're frightened. You weren't frightened then. Something between then and now has frightened you. Something you saw or know. What is it?"

"Nothing."

"Stop saying that!" Francys Maguire said, "Why should I talk to you?"

Francys turned away. Brenna waited patiently, until it was plain that there was nothing to wait for.

"All right," she said finally. "If you won't let me help you, you won't. For the last time, are you going to go home and stop pestering my husband or am I going to call your father and have him come and get you?"

Francys flung herself forward dramatically, landing on her knees beside Brenna, wringing her hands. "Please, Mrs. Ward! Don't send me back there!"

"To your home? Why not?" Francys rolled her eyes. "You don't understand!"

"Well, tell me."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"I'm ashamed. Oh, if you only knew what my life is!" Brenna patted her hand in the same manner she would have patted Gabe's. "You don't have a mother, do you?"

"No!"

"Or sisters?"

"No!"

"That's too bad," said Brenna cheerfully. "It gives you a good deal of housework to do alone, doesn't it?"

Francys stared at her. "You don't believe me!"

"No, I don't believe you. I met your father. He seemed to me an utterly bewildered, good-hearted man."

Francys scrambled furiously to her feet. "Oh, you!"

Brenna got up and moved towards the desk. "Whatever

you're afraid of—and I'm sure you're afraid of something, really afraid—it isn't your father. Shall I call him now or will you go home of your own accord?"

Francys began to cry, with her great gulping sobs. Brenna picked up the phone quite calmly. Francys stopped crying. She said sullenly, "Don't call him. I'll go."

"Would you like me to go with you?"

Francys hesitated. "I—No!" Brenna said, "I don't feel right about your going alone, somehow. Theatre people are superstitious, Francys. I have a feeling of danger right now. Not danger to myself. Danger to you."

Francys shivered. "You have it, too," said Brenna. "Only you know the reason for it. I don't."

"I don't know what you're talking about!"

"All right. I hope you know what you're doing."

"I know," said Francys. "I don't need any help from you or anybody else. I can take care of myself. . . . My hat! I forgot my best hat! I won't leave that for you to wear!"

FRANCYS came back, with the feather-trimmed creation jammed on her dark hair in evident anger. Brenna said impulsively, "I know you think I'm your enemy. But that isn't so. I'm really trying to help you. Won't you let me, some way? A little time at a good dramatic school—"

"Those," said Francys scornfully. "They turn them out all alike. Walk alike, talk alike. I'm unique. I'm me. I'm not only going to be an actress. I am an actress. I'm going to play opposite Mr. Ward in his next play."

Brenna gasped, and her eyes shot little sparks. "You are not!"

"You'll see," Francys walked towards the door defiantly. With her hand on the knob, she hesi-

Continuing . . . Cry Murder

from page 49

tated. Suddenly she was very young again, very frightened. Francys put forth a thin hand suddenly, pathetically. She said, "I am frightened. I don't know what to do. Last night I—I was—"

The phone on the desk rang. Francys' words stopped; she stared at it in horror. Brenna reached for it automatically. She said, "Hello." Then she was silent, listening.

As she listened, her face grew very pale. She said, "No. . . . I hadn't heard. . . . No comment." She hung up. Without turning, she said, "That was a reporter. Francys, now you must tell me what is wrong. There's been another death, from Rachel Sabinson's apartment—"

She turned. But Francys Maguire was running from the house as if a devil were after her. She slammed the door. Useless to try to talk to her further. And yet—After a moment, Brenna also left the house, hurriedly.

Japhet Briggs came in cheerfully to push a pile of books from Gabe's easy chair and sit down beside his bed. "How's our invalid?"

"Fine. You remember that girl in the awful hat with purple feathers? She can make the best pancakes you ever ate!"

"Am I to understand," said Japhet, "that you deliberately sat down and ate pancakes with a girl?"

"Brenna made me."

"Brenna made you eat pancakes?"

Gabe squirmed in bed. "She made me go into the kitchen with the girl, and while I was there—"

"I see. The girl just happened to make pancakes."

"That's right. She wasn't too bad a girl, though."

"I see," said Japhet gravely. "I don't suppose you'll ever see her again, anyway. She was

an old hag of almost twenty, wasn't she?"

"She was old," Gabe nodded. "But—I might see her again. Sometime. She—like she said, I'm very mature for my age and—she gave me her address."

"Gee," said Japhet. "You're laughing at me!"

"No, Gabe. Laughing with you. If we men didn't find our women funny—"

"Funny? Women? Do you think Brenna is funny?"

"No," said Japhet Briggs, suddenly serious. "I don't think Brenna is funny."

Gabe watched him curiously. "You know, Uncle Japhet, the more I see of life, the more I wonder."

"About what?"

"Like why Brenna would marry father instead of you."

"Probably," said Japhet, "be-

cause I never asked her. Or do you think the fact she didn't know me then influenced her decision?"

"You're laughing at me again!"

Japhet rose. "I guess I'd better get cleaned up for dinner. I've brought Brenna some flowers for the table. Where is she?"

"I don't know. She went out. I don't know where."

"Is your father resting?"

"He hasn't come in all afternoon. Nobody has. The phone has rung and rung with reporters, and there were all sorts of policemen."

"What were the police doing?"

"They said they were waiting to ask father something about Miss Sabinson. Mrs. Eakers said they were snooping all over the place without a warrant."

"Which reminds me. I have

a bit of a report to write up for the police myself."

"You have? What?"

"A secret," said Japhet. "He patted the boy's big hand. 'Have I remembered to tell you how glad I am that my only nephew is alive and feeling better?'"

Gabe said slowly, "You are?"

"We all are. Our family aren't much on words, Gabe, but you do know we all love you very much, don't you?"

Gabe squirmed uncomfortably. "You aren't much like other people, are you, Uncle Japhet? You talk about love and God and things right out loud. My father would never say anything like that."

"But has it ever occurred to you he might mean the same thing?"

"My father? He hasn't even called all day to see if I lived or died."

"He knew you were all right,

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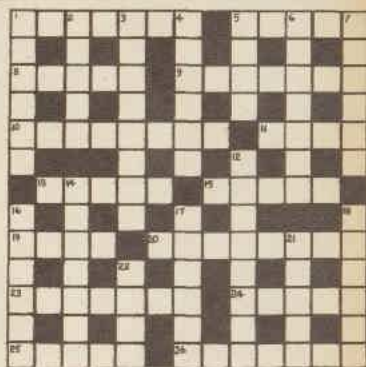
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Justify hostility (7)
- Is this a Scottish parrot? (5)
- Great inventor gives the good in France when turned. (8)
- The French vigor is permanent. (7)
- Soup test (Anagr.). (4)
- Incite a horse by a bookie from Babylon. (4)
- The bishop's staff. (5)
- Four of these will be found in one acre. (5)

DRIPPING SPIN
I E R O S U A
S T O L E N M A R K S
E N V I A S T
A L I V E R O B E R T
S S N V A
E N T I R E M A D D E R
V U V R A
G R E Y H E N E N I S T
E V I V A N O T
A M E N O S G A R N E
E N F U E L I N
S A T E S T A N E T S

Solution to last week's crossword.



DOWN

- Deficiency on serving no purpose. (6)
- Refute concerning objection. (9)
- Hold a nut (Anagr.). (8)
- Flowers for those who walk on tiptoe? (6)
- Not to be found in connection with a revolving piece of rock. (4)
- Cried about an M.P. and impressed. (7)
- Beta are in salaries. (6)
- Entertainers of a small company with one thousand French fathers. (8)
- Begin again the remainder with skill. (7)
- Spirit distributor makes obeisance on turning about. (6)
- Coasting carrying name inside. (4)
- Sanctuary with a peevish sty entrance. (6)
- Young fish which could be used as a lever. (5)
- No alternative to a backward editor in season. (4)

It's good to grow up in 'Viyella'



For growing families (and little girls who stand on tiptoe to grow faster), 'Viyella' is healthy and safe. It's well worth while making children's things in 'Viyella' and designing them to allow for growth—because 'Viyella' lasts.

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'Viyella'

REGD.

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they make is white!

The alabaster whiteness of Lux Toilet Soap is the outward sign of its purity. No soap made from ingredients less highly refined could possibly be so beautifully white... could claim the name of the whitest toilet soap of all.

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Make sure that your toilet soap contains no impurities. Make sure it is made from the most highly refined ingredients. Only when a soap is white can you be sure that its ingredients are really pure. That's why you should never,

never, never let any toilet soap touch your precious skin except the very whitest you can buy — Lux Toilet Soap.

Once you've tried this pure white beauty soap you'll see the evidence of smoother, clearer skin.



GOOGIE WITHERS, J. Arthur Rank star, poses with her Australian actor-husband, John McCallum and baby girl, Joanna. Googie cherishes her delicate English complexion with Lux Toilet Soap. "I would gladly spend a lot of money on toilet soap. But I find exactly what I need in one that costs so little — Lux Toilet Soap!"

says

Googie Withers

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HOLLYWOOD FASHION SHOW

Film Fan-Fare

CONDUCTED BY
M. J.
McMAHON

● An opulent fashion parade in Jane Russell's new technicolor musical, "French Line," provides the final sequence in the picture. On this page are some of the glamor creations worn by top models in the fadeout. Gilbert Roland, portraying a French singer, is Jane's co-star.



PERT BARBARA DOBBINS, one of America's leading models, introduces several high-fashion gowns as a feature mannequin in the "French Line" fashion show. Barbara's strapless evening gown is titled "Debutante's Delight." There are 40 yards of white nylon net in the bouffant skirt, which trails a wide swathe of watermelon net.



STAR JANE RUSSELL (above), playing a Texas millionairess travelling incognito to Paris aboard a luxury liner, wears a stunning wardrobe as well as several controversial dance costumes. Gowns were designed for the film by Michael Wolfe, of New York. In one scene bolts of rich fabric are draped on beautiful corseted models to show how gowns are moulded.

HOLLYWOOD-STYLE Paris fashion parade (left). Real-life models Pat Sheehan (left), Beverley Thompson, and Barbara Darroch decorate this parade sequence in "French Line." In all, 20 lovely girls were specially chosen to appear in the film. They include beauty contest winners and cover girls, as well as some good-looking bit players from R.K.O. studio.

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devastating
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to the ivory-
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and deep olive skins, and
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YARDLEY - LONDON NEW YORK PARIS TORONTO SYDNEY

Talking of Films

★★ Encore

"ENCORE" (Two Cities), the latest combination of Somerset Maugham short stories to be made into a film, provides typical, entertaining studies in irony, humor, and drama.

"The Ant and the Grasshopper" starts the ball rolling with a lightly humorous episode in which ne'er-do-well Nigel Patrick scores over his worthy brother Roland Culver in the game of life.

Patrick's gay manner as against the austerity displayed by Culver gives the necessary punch to these proceedings.

"Winter Cruise" comes next. Its poignant comedy is the most telling part of "Encore."

In it Kay Walsh gives a clever study of a garrulous, genteel English spinster travelling aboard a vessel steaming to the West Indies.

In the hope that it will quiet her chatter, ship's officers Captain Noel Purcell, Doctor Ronald Squire, and Engineer John Laurie cook up a phony romance for her with a good-looking ship's steward.

The outcome of this move is pure Maugham.

The drama of "Gigolo and Gigolette" rather misfires.

Glynis Johns and Old Vic recruit Terence Morgan are the central characters in a brittle little story about a high-diver who nightly risks her pretty limbs by plunging from a height of 80 feet into a small tank.

The girl fears that one day she will be killed during the high-dive, but perseveres with the act in order to retain the love of her unsympathetic husband.

The barb in this episode is not as well defined as in preceding stories.

In Brisbane—Tivoli.

★ The Blue Gardenia

WARNERS' "The Blue Gardenia" is a thriller with a murder theme in which a newspaper columnist is a few

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent

★★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

steps ahead of the police in solving the case.

Richard Conte plays the newspaperman with the air of a man who couldn't care less about cracking the crime.

In this concocted but slickly presented yarn an attractive telephonist (Anne Baxter) foolishly gets tight in the company of a notorious cad (Raymond Burr) and bashes him over the head with a heavy poker when he makes amorous advances to her.

She blacks out immediately afterwards, and, finding herself alone with a corpse when she regains consciousness, rushes away from the flat in a panic, leaving a trail of incriminating evidence behind.

Fear, misery, and uncertainty about whether or not she has committed murder drive Anne to answer a piece published by the columnist titled "Letter to an unknown murderer." This leads to her apprehension by the law.

But everyone in the audience who has half an eye for these things already knows who-dunit, having spotted the real culprit early in the piece.

Anne Baxter works hard at her jittery role, and Raymond Burr is a thoroughly nasty piece of work who richly deserves a sticky end.

For light relief there is Ann Sothern enacting one of her agreeable, hard-boiled characters. Jeff Donnell also promotes a smile or two.

In Brisbane—Rex.

MERLE OBERON returns to Hollywood film roles for the first time in three years for a star part in "Deep in My Heart." The film is the story of Sigmund Romberg, and Merle plays his close friend Dorothy Donnelly. Jose Ferrer takes the part of Romberg.

CITY FILM GUIDE

HIS MAJESTY'S.—★★★★ "One Summer of Happiness," Swedish-language drama, starring Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist. Plus ★★ "Concert of Stars," color music and ballet feature.

MAJESTIC.—★ "Ride, Vaquero!" technicolor Western drama, starring Ava Gardner, Robert Taylor, Howard Keel. Plus ★ "The Big Leagues," baseball drama, starring Edward G. Robinson, Vera-Ellen.

METRO.—★★ "Give a Girl a Break," technicolor musical, starring Marge and Gower Champion, Debbie Reynolds. Plus ★ "Remains To Be Seen," comedy, starring June Allyson, Van Johnson.

REGENT.—★★ "How to Marry a Millionaire," technicolor CinemaScope comedy, starring Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, Lauren Bacall. Plus featurettes.

REX.—★ "The Blue Gardenia," thriller, starring Richard Conte, Anne Baxter. (See review this page.) Plus "Overland Telegraph," a Tim Holt Western.

ST. JAMES.—★ "Hans Christian Andersen," technicolor musical fantasy, starring Danny Kaye, Jeanne Marie, Farley Granger. Plus featurettes.

TIVOLI.—★★ "Encore," Somerset Maugham omnibus film, starring Nigel Patrick, Glynis Johns, Kay Walsh, Terence Morgan. (See review this page.) Plus "Blackmail," mystery drama, starring Dirk Bogarde, Mai Zetterling. (Not yet reviewed.)

WINTERGARDEN.—★★ "The Stooge," comedy, starring Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Polly Bergen.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 28, 1954



1. PEARLER captain Ted King (Chips Rafferty) discusses with his daughter Rusty (Ilma Adey) and American assistant Janiero (Rod Taylor), right, the discovery of a diver's body in sea. Police are inquiring.



2. THIEF Grundy (Reginald Lye) is caught ransacking the office; he is released. Police tell King the dead man was crime investigator.

Royal command film



3. NEW OWNER Peter Merriman (Charles Tingwell), left, arrives to look over the pearling company. King writes Peter off as a playboy.

★ "King of the Coral Sea" is the title of the latest movie venture of Australian actor-producer Chips Rafferty.

The film was screened in Brisbane before the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh during the Royal tour of Queensland early last month. Shot on and around Thursday Island, it tells a story of pearl fishing and of a racket smuggling illegal immigrants into Australia. Stage and radio actors among the cast include Charles Tingwell, Rod Taylor, and Lloyd Berrell.



4. TRAPPED during investigation dive, King is rescued by Peter and they become friends. Meanwhile, Rusty and Peter fall in love.



5. HALF-CASTE sailor Yusep (Lloyd Berrell), the chief suspect, is fired by King after quarrel. Grundy sees that the net is closing.



6. EAVESDROPPER Grundy overhears King planning the end of the smuggling racket. He kidnaps Rusty and reveals himself as the head of the organisation. Holding Rusty hostage, he demands of her father 48 hours in which to make a getaway.



7. LEARNING where Rusty is being held captive from native girl Serena (Frances Chin Soon), King, Peter, and Janiero find the gang's hideout, rescue Rusty, and smash the smuggling racket.



8. BATTLE between the King and Grundy gangs rages through the mangroves. Grundy is the only one of the smugglers who escapes alive, and Rusty is rescued and reunited with Peter.

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and he's been busy with the police."

"Why should he be busy with the police?"

"Why, indeed?" said Japhet brightly.

Humphrey sat on the hard chair, hunched over the hard table, facing the lights. He turned over the last of the photographs, raging as he had never raged in his life.

He was bitterly tired by now. His head ached cruelly from the blow he had given it with the lamp. The close air and cigarette smoke of the room were making him slightly sick. He kept hearing a thin, high scream, fading into the air below.

"I never saw any of these people before," he snapped. "If they're actors, they've never been in any play I ever saw. Or any play I ever saw. They don't look like actors, anyway. They look like a rogues' gallery!"

Lieutenant Van Younger said gently, "We're so sorry to have troubled you, Mr. Ward. We're so very grateful for your help."

In the pig's eye, Humphrey thought. If that fish-faced policeman was ever grateful for anything, I'll eat it. I don't think there are pictures of actors at all. He knows it was Nicholas Sabinson, hanging around Rachel's apartment building last night, whether the doorman identified him or not. I think this whole business was just to get me down to headquarters, to keep me here while they're doing something else.

What are they doing? Talking to Francis Maguire?

The thought was a terrifying one. Even with the best of intentions, and the degree of determination possessed by Francis Maguire, she was very young and inexperienced. Lieutenant Younger was not. It

Continuing . . . Cry Murder

from page 51

would not be too difficult to force the whole story from her.

Van Younger had seen the feather-trimmed hat; suppose someone else remembered seeing it? One of the cab drivers last night, the people whom they had passed going into Rachel's building last night? It would not matter much, then, that they had not seen Humphrey Ward. The man she was with could only have been he.

Stop this. Don't panic. Lieutenant Van Younger hasn't been questioning Francis Maguire. He's been with Cass Caruso and me all afternoon. Someone else might have questioned her. But I think he would have wanted to do it himself. I know he would. He didn't show the slightest interest in her.

Don't panic. He may be suspicious of me or he may not. This picture business could be on the level; I heard the doorman say he couldn't identify Nicholas Sabinson. Van Younger hasn't asked me any questions that indicated he was really suspicious of me. Even if he were, what could he prove? Rachel was noted for never keeping any records. Her own agent doesn't know where she got her money or how much she had. How can Lieutenant Van Younger prove I gave it to her?

If he can't prove blackmail, what motive would I have for killing her? He must have checked all the sources he could about last night. If either Francis or I were going to be identified, the chances are we

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living persons.

would have been by now. If we weren't identified as being there, I have an alibi. Nothing to connect me with the case except that hair ornament.

They can't trace the poison. I know they can't. If Gabe had remembered about the box of chocolates, they would have had that by now, too. They didn't have the slightest thought that I was connected with Nicholas Sabinson's death. No thought of murder at all. So easy, really, to get away with murder. I haven't slipped anywhere. The only danger is from Francis Maguire. And they can't know that.

HUMPHREY watched with grim amusement as Lieutenant Van Younger gathered up the photographs, casually, yet with greatest care. So they wanted his fingerprints? Much good that would do them. He had been very careful about fingerprints. Very careful.

They might find a stray fingerprint of his somewhere in Rachel's apartment, but he had admitted to being there at various times. There was nothing out of the way about that. He had wiped off the lamp, the table, any fingerprints that would prove he had been there last night.

Or had he missed some? He remembered the bedroom window, on his second visit. Would his fingerprints show on that? Had he worn his gloves? If the police could prove—but how could they?

Lieutenant Van Younger said softly, "You do look done in, Mr. Ward. Naturally, after last night."

"Last night?"

"Your son."

"Oh, yes. My son."

"You still have no idea where he could have got the poison?"

"None whatever."

"The same poison at the same time that Rachel Sabinson got it?"

"It must have been coincidence. That's all."

Lieutenant Van Younger sighed and rose. "Perhaps. I won't keep you any longer. Thank you so much."

Humphrey felt better out in the air, though the later afternoon was quite warm, adding to his stupid torpor. His head ached alarmingly; suppose he had been seriously injured by the blow?

He felt that he could not put one foot in front of the other, propel himself along. He was too tired to think. And his life depended on his thinking clearly and quickly. He could not count long on Lieutenant Van Younger's not finding out about Francis Maguire.

He turned quickly into the nearest bar.

"W h i s k y," he said.

"Straight."

It was strange, he thought, that today he should return to his earlier, more robust drinking habits. Strange, and a good sign. For in those earlier days he had had the drive, the utter ruthlessness which he needed to carry him through now.

Then he would not have found himself hesitating, seeing Francis Maguire's thin, frightened face, her enormous eyes, before him. Or Nicholas Sabinson's grey ones. Then he would have thought only of the really important thing: the good of Humphrey Ward. He would have been able to put Francis Maguire into her own unimportant niche.

But I had what I needed when the chance to kill Nicholas

Sabinson came along. Quick, neat, a flawless murder.

He gulped the whisky gratefully. He had needed it. He had another and he found he had needed that, too. But he felt the liquor, on his empty stomach, and he knew that this must not be. He needed strength, but he also needed clearheadedness. He paid his bill and left the bar.

He walked, begrudging the energy, though he felt considerably less tired now. Begrudging the time, though it was for the time that he was walking. Time to think. To plan.

He walked slowly into the dusk, now and again pausing at a shop window, without really seeing it. He signed an autograph for which a woman asked him, without really being conscious of doing so. Afterwards he could not have said whether the woman was pretty or not, or even old or young. He walked on, barely conscious of the traffic signals, or cars. He was putting his entire concentration, with terrific effort, on the one problem, Francis Maguire.

An accident. It must be an accident. That much was clear. If there was even a suspicion of murder connected with her death, the entire police force would never rest until she was avenged. A father, four brothers, uncles.

Humphrey toyed wistfully with the idea that the blame might be placed on someone else. Plenty of people must want to kill Francis Maguire. A rejected suitor, perhaps? But he had not the necessary knowledge of her life, nor the time, to set up such a plan. No, it must be an accident. Only, lacking the heaven-sent opportunity that Nicholas Sabinson had presented on the fire escape, how did one set up an accident? A perfectly credible accident, that would bear

New style opera

THERE'S a new idea in opera—an idea which a few years ago would have been regarded as heretical—that plot and dialogue are as important as the music.

This idea is the salvation of opera as a form of art, according to Italian-born American composer Gian Carlo Menotti, whose operas "The Consul," "The Telephone," and "The Medium" have made his reputation as composer and playwright.

Australian opera-lovers have already seen "The Consul," in which Marie Collier, a Sydney girl, gave an enchanting performance. Now the Sydney Opera Group is presenting "The Telephone" and "The Medium."

There's a picture-story about this new form of theatrical art in the April 27 issue of A.M.

minute inspection by the police?

A car? How could he be sure where she would be at a given second? Another fall? What other sort of accidents were there? How many people, Humphrey wondered, were murdered in this way every year? As Nicholas Sabinson had been, as Francis Maguire would be? How many murderers sweat out a plan, as he was doing, a plan carefully masking murder with the safe, unquestioned cover of an accident?

To be concluded

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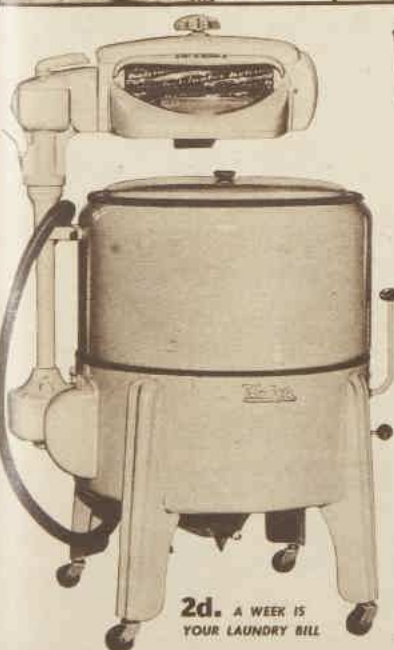
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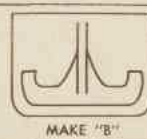
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 26, 1954

Cousin Christopher

BY IAN HAY



HUMPHREY MERIVALE was the only son of his father, who was a widower and had been since a few hours after Humphrey's birth.

Humphrey was twenty-eight and Anthony thirty-one. Their mutual attitude and affection was more like that of elder and younger brother than of father and son.

It was the last day of December and Humphrey and Anthony were well content to see the New Year in together and alone. On this occasion the celebration was also for a rather special domestic and dynastic event, the promotion of Master Humphrey from the position of a managing clerk to that of Junior Partner in Messrs. Merivale, Merivale & Merivale, Solicitors (and Commissioners for Oaths) of Lincoln's Inn Fields. As they drove out to dinner in a taxi they discussed the scope of Humphrey's new duties.

"I am going to hand over to you, my lad," announced the Senior Partner, "a number of clients of a definite type and category. It will be a relief to do so, for most of them are a pest and a pain in the neck to me."

"That is very decent of you, old man," replied Humphrey. "I suppose," he added, "the idea is that what irritates and bores you to distraction will merely interest and amuse me."

"Roughly, yes. Some of these persons you will find tiresome in the extreme, but the majority—"

"Before we proceed further, could you give me some idea as to what this type and category of yours really adds up to?"

"Certainly. In a word, it consists of people who cannot do anything in this world without first coming round and bothering their solicitor about it. Most of these are a weariness to my flesh, but taking them all round I think they would interest you considerably, firstly because you possess a far more equable temperament than I do, and secondly because you are a genuine student of human nature. Consequently you will always be more interested in the client than in the case."

"And what is our Senior Partner going to do with himself with all his troubles taken off his hands? Grow mushrooms?"

"These hands will still be tolerably full, my supposed friend. Henceforth I shall be free to devote myself to the really important business of the firm—business concerned with the actual machinery of the Law. Our Managing Clerk will cope with the general routine work of the office, thus leaving to you my young and downy friend, matters requiring the personal approach and the human touch. By the way, I have a particularly interesting job for you tomorrow—Hullo, here we are already. I will tell you more at dinner."

They dined comfortably together at the Junior Paragon Club in Pall Mall.

They found their table waiting for them and sat down to an excellent meal, washed down with champagne, of which the Club cellar had a plentiful supply at a comparatively reasonable price. Of this fact a party of elderly gentlemen (one of them in very full Highland dress) at the next table was taking early advantage.

"Friends of yours?" enquired Anthony, after a brief, critical survey of these revellers. The Paragon was Humphrey's club, not his. "I know the bloke in the Harry Lauder get-up alright. He's a member of the Club. The others are probably his guests—strangers to me."

"But not entirely, it appears. Here is one of them coming to talk to you."

One of the sextet had left his seat, and was now bearing down upon the Merivales' table. He was a man of sixty-five or so, upright, spruce, and youthful for his years.

He wore a red carnation in his dinner-jacket, and beamed benevolence. He was obviously bent upon a social chat. But it was to the father he addressed himself and not the son.

"I knew I was not mistaken," he announced, shaking Anthony's hand in both of his. I happened to turn round in my seat and recognised you at once, and immediately felt impelled to come across to wish you a most happy new year. And you too, young sir. He directed an old-world bow towards Humphrey.

"My son," explained Anthony, "this"—to Humphrey—"is my friend Mr. Bellamy."

Mr. Bellamy was more than delighted to make the acquaintance of the son of such a worthy father, and said so.

"You would have made it tomorrow in any case," remarked Anthony.

"You surprise me," said Mr. Bellamy and his surprise was obviously shared by Humphrey.

"I am sending him," Anthony continued, "to pay a professional call upon Mr. Cradock."

"Upon Cousin Christopher?"

"Precisely."

"Ah! Old Christopher! Dear fellow! But—you are not coming yourself? I thought Christopher was one of your favorite clients?"

"So he is, but on this occasion I am making way for my son. He has just been promoted to a partnership in our firm, and Christopher naturally wishes to make his acquaintance."

"Very proper." Mr. Bellamy turned to Humphrey. "You will find my cousin a truly

In his huge four-poster bed Cousin Christopher was a dominant but kindly factor in the lives of his charming but impoverished relatives.

fascinating study, Mr. Merivale, and I may add, a most appealing figure. Poor fellow! How precious he is to us all! We must take great care of him—the greatest care. Indeed—"

His discourse was cut short at this point by a peremptory hail from the next table.

Mr. Bellamy, with a stately bow to the Merivales, obeyed the call of the clan and rejoined his companions.

"And who," enquired Humphrey, "was that?"

"That," replied his parent, "was Uncle Aubrey. Quite a coincidence."

"Oh?"

"A coincidence because he happens to be Christopher Cradock's cousin by marriage."

"And who exactly is Christopher Cradock?"

"You will soon find that out. He is one of your clients now. But you must have heard me speak of him."

"Now I think of it, I have. But only in a casual sort of way."

"Whatever the way was, I am sure it was not casual. He is a most unusual person."

"How does it take him?"

"I shall leave you to find that out for yourself, but I may inform you he has been bedridden for some years."

"And he lives with Uncle Aubrey?"

"Far from it—Uncle Aubrey, that agree-

able sponger, lives with him; on him rather. So do most of the others. Aubrey Bellamy married Christopher's first cousin Prudence, who was like a sister to him. When she died some time ago now her feckless spouse came to mourn his bereavement in Christopher's house on Camden Hill. He soon recovered his normal health and ebullient spirits, but he has lived there ever since. It is a very comfortably furnished house."

"All mod. cons. what? There are other inhabitants, I gather, in addition to Aubrey and Christopher? You mentioned some others."

"Oh, dear me, yes. There are George and Daphne Cradock, children of Prudence Bellamy's elder brother Bartholomew, now with God—or so we hope. They have an elder sister Laura, but she is married and, so far, sleeps out, though she and her better half often eat in. Then there is Aubrey's own daughter, Letitia. You will probably meet them all in the morning."

"Shall I like them?"

"You will find them an interesting study."

"Do you like them?"

"They are charming in their way, but a parasitic growth for all that, though how far they are aware of the fact I'm not sure. One thing is certain and that is that they are completely satisfied with themselves. Christopher is foolishly indulgent towards them, which is odd, because he is no fool. Indeed, he possesses, despite his bodily infirmities, the shrewdest and best balanced mind of any man I know. Nevertheless, he tolerates, and even cherishes, the whole gang. Odd, very odd. But perhaps they furnish him with

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY NOVEL COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

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a certain measure of distraction from his own ailments. Heaven knows he needs all he can get.

"Tell me more about him," said George. "There is no need, for you will find it all out for yourself. He has at last succumbed to my continuous proddings and has agreed to discuss his will. About time too."

Anthony glanced impatiently across at the next table.

"This rising tide of revelry is becoming oppressive; I can hardly hear myself think. Let us slip out of here and celebrate the New Year in our own comfortable drawing-room."

The streets were crowded and Trafalgar Square was full to overflowing. The centre of attraction, however, was a gigantic Christmas Tree, a gift to the Londoners from the people of Norway; it stood sentry over the Land-seer Lions.

Five minutes later father and son were walking arm in arm along the comparatively peaceful Mall back to Cadogan Gardens.

George Cradock, in flamboyant pyjamas and dressing-gown to match, sat huddled over the electric fire in the dining-room at Holly Lodge, Campden Hill, studying the sporting pages of the newspapers. It was New Year's morning and George had assisted a band of friends to see the New Year in some ten hours earlier.

The door behind him opened and he turned to see his elder sister Daphne, a most attractive young person of twenty-four and the only evenly balanced member of the Cradock-Bellamy ménage. She was humming contentedly and carried a dish of sausages and bacon.

"Good morning, good brother; good brother, good morning," she said.

George responded with a faint but hollow moan and closed his eyes.

"And a very happy New Year to you," continued Daphne. "Was that by any chance you who stumbled upstairs to bed about one this morning?"

"Certainly not. I crept up in my stockinged feet. Always the little gentleman. What you heard was probably Uncle Aubrey."

"I certainly wasn't Uncle Aubrey," said Daphne. "He arrived about a quarter to three, and cannoned off the umbrella stand into the hall table."

"Probably zig-zagging to avoid submarine attack?" "More than likely. Have some sausages and bacon?" "Are you mad?" asked George incredulously. "All I require this morning is about twenty cups of strong tea and a few words of comfort."

"Very well, then. Come and get them."

The pair sat down at the dining-table, and after George had consumed his third cup, conversed.

"The umbrella stand woke up Cousin Christopher," said Daphne. "I don't think he went to sleep again. He had the wireless on by a quarter-to-seven."

"I heard it in my nightmares. The B.B.C. in the early grey of the morning! And people complain of umbrella stands!"

"Cousin Christopher doesn't. He doesn't complain of anything. I only wish he did. I wish he would throw his weight about every time he feels like it, and tell us all where we get off. After all, this is his house."

George admitted handsomely that this was so. "And we behave as if we owned every stick and stone of it," continued Daphne.

"I suppose that's true. Cuckoos in the nest and so on. Even the non-resident birds have a way of dropping in for a bite."

Daphne nodded. "Laura," she said, "and that little husband of hers. I sometimes wonder why they don't move in and settle here."

"Give them time."

"And Cousin Christopher will just smile, and put up with it, bless him."

OUR COMPLETE NOVEL

"He certainly is a great smiler. And he hasn't much to smile at, lying in dry dock all these years. Luckily he isn't in a condition to be aware of what's going on."

At this moment the door was flung violently open, and George ducked involuntarily. Letitia Bellamy, a vision of ebullient youth, perfect health and physical allure, burst in upon them.

"Happy New Year, children!" she said, and made for the sideboard, stopping only to kiss Daphne affectionately and to slap her cousin George on the top of the head.

"Never do that again, ever, Tishy!" he croaked.

"Hangover?" enquired his little cousin sympathetically.

"Well, it's the festive season, and boys will be boys. 'Tighter London,' and all that. We'll excuse you." She sat down to a full plate and rattled on.

"While we're on the topic, were you by any chance out on the binge last night, George, with my charming but impossible papa?"

"Heavens, no! These Edwardians have their own haunts. I was at the Albert Hall."

"Hiawatha?"

"Chelsea Arts."

"Of course, I was forgetting. I and my life friends never came on there ourselves. What did you go as?"

What George went as they were not to know, for at that moment the conversation was interrupted by a sharp rattle at the front door. Daphne jumped up.

"I expect that's the doctor," she said. "I'll let him in. Our daily won't be here today." She hurried out.

"Cousin Christopher again?" "Who else?"

Tishy shook her golden head dubiously. "I don't like it," she said.

"Neither do I," replied George.

A buzzer purred softly. The sound came from a box-like structure standing on a small table in a corner of the room—a house-telephone of the loud-speaker variety, recently installed and connecting with Christopher's room.

George started. That gadget always annoys me," he growled, "even on ordinary mornings."

"Well, it saves us running up and down stairs, and all that."

"A fat lot of running you do, my child. Go and cope with it, will you?"

Tishy sat down before the instrument and pulled down a switch.

"Is that you, Daphne my dear?" enquired a pleasant voice, in measured tones. "No, it's me, Cousin Christopher."

"Ah, our vivacious Letitia!" "Is there anything I can do for you, darling?" enquired the vivacious one.

"Nothing. I merely desired to wish a Happy New Year to such of you as may have assembled."

"Oh, thank you! I think you're sweet. So does George."

"Good morning, Cousin Christopher!" shouted George from his seat at table. "Happy New Year to you and so forth."

"The same to you. This is just to wish you a successful afternoon at Twickenham."

"I'm afraid the match will be called off," replied George, frankly surprised that Christopher should be so ignorant of, or interested in, his personal engagements. "It froze hard last night. Winter is upon us at last."

"So the B.B.C. has informed me. So cold! I remember one cannot play Rugby in seven degrees of frost. I fear you will be disappointed. Is Tishy still with you?"

"I'm right here, darling," said Tishy.

"Is your father yet visible?"

"No, but I'm sure he'll be down sooner or later. He always is. I'll tell him you were inquiring for him. Daph's on her way upstairs, with the doctor."

"Ah, I feared as much. Thank you for the warning. There was a click and then silence."

"It was decent of him to call down to us," said Tishy.

"Yes, I suppose we ought to

have called up to him, now I think of it. Good morning, Uncle Aubrey." That gentleman had just entered, as cheerful and debonair as if no such thing as an umbrella-stand had ever existed.

"Good morning, good people."

"Angel Pop!" replied Tishy, and enfolded her parent in a tempestuous embrace. "Happy New Year! Have you made your good resolutions?"

"One, so far."

"What is that?"

"Never again to mix whisky with champagne—in any considerable quantity, that is."

Uncle Aubrey helped himself to all that remained of the sausages and bacon and began to eat with obvious enjoyment.

"Marvelous!" remarked his nephew, staring, in mingled admiration, horror, and envy.

"Did I hear the front door just now?" continued Uncle Aubrey.

"Yes," said Tishy. "Doctor again."

"Doctor? Dear, dear! I don't like the sound of that." His mobile face registered concern.

"That's what George and I said."

"We must take great care of Cousin Christopher."

"Otherwise," added the candid George, "a most deserving family—two families, in fact—are in danger of becoming a public charge."

TISHY had been studying her parent with undisguised interest all this time. "You're a tremendous swell for this hour of the day, darling," she said. "Morning coat, pin-stripes, everything. Have you a date somewhere?"

"I er—have an appointment to keep later."

"Blonde brunettes?"

"My child, respect your father's grey hairs." Uncle Aubrey cleared his throat self-consciously. "The fact is, a rather ridiculous incident occurred last night."

"Where?" "In Trafalgar Square. I was greatly annoyed, and I propose to take the matter up with the Home Secretary, if necessary. The inefficiency of the police is becoming a public scandal."

"What's the matter with them?"

"They have no discrimination."

George looked up, suddenly cheerful. "That is going to be good," he announced. "What did they do to you?"

"After all, it was not I who started it. I was not even an accessory, except in a very minor way."

"Would you mind starting at the beginning, dear?" asked his daughter.

"Certainly. I had been entertaining a few friends at dinner at the Junior Paragon."

"You couldn't have been doing that, angel. You aren't a member. You mean, they had been entertaining you?"

"Suppose we get on to Trafalgar Square," George suggested.

"By all means. One member of our party was of Scottish extraction, and as midnight approached he announced his intention of joining his compatriots at their customary New Year celebration outside St. Paul's. We felt it our duty to accompany him."

"I knew it was going to be good," said George. "What happened at St. Paul's?"

"Unfortunately we got no farther than Trafalgar Square."

"Ah!" said two voices together. "Why?"

"We suddenly observed a very tall tree growing there, which none of us could remember ever having noticed before."

"With four lions sitting round it," suggested Tishy, "and Nelson at the top?"

"Closer inspection," went on Aubrey, treating his only child's innuendo with studied contempt, "revealed that it was a Christmas Tree. It was all lit up."

"Not altogether surprising," commented George, "in such company, well?"

"Our Caledonian friend decided that it was a beanstalk."

"Jock and the Beanstalk Pop?"

"He announced his intention of climbing it."

"How far up did he get?"

"Well, his movements were somewhat impeded by the fact that he was wearing full Highland costume. More-over—"

"Moreover, the police got busy?" suggested George.

"Unnecessarily so. There was no need to arrest me as well. I was making no attempt to emulate—"

"What were you doing, Pop?"

"I was merely giving our acrobatic friend a leg-up. But, as I say, the modern young policeman has no discrimination. I demonstrated with this particular officer, but without success. He was most discourteous. I reported him to the station sergeant later."

"Station sergeant?" said George, with renewed interest. "So you were actually injured. What was the charge?"

"Causing a crowd to collect, obstructing a police officer, and using insulting language! I only called him a—"

The front door knocker was audible again, but both speaker and audience failed to note the fact. At the same moment, however, the clock on the mantelpiece struck the half-hour. Uncle Aubrey broke off and looked up, startled.

"Ten-thirty! I had no idea it was so late," he said, glancing down his tea and rising. "I must leave you."

"Where exactly are you going at this unearthly hour?" asked George. "Have you forgotten that in this district they don't open till eleven?"

Uncle Aubrey coughed delicately, and explained.

"In point of fact, I have to answer for my alleged crimes."

"Oh! Where?"

"Bow Street."

"You poor lamb," said Tishy. "It's quite a way from here."

"Yes, and it's a very poor class of pince altogether. Who's that?"

"Voices were audible in the hall."

"Daph and the Doc," said Tishy. "I believe she's bringing him in here."

But Tishy was wrong. It was not the doctor, but Humphrey Merivale.

She entered the room, followed by Humphrey, and addressed herself to the self-appointed head of the household.

"Uncle Aubrey, this is Mr. Humphrey Merivale."

Uncle Aubrey shook hands affably, entirely failing to recognize Humphrey as his neighbor of the previous evening.

"We have already met, sir," said Humphrey.

"Now, don't tell me!" he said. "I shall place you in no time. I pride myself on my memory for faces—"

He scrutinized Humphrey's features with interest.

"Yes, it is coming. It is coming," he announced. "On the tip of my tongue! If only I could remember exactly what we met and where!"

"Last night," said Humphrey—"at the Junior Paragon."

"Ah, that accounts for it. A somewhat crowded evening. A sudden thought occurred to Uncle Aubrey. You were not by any chance a member of our little dinner-party. You were not dressed in a—?"

"No; I was at the next table with my father."

Uncle Aubrey clapped him on the shoulder. "My dear fellow, forgive me! The family likeness alone should have reminded me. But you know how it is on these festive occasions. One meets so many new friends. Yes, it all comes back now. You joined our party in saluting the arrival of the New Year."

"No; we left early."

Uncle Aubrey's reaction to this statement was immediate and automatic. "We must repair that omission," he said.

COUSIN CHRISTOPHER, BY IAN HAY

firmly. "A glass of sherry. I will just fetch."

He hurried from the room, and Humphrey found himself confronted by a large touselled male in a dressing-gown, and a small female apparition in green trousers.

"These," announced Daphne, with the air of a curator in a museum, "are George and Tishy."

"George," said Tishy at once, "has got some quite nice clothes upstairs. He'll put some of them on for you if you stay long enough."

"I am glad," replied Humphrey gravely, "not to have missed yours," said Tishy immediately recognising in him a worthy sparring-partner in any future bouts of impolite shadow-boxing. She gave him a seraphic smile.

"You're from Merivale, Merivale & Merivale?" she asked. "I am."

"Which one are you?" She smiled a sweetly innocent smile.

"I'm And Merivale."

"I suppose your father is the senior one. That only makes two. How about the third?"

"You mean the second, don't you? I'm the third."

"The second, then," said Tishy, conceding a point.

"My Uncle Thomas."

"But why have they sent And Merivale to see Cousin Christopher? Your father usually comes."

"He is out of town."

"And Uncle Thomas? Is he out of town, too?"

"Not very far out; he's in Kensal Green Cemetery."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Tishy looked quite contrite.

"Don't be. He's been there some time."

"You bought that one good and proper, sweet coz," remarked George.

Tishy grinned.

"All right," she said to Humphrey, "you win; and no hard feelings."

At this moment, Uncle Aubrey came back with the sherry. "You have not yet met my brother-in-law, I gather," said, handing Humphrey a glass. "A remarkable character. He lives, one might say, in a world of his own. A strange, aloof personality in some ways."

"Like Brer Rabbit," said Tishy.

"Needless to say," continued Uncle Aubrey, "he is in no sense a man of the world, as you and I understand the term. In money matters he is a mere child; and that is where I might be able to help—to place my entire financial experience at his disposal. It has been considerable. If you are discussing money matters with him at any time, you might mention the fact."

There came another buzz from the box-telephone in the corner. Daphne answered it, and Cousin Christopher's voice announced that the doctor had now done his worst and was ready to leave. Would someone come upstairs and conduct him off the premises, please?

"I'll go," said Tishy. "I've got to do up my face."

"Has it come undone," asked George with interest. "Let's see."

"Very funny," said Tishy and turned to Humphrey. "So long, Humph!" she said. Then "Ow!"

The left hand of her cousin George had taken firm hold of the scruff of her lovely neck, while his right hand descended in brief, sharp impact upon the seat of her trousers.

Daphne turned to the box-telephone again. "Mr. Humphrey Merivale is here, dear," she said. "Shall I bring him up?"

The box emitted the ghost of a chuckle and Cousin Christopher was understood to say, certainly, unless Mr. Merivale preferred to stay downstairs with Daphne, in which case he did not blame him. He then asked if Uncle Aubrey had come down to breakfast yet. On being informed he had, he invited Aubrey to come up and exchange New Year's greetings.

Aubrey, who had just struggled into his overcoat, was profuse in his apologies. "Forgive me for the moment,

Christopher. I have to go out."

"Out? So early? Ah, of course; I see. A sudden business opening has presented itself, and brooks no delay. Characteristic! I hope fortune will attend your enterprise. Au revoir, Wilkins!"

Uncle Aubrey switched off, somewhat abruptly. "I can't think why he has taken to addressing me by that absurd name," he said.

"Just one of his private jokes, I expect," said Daphne. "Shall I get you a taxi?"

"He is in one of his impish moods today," commented Uncle Aubrey. "You have my sympathy, Mr. Merivale."

"Wilkins? No, I don't get it. A taxi? Thank you, my dear. Have you by any chance any change about you?"

Daphne emptied her bag on the table. "Is two and ninepence any good?"

"It would help, of course, but what I really need is a couple of pounds."

"For a taxi?"

"No, for—Uncle Aubrey, suddenly realising that a third party was present, checked himself and replied off-handedly: "I expect to meet certain legal expenses this morning. I believe the usual fee is forty shillings or—er forty shillings. I wonder if George—"

"I don't think you'll get much change out of George."

"Can I be of any assistance?" enquired Humphrey.

Merivale, stepping into the picture with two one pound notes in his hand.

Needless to say, Uncle Aubrey was all polite expostulation at once. "No, no, my dear fellow, I wouldn't dream of it! Out of the question! It is my own fault for omitting—well, as you are so very kind, it would be a convenience, a great convenience. Thank you, my boy! It was foolish of me," he explained as he pocketed the notes, "not to remember that the banks are closed today."

"They're not," said Daphne.

"At least not until twelve o'clock. You're thinking of Scotland."

"I am not thinking of Scotland!" snapped Aubrey, justly incensed at this uncalculated attempt to queer the Bellamy pitch.

"Why should I? Why should anybody? Scotland's full of Scots climbing trees in kilts. Most unsuitable."

"It is ten minutes to eleven, dear."

"Is it? Why didn't you tell me sooner, child? Thank you, again, Mr. Merivale. Do not fail to remind me about this."

The front door banged, and two young people stood facing each other in the hall.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Humphrey.

"What are you laughing at?" countered Daphne.

"I'd say we're both laughing at the same thing."

"HOLLY LODGE was a substantial early Victorian mansion, built like a country house and standing in its own grounds. It dated back those halcyon days when London society could afford to dispense quite lavish hospitality under its own roof tree, unhampered by straitened means, food rationing, and an almost total absence of servants who live in."

In the largest of the old guest-rooms on the third floor, Cousin Christopher was lying in bed, waiting for Daphne to bring young Merivale upstairs.

It was a huge four-poster bed. Its height brought it to the same level as another unusual article of bedroom furniture, a great round table some six feet in diameter, pivoted on a central leg in such a way that the top could be revolved without difficulty from the bed by a touch of the hand—the right hand in the case of Cousin Christopher, for his left arm and shoulder were completely paralysed.

The bed was divided into two sections. The first was kept clear for the tray from which Christopher partook of his simple meals, the others were occupied, seriatim, by Christopher's aids to his personal comfort and solace.

There was a wireless set, which informed him of the events of the day and, much more important to him, kept him in touch with the worlds of the theatre and the concert hall, and an elegant gold repeater-watch.

Next, with a convenient length of flex attached, came the microphone which communicated with the loud speaker in the dining-room downstairs. The circle was completed by an electric gramophone and a dictaphone; all were plugged into an insulated fitting in the centre of the table. Each of these contraptions was separated from its neighbor by a low wooden partition.

No book, magazine, or newspaper was anywhere visible on the table or anywhere else in the room. These would have been useless to Christopher, for he was stone blind and had been for five long years.

Meanwhile, on their way upstairs, Daphne was doing her best to prepare Humphrey Merivale for his first interview with his new client.

"He likes to be treated like a perfectly ordinary person," she explained. "Whatever you do, don't start sympathising with him. He's pretty helpless in body, of course, but he's perfectly normal in mind, and quite in touch with the outside world, so to speak. Wholesome, visitors, correspondence, and all that. You'd be surprised."

"Does he have many visitors?"

"I should say so! I have to ration him; otherwise he'd wear himself out. He's the one who does most of the talking, you see."

"What does he talk about?"

"Oh, anything that is interesting him at the moment, or which he thinks will interest his visitor. He is very clever at putting one at one's ease. He seems to have a sort of instinct for it, especially where worried or unhappy people are concerned."

"You put it very well indeed, Mr. Craddock sounds rather an exceptional person."

"He is. But—Daphne's young brow puckered—"I'm not too happy about him. He ought never to be left alone, really, tucked away in this solitary corner of the house. What he needs is a proper nurse, instead of having to rely on the daily maid and me. The doctor says it's essential, but he simply won't hear of it."

"Why not?"

"He says he prefers his own company to anyone else's, and a professional nurse would fuss him to death in a matter of weeks."

"I see. And what is his real reason? I expect you know."

Daphne added a wise young head. "Yes, I know. He can't bear the idea of surrender. You see what I mean?"

"I do. A pretty grim moment for any of us."

"Yes, and he's fighting and fighting to keep it."

Next moment Daphne was tapping at Christopher's door.

"All the same," she said, over her shoulder, "I'm going to propose the nurse again. Mind you back me up."

A few minutes later Humphrey found himself established in a large armchair to the left of the bed, on the side remote from the round table.

"Do you smoke?" his host was asking. "I do so no more, but you will find cigarettes in the box on that little table beside you."

Humphrey took a cigarette from a silver box upon which were engraved the arms of a Cambridge college and the name of the college crew which had rowed Hest of the River some forty-five years before. The name of the stroke oar on that occasion had been C. Craddock, 11st, 10lb. C. Craddock looked lighter now.

"Well," announced Daphne, "I leave you to it. I've decided, but—" she added, "not for long, so you'd better start talking business."

"I wonder," said Cousin Christopher to Humphrey as Daphne left the room, "if you

would be so kind as to raise me up a little? The head of my bed is hinged. All you have to do is to come round behind me and operate the necessary mechanism. Ah, thank you, thank you, that's much better. One gets tired of lying flat on one's back all day. Now I can almost pretend that I can see you, which makes everything more sociable. What do you think of this 'snug little kingdom of mine,' up two pairs of stairs?"

Humphrey surveyed the room with interest, noting sadly the absence of pictures and the bare austerity, which gave it the air of a room in a hospital.

Only the great circular table gave any personality to the room, that and the incumbent lying in the bed.

"I like it," he said. Then: "I see you have a dictaphone, sir."

"Yes, indeed. No doubt you have one in your office?"

"Well, sir, I have—and I used it just once."

"Once only? Ominous. Tell me."

"I was talked into buying one by an enterprising young man who'd been in the R.A.F. with me; he was travelling in office equipment. My secretary, an elderly and crumbling tower of strength strongly objected to it. 'Either you get rid of that infernal machine, Mr. Humphrey,' she said, 'or me. There's no room here for both of us.'"

Cousin Christopher smiled. "I have experienced no such difficulty," he said, "but Daphne is an expert typist and has no fears of this mechanical age."

"She's younger than my secretary, sir," remarked Humphrey judiciously. "A lot," he added.

Cousin Christopher chuckled.

"Some of my more persistent correspondents own dictaphones. All they have to do is to slip my cylinder into their machine, sit back and listen to my dulcet tones."

"And that," announced the voice of an accusing angel, "is what you have made poor Mr. Merivale do all the time I have been out of the room! Have you talked any business at all? Not a word! Then you shall now," Daphne sat down and opened fire at once.

"Cousin Christopher, Mr. Merivale and I are quite agreed that you must have a regular nurse from now on. Aren't we, Mr. Merivale?"

"It seems a good idea," he said cautiously; "but I haven't learned yet. Mr. Craddock, how capable you are of—looking after yourself."

"I'm not bed-ridden, if that's what you mean," replied Christopher. "I'm a remarkably active old gentleman, mind, all things considered."

He added proudly: "Even the peripatetic Wilkins agrees with me."

"I knew there was something I wanted to ask you," said Daphne. "You've got Uncle Aubrey fairly steamed up over your latest name for him. It keeps him guessing all the time. Well—it keeps the rest of us guessing, too."

"Aubrey must brush up his Dickens, and you, too, my dear. Doesn't the name mean anything to you?"

Daphne replied that she knew a lot of Dickens' characters, but Wilkins was beyond her ken.

"What about you, Mr. Merivale?" asked Christopher.

"It's a charming name, sir. Isn't it? Could the surname be—Micawber, by any chance?"

"Full marks, Merivale. We shall drop the 'Mr.' forthwith. Further acquaintance with Mr. Bellamy will enable you to appreciate the aptness of the implication."

"We were talking about nurses, Cousin Christopher."

"You were, my dear. I wasn't."

"What exactly are you able to do, sir?" asked Humphrey.

"I can contrive to get in and out of bed without help. My legs are still pretty sound and I can move about this room in comfort, so long as I employ caution. Also I can bath myself. I can even shave, but

would be so kind as to raise me up a little? The head of my bed is hinged. All you have to do is to come round behind me and operate the necessary mechanism. Ah, thank you, thank you, that's much better. One gets tired of lying flat on one's back all day. Now I can almost pretend that I can see you, which makes everything more sociable. What do you think of this 'snug little kingdom of mine,' up two pairs of stairs?"

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5-IN-ONE

One easy recipe for five tempting cakes!

1

ONE-EGG PINK OF PERFECTION CAKE

INGREDIENTS: 1 dessertspoon lemon juice or white vinegar, 2 1/2 cups milk, 4 ozs. (4 level tablespoons) soft butter or margarine, 7 ozs. (1 measuring cup filled to the brim and levelled off) sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg, 8 ozs. (2 level cups) plain flour, 2 level tablespoons cornflour, 4 level teaspoons Aunt Mary's Baking Powder.

METHOD: Grease 2 7-inch sandwich tins and line the bottoms with paper. Put lemon juice or vinegar in a measuring cup and fill to the 2 mark with milk. Cream the shortening, sugar and vanilla very thoroughly. (Low speed if using electric mixer.) Add the egg and beat hard with wooden spoon (or at medium speed on electric mixer) till very light and fluffy—about 4 minutes. Sift the flour, cornflour and baking powder and add alternately with the soured milk, beating smooth after each addition. (If using electric mixer, come down to lowest speed for this step.) Turn half the mixture into one sandwich tin; then colour the remainder pale pink. Bake 15-20 minutes in a fairly brisk oven (400-425° F.). When cold, fill as desired and use with Perfection Cream Frosting. Tint the last tablespoon of frosting pink. Draw the back of a knife through the pink frosting and then across the iced cake to give a striped effect. Add a frosty sparkle of green-tinted sugar.

PERFECTION CREAM FROSTING

Cream together 1 level tablespoon soft butter or margarine, 1/4 level teaspoon cream of tartar, 1/4 level teaspoon vanilla. Add 1/4 level cup hot water, 1 rounded tablespoon powdered milk and about 1/4 cups sifted icing sugar. Beat 1 minute or till smooth and creamy.

2 CHOCOLATE PERFECTION CAKE

Substitute 1 oz. (3 level tablespoons) cocoa for the cornflour.

3 ORANGE PERFECTION CAKE

Replace the vanilla with orange essence or, better still, the grated rind of 2 medium oranges. Flavour the frosting with orange. Make 2 bar cakes or one sandwich cake.

4 ONE-EGG LIGHT FRUIT CAKE

Replace the vanilla with 2 1/2 teaspoons essence of lemon. Sprinkle 1 level teaspoon cinnamon, 1/2 level teaspoon mixed spice and 1/4 level teaspoon nutmeg over a well-titled cup of chopped mixed fruits, and add last.

5 PERFECTION PATTY CAKES

Turn the mixture into 2 dozen greased patty tins, or paper containers. Bake in a quick oven about 12 minutes.



OUR COMPLETE NOVEL

that is rather a laborious business, so I only do it on Sundays. On the other mornings of the week a tonsorial expert calls and attends to the matter. His name is Banks. Of course, I don't go out of this room a great deal and never downstairs; but frankly I am quite content where I am. I can move, I can think, I can hear, I can speak, and I have friends, animate and inanimate, always within call. What more does a sensible man want, I ask you?"

Humphrey and Daphne exchanged a quick glance. Then both turned with one accord to survey the motionless figure, the sightless eyes, and the serenely smiling countenance of Christopher Cradock. Here, Humphrey realised, was one of the rarest of God's creatures, a man who upon the wreck of his own life had contrived to build up a philosophy of his own sufficient to compensate him for all that he had lost. Little wonder that he should be reluctant to surrender the fruits of such a victory to the keeping of a hired custodian.

"It's time we got back to this question of the nurse, which you have been trying so hard to make us forget, you cunning old man," said Daphne.

"Must I have a nurse?" "Yes." "Why?" "Because you are quite often completely alone in the house, especially in the afternoons, when I have to be out. We are all rather anxious about you. We want to feel that you will always have someone close at hand in case you have a faint or a giddy turn, as you sometimes do."

"What are your views, Merivale?"

"I agree with Miss Cradock, sir."

"After due consideration?"

"Very well; it's two to one, but I don't like the idea of a strange starved woman about the place. Now, Merivale, I suppose it's time that you and I began discussing the business which brought you here."

Once more Daphne spoke up. "You will do no such thing," she said. "Listen! She picked up the repeater-watch and touched the spring. It chimed softly. "A quarter past twelve! You see? It's time Mr. Merivale went home to his lunch, and in any case you've talked yourself to a standstill. I'll arrange with him for another visit. Say goodbye."

The two gentlemen meekly acquiesced, and Daphne conducted Humphrey from the room.

Uncle Aubrey returned from Bow Street in a happy mood, having only been "bound over," and went into the morning-room, where he lost no time in fortifying himself with a glass of sherry.

"Here are Lollie and Ernest, Uncle Aubrey," she announced cheerfully.

Laura Loxley was a woman of about 30, well set-up like the rest of her family.

Uncle Aubrey advanced with outstretched hand.

"What about lunch, Daphne, my dear?" he suggested.

"Shall we gather round the festive board?"

He opened the door and bowed and Laura swept past him to cross the hall to the dining-room, the others meekly following.

They were about to take their places at the dining-room table when there came a crash from the hall, and Holly Lodge vibrated gently.

"Only one member of this household," remarked Laura acidly, "could have banged the front door quite like that."

As if to substantiate her statement, the dining-room door flew open and Tishy appeared.

"Hallo, folks! Am I late? Hallo, Lollie! Cheer up, Ernest! I say, Daph, I've got a friend outside. Can I bring him in? He's dumb, but do-cile."

"What is your friend's name, my child?" asked Tishy's parent.

"Wilfred."

"Wilfred what?"

"I haven't found out yet. Let's ask him," Tishy darted out into the hall to reappear leading by the arm a stolid young man even larger and more hefty than George.

"Calling all Cradocks, Loxleys and Bellamys!" proclaimed Tishy. "This is Wilfred. What is your other name, please?" she asked, turning to her guest with a seraphic smile.

"Buck," replied the young man, apologetically.

"You're sure?" Mr. Buck nodded dumbly. "Right! Wilfred Buck, everybody! You'd better call him Wilf," she added as she proceeded to explain who everyone was.

The inhabitants of Holly Lodge were accustomed to Tishy's inveterate habit of scraping sudden and, as a rule, short-lived acquaintanceships with strangers of either sex, indicated by smiles of welcome that they accepted Wilfred Buck in the spirit in which he was offered. But not so Laura Loxley.

"May I enquire if you and my cousin Lollie have known one another for long? I ask, because she has no mother," she said.

Mr. Buck opened his mouth, thought better of it immediately, and closed it.

"We're coming to that, Lollie dear," said Tishy. "Quite a story. Sit down and listen, everybody. Yesterday afternoon I went to the pictures. It was very wet and slushy outside. Melting snow, and what not."

GEORGE interrupted and said, "Why bring that up?"

"You'll see presently. I sat down in my favorite row in the one-and-tens, and found myself next to a tall and handsome young stranger. Didn't I, Wilf?"

"And you and he," suggested Aubrey, "did what I should have done in your place—exchanged a few civil words."

"There wasn't any exchange about it. I said good afternoon, of course, and asked him whether he didn't consider this weather the limit, but he said nothing whatever. Then he began to fidget about."

"Was he feeling for your little hand, by any chance?" asked George.

"No, it wasn't my hand he was after," said Tishy calmly; "it was my ankle. He bent right down in the dark and grabbed it."

There was a mild sensation all round the table. Laura half rose from her seat.

George chuckled, and survived the flinching Mr. Buck in undisguised surprise, not unmixed with admiration, then turned to Tishy. "And how did you react to that, my poppet?"

"I kicked him hard on his ankle."

"Fair enough," George turned to Mr. Buck again. "Did she hurt you much, old man?"

Here Mr. Buck suddenly found his tongue, and came gallantly to the defence of Tishy, to whose charms he had obviously fallen a willing victim.

Laura was on her feet by this time. "Uncle Aubrey, are you going to permit this revolting story to go any further?"

"Let her finish, Laura," replied Uncle Aubrey, to everyone's extreme gratification. "It'll be a surprise finish, anyhow," remarked Daphne speaking for the first time. "There always is to Tishy's adventures. What happened next, dear?"

He apologised, most sweetly, and said he had really been groping for a golosh."

"A what?" asked several voices.

"A golosh."

"He was wearing goloshes?" said George incredulously.

"He was when he came in. It was a very slushy afternoon. But as soon as he had sat down he kicked them off, he told me."

"Why?"

"Because someone had once told him that to wear goloshes indoors is bad for the circulation," Tishy glanced at Mr. Buck for corroboration of this statement. He nodded, and she went on: "Anyhow, he had seen the show right through when I arrived, and was just leaving. But when he started to put his goloshes on again he discovered that one of them had gone astray. You know how things under seats do get wandering. That was how he came to grab my ankle."

"And you accepted that explanation?" asked Laura incredulously.

Tishy, noting with satisfaction that she had regained the interest of her audience, which had shown signs of flagging, riposted with spirit.

"Of course I did. Why not? Do you think he leaped down and grabbed it just for fun? Papa, have you ever grabbed a girl's—"

"And what happened next?" enquired Aubrey quickly.

"After that we started to play hunt the slipper, so to speak. We lit matches—"

"No, must have been popular with your neighbors," remarked George.

"They simply hated us, but we just went on poking about under their feet and moving their parcels and handbags."

At last Wilf's nerve was, and he said that he would prefer to abandon the golosh to its fate and go home without it. And I said, 'Let's go and have tea somewhere first,' and Wilf said, 'All right.'"

"And you did not even know one another's names?"

Laura was running true to form.

"And you hadn't seen the film?" added the practical George.

"No, dear; that was why I suggested tea—to find out. He could tell me about the film—and what his name was. It was then that Wilf decided to leave his other golosh behind as well, and make a job of it. One simply cannot walk down Kensington High Street wearing one golosh. He had brown shoes on, too, which would make the golosh more conspicuous. So he took the golosh off and dropped it on the floor. And that was that."

Tishy leaned back, consumed a mouthful of cold chicken, and waited.

Tishy looked across at Wilfred and smiled. "They don't know the half of it, do they, dear?" she said. Then she turned to her father. "Pop, have you ever tried to leave a baby on a doorstep?"

"Never, to my recollection."

"Well, try to leave an odd golosh, and a picture, and see what happens."

"What did happen in this case?"

"Just as we got up to go, an old woman who had been sitting on my other odd golosh, Wilf's golosh. She picked it up and said to Wilf, 'You've forgotten something, ducks.' He waved it away. She tried to give the golosh to me. I refused it, for, as you know, I'm not to be a silly girl. We had a regular battle. Presently the people behind began to shout, 'Set down!' Then we got suddenly panic-stricken, and fought our way out."

"Leaving the golosh behind?"

"Yes. And that, folks, was the crowning tragedy of all."

"Why?" asked several voices.

"Tishy's voice sank to an impressive stage-whisper. "The only kicked off one. The other stuck on. You know the way they do, and you're none the wiser. So there we were in Kensington High Street with Wilf wearing one golosh after all. It was too tragic!"

Laura folded up her napkin in a determined manner and rose.

"Ernest," she announced, "it is time we went upstairs and wished Cousin Christopher a"

COUSIN CHRISTOPHER, BY IAN HAY

Happy New Year. By the way—she was addressing the company in general now. "I hear he had a visit from his solicitor this morning. Had it any chance anything to do with his making a will? So far as we know he has never done it yet. What is his general state of health at present, Daphne?"

"I never know how he's really feeling," said Daphne. "A bad sign," said Ernest, shaking his head. "I do hope his affairs are all in order. What I always say is none of us grows any younger."

Laura took resolute hold of Ernest's arm and led him upstairs in dignified silence.

Daphne took Humphrey straight up to Christopher's room when he came next morning. "The doctor has just left," she told him. "He says it will not do Cousin Christopher any harm to talk business for half an hour or so. By the way, I'm seeing about a nurse this afternoon. I'll tell you about it later."

With that she ushered Humphrey into the presence of his client. "Here he is!" she announced, "and I've told him not to tire you out. I'll be back in twenty minutes, so make it snappy."

"We hear and obey," replied a resigned voice from the bed. "Well, mind you do," replied Daphne. She marched purposefully to the door.

"Now," continued Christopher, turning to Humphrey, "I understand you have come here this morning on matters connected with my Last Will and Testament."

"Yes. All I want at present is to take a few notes regarding your capital investments and estate generally, with a list of the actual bequests you propose."

"Futative me if I interrupt you, but there will be no need to take any notes at all. Merivale, I am about to make a confession to you—to tell you a secret unknown even to your esteemed parent. I have already made a will."

Humphrey, genuinely taken aback, shut up his notebook and asked:

"How long ago did you make it?"

"Five years, at the time when my eyes began to go back on me really seriously. In fact, it was the last document I ever penned with my own hand. There was no need to consult anyone else on the matter because I knew exactly what I wanted to say. I had reason for quite a long time. So I wrote it. The will itself was not a model of calligraphy, but it was perfectly legible even to my dimming vision and quite definite in its terms, to which I had devoted a good deal of thought."

"It is properly witnessed, I suppose, sir?"

"Most properly, (a) by the local padre, a frequent visitor, and (b) by a very dear old friend of mine, Miss Jane Douglas. You'll see her, and you'll like her. She has a habit of referring to herself as 'the Applewoman,' implying that she is an elderly gossip and as Wilde once said, 'Woman of No Importance.' Do not underrate her; the British have always underrated the Scots. Dear, dear Jane."

He sighed and then went on more briskly: "As soon as the will had been witnessed we put it into an envelope and sealed it up, and I want it to remain sealed up until the day comes when its contents must be revealed to the persons interested. Here it is, lying on the table in Sector Three. You will observe that it is by no means a bulky document. Will you please take charge of it from now on?"

"Humphrey rose and took the sealed envelope from the table. Its superscription informed him that it contained the Last Will and Testament of Christopher Cradock, M.A., Cantab. The date, as Christopher had stated, was five years old.

"I suppose," he said awkwardly, "you wouldn't permit me to glance through this

document just to make sure that it is drawn up in proper form? You know the Lawyers' Toast—'To the man who wrote his own Will!'"

"The man who wrote that will knew what he was doing, believe me. Would you feel offended, professionally, if I asked you not to press your request? I am a curiously secretive person in some respects, as you have observed—will tell you. Would you mind—?"

"Not in the slightest."

"Thank you. I am most grateful."

"Meanwhile," concluded Humphrey, "this envelope shall go into my office safe, and I hope it will be a very long time before it is taken out again!"

COUSIN CHRISTOPHER lay very still, with his sightless eyes closed. He was thinking deeply. Humphrey Merivale had left him half an hour ago, and Daphne would see to it that he was not disturbed for the rest of the morning.

Presently he turned over on to his right shoulder, and heaved himself laboriously into a more upright position. Then he began to rub the table beside him, until his practised fingers informed him that he was in contact with Sector Number Five, which housed the dictaphone. Christopher reached out and operated the switch. The wax cylinder began to revolve silently. He groped for the transmitter, and held it close to his lips. Then he took a light breath, and began, in tranquil, measured tones—

"Daphne, my daughter, for that is what I have always liked to pretend to myself that you are—by the time this missive reaches your hands our young friend Merivale will have informed you of the contents of my will."

When Daphne arrived with his lunch an hour later, he was peacefully asleep, and three used wax cylinders were back in their cases.

At a quarter-to-five that afternoon Daphne rang the bell outside the front door of Flat No. 8, Argyle Court, Kensington, not more than a quarter of a mile from Holly Lodge.

Inside the flat a pleasant contralto voice could be heard singing Speed Bonnie Boat, and the door opened.

"Daphne Cradock! Will you come away in and have a cup of tea? I was just sitting down to mine."

Jane Douglas was a shrewd, elderly, humorously inclined Scotswoman, tranquil in spirit and competent in all she did. At the age of fifty-eight (four years younger than Cousin Christopher) she was as active as many women half her age and had not a grey hair in her auburn head. She had once been a close friend of Uncle Aubrey's wife, Prudence.

"I'll come in, Jane, but I won't have tea," replied Daphne. "I've already had mine."

A few minutes later Daphne was sitting next to her on a comfortable sofa.

"It's about Cousin Christopher—"

Jane was suddenly tense. "It's all right," said Daphne quickly, sensing the feeling of alarm, and she proceeded to tell Jane what the doctor had said about the need for a nurse.

"I thought," she finished, "you might know of some woman. I mean you were in the Red Cross and all that. You see it must be someone nice and unstarchy."

"I do see, child. Poor Christopher, he wouldn't take kindly to a professional automaton."

"Neither would I," said Daphne.

"I know the very person," said Jane at length.

"Oh, I knew you would!" cried Daphne and kissed her hostess warmly.

"Oh, would you permit me to glance through this

house is always a nuisance, so I suggest a competent body who would come in daily, say from two o'clock until six, which would give you some time off."

"That sounds wonderful! Who is she? And do you think she'll take the job?"

"I know she will. She lives by herself in a wee flat, with little to occupy her active mind. She'll be eager to come and she'll start to-morrow as ever is." She looked at Daphne and smiled.

"You!"

"Me. Wasn't that what you had in your mind? Or do I flatter myself?"

"How did you guess?" asked Daphne in a small voice.

"Call it the two-sights, child. No—it's just that I know you very well."

"Thank you awfully," said Daphne simply and took Jane's hand in hers. "It's a great sight off my mind—You're sure?"

"As sure as I'm sitting here," Daphne jumped up.

"I must go and tell him at once." At the front door she stopped. "I love him so much," she said simply and was gone.

"So do I, child; so do I," said Jane Douglas to herself.

In every street, the householder was calling to the plumber and the plumber to his mate. Spring had come a little late that year, for the winter had been long and hard.

Finally there was a nationwide epidemic of influenza. The Board of Directors of Messrs. Cradock and Bellamy Unlimited, as represented by Christopher and Daphne, had seen to it that fuel stocks for the Company's winter needs should be ample. Consequently, the less provident members of the organisation suffered no particular discomfort.

All that, save Daphne, who had a bad attack of influenza. The Applewoman moved into Holly Lodge lock, stock, and barrel. She took Daphne as well as Cousin Christopher in her stride.

But the attack had been a severe one, and Daphne's convalescence was slow. "The truth is," said Jane to Christopher one morning, "the child is just run down, and was long before she took to her bed. This house has been on top of her too long. She needs a change from it."

"She shall have it," said Christopher. And it was so. Three days later Cousin Christopher said to Daphne:

"My dear, I think you have reached the stage of convalescence when a change of air seems to be indicated. What would you say to a sea-trip?"

"A sea-trip?" asked Daphne. "Darling, where on earth to?"

"The Mediterranean, let us say. It will be at its best in a few weeks' time. Believe me, it would be a real adventure, especially since it would all be new to you. I achieved a similar pilgrimage more than thirty years ago, and I have never forgotten it. I should like you to visit exactly the same places as I did, and then come back and tell me how they look today. Will you do that for me, please?"

"It sounds too wonderful," sighed Daphne, almost tearfully. "But honestly, darling, I don't feel up to things yet. It would be a sheer waste of—"

"That is exactly why you must make the trip, my dear, because you don't feel up to things. By the time you get home you will feel up to anything."

"But—think of all the arranging it will need. How—?"

"The project involves no difficulties at all. In fact—"

At this point Daphne turned upon Christopher at affectionate but suddenly suspicious eye. She had just remembered Christopher's fondness for springing mild surprises on people.

"Have you been making arrangements already by any chance?" she inquired sternly.

"Well, to a trifling extent, I had to make sure that a suitable ship was available, for instance, and one is. She is a special spring cruise. She sails from Tilbury at noon on the seventeenth of next month. You travel from St. Pancras by a special train, and—"

At this point Christopher's itinerary found itself interrupted by laughter—the first really gay laugh he had heard from Daphne since her illness.

"All right, darling, you win!" she said. "What's the number of my cabin?"

"A hundred and thirty-four, on the upper deck, port side. You will have your own bathroom, of course, and your uncle is going with you."

"Uncle Aubrey? Does he know yet?"

"I invited him yesterday. He was gracious enough to accept."

"Accept? You're telling me, darling! He'll have the time of his life. But who's going to look after you?"

"Jane will stay on here until you get back."

"Dear Jane, she's been wonderful."

"She is as wonderful in her way as you are in yours."

"Nonsense, I'm not wonderful. How long will our trip take?"

"A little over five weeks."

Daphne sighed rapturously. "I can't believe it yet," she said.

Daphne kissed him affectionately. "And there's only one thing for you to do," she said, "or I won't go; and that is to promise not to get ill—really ill—while I'm away. If anything goes wrong you must faithfully swear to let me know at once, wherever I am, and I'll come home to you, even if I have to swim. And it will be no use your not letting me know, because," she added thoughtfully, "I shall know anyhow."

Daphne spent her first three days on board the Heiopolis in bed, for she was more tired than she had realised or admitted, and the weather was at first anything but kind.

On the fourth morning, feeling an altogether different being, she rose from her berth and proceeded to survey the scene from her cabin window.

She breathed in the sweet air luxuriously, after which, suddenly conscious of a refreshingly healthy appetite, she dressed herself and mounted the promenade deck.

It was close upon nine o'clock, but few of the passengers had as yet made their appearance. Uncle Aubrey, conspicuous in white ducks, a yachting cap tilted slightly to one side, and what are known to the sophisticated as Co-respondent's shoes, was the only adult figure visible on the promenade deck. He was surrounded by a highly vocal group of children.

He greeted his niece affectionately, and introduced her to his young friends, with most of whom he appeared to be on intimate terms.

However, he concluded Uncle Aubrey. "I'll tell you all about them at breakfast, for which I am more than ready. I hope you are too, my dear."

With that, he took Daphne's arm and escorted her to the lift, farther aft, followed by a chorus of shrill farewells.

The big dining saloon, extending over the full width of the ship, was crowded, for most of the passengers had by this time grown their sea-legs.

They had been allotted places at the Purser's table—not entirely by accident. A ship's purser enjoys the freedom of choice in the selection of his table companions denied to his superiors; and Mr. Kenworthy, the officer in question, a middle-aged bachelor and confirmed ladies' man, having taken immediate note of Daphne as she stepped from the gangway on the day of embarkation, had lost no time in insuring to the Second Steward, who was in charge of the seating arrangements, a "directive" which ensured



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her presence at the Purser's table.

With Daphne's accession, the party this morning was at full strength, and comprised seven persons, including the Purser himself. Besides Daphne and her uncle there were a pleasant elderly couple whom Daphne presently discovered to be Sir John Vallance and his lady. The last pair were an attractive mother and daughter, named Strode.

"You won't mind if I ask a lot of questions?" began Daphne. "I want to know all about this nice ship of yours, and everybody in it."

The Purser told Daphne about various people of interest at the tables and they talked animatedly all through the meal. At its conclusion he said, "Now everyone's up and about it's high time we appointed a Games and Recreation Committee for this trip—to organise deck games, bridge drives, dances, children's competitions, and what not. I'll call a meeting of passengers in the Verandah Lounge at noon, to draw up a regular time-table and appoint the Committee right away. I hope some of you will volunteer." He bestowed a smile of obvious invitation upon Daphne, and departed to his office on the main deck.

The Verandah Lounge was well filled at the hour of noon. Mr. Kenworthy, having thoughtfully arranged that the meeting should coincide with cocktail time, Daphne found herself seated next to Jessica Strode, in whom she had begun to discover a disposition closely allied to that of her cousin, Fishy.

Mr. Kenworthy explained that he himself was the Chairman proper, by virtue of his office as Purser, but his numerous duties in other directions would seldom admit of his attendance. It was, therefore, essential to appoint an efficient deputy and he had asked for volunteers.

A tall, white-headed figure rose from his seat in the front row.

"Sir John Vallance," announced the Purser.

Sir John accepted office and

Colonel Bellamy was elected Acting-Chairman.

When lunch began the only occupants of the Purser's table were the Purser himself, obviously in excellent spirits, Sir John Vallance, Lady Vallance, and Mrs. Strode.

"I can't tell you," said the Purser to Lady Vallance, "how grateful I am to Sir John. If I may humbly say so, the speed with which he has sorted this meeting was a masterpiece." He tendered a respectful bow in Sir John's direction.

"It was pure officiousness on his part," commented Lady Vallance.

A considerable party had just entered the saloon and were making their way to their tables. Among them were Daphne, Jessica, and Uncle Aubrey, obviously in high fettle.

He apologised for being late. "We had to round off the business of the meeting in proper form," he said.

"He has been standing cocktails to all the members of the committee," explained Jessica Strode.

"Cocktails!" Sir John chuckled. "I see that you have already mastered the first principles of successful leadership, Colonel."

"It always stimulates labor to know that there is a promise of refreshment afterwards," replied Uncle Aubrey. "It is called Incentive, I believe. I am making the fixture a regular one—a round of drinks for the entire committee after every meeting."

"And who is on your committee?"

"A fairly representative lot. I think. We tried to cater for all shades of opinion." He handed a list to the Purser.

He totted up the names on the paper which Uncle Aubrey had given him. "There should be ten in all; so far we have only four ladies and again only four gentlemen. And I can't read these two names."

Uncle Aubrey took the list. "Let me see—Oh, yes—the first is Mr. Carfrae. He represents the parents, so to speak. And Mr. Gerald Beamish, he represents the younger element on board. He

is just down from Cambridge. A Blue of some kind, I believe. There is also Miss Parcher."

"And your last man?" asked Sir John.

"I am keeping the last place open for the present, just in case we are harboring some desirable dark horse in our midst."

"Very sensible," said Sir John.

ALMOST a week had elapsed. The cruise of the *Helipolis* had by this time become a voyage of discovery in more senses than one; the passengers had not only visited ports of call hitherto unknown to them, but had been busy exploring one another's social possibilities. They had by this time fallen into groups composed of people mutually congenial to one another, or at any rate of the same way of thinking regarding the company of certain of their fellow-passengers.

It must not be supposed that Daphne and Jessica devoted the whole of their time to the supervision of an ocean-going croche. That duty they were usually able to delegate to an accommodating fellow-passenger or, in extreme cases, to Providence, whenever they themselves were called upon to participate in the more adult life of the ship.

But Jessica was not long in making a discovery—that there was a notable shortage in the ship's supply of congenial male society.

"They are all too old," said Jessica to Daphne, "or much too married, or much too young to be of any use at all. Gerry Beamish is about the only one, but he's pretty wet really, for a Blue. What you and I need, darling, are a few presentable lads of thirty or so, who have been places and done things and are capable of arousing a mild thrill in nice girls like you and me. But just look at them!" She indicated the line of occupied deck-chairs stretching along the shady side of the promenade deck.

"Is there a single male answering to that description to be found anywhere on board this luxury liner? I ask you?"

Daphne, half asleep, obligingly roused herself to lazy contemplation of the deck-chairs.

"Yes," she said presently. "There is. You have overlooked something, my dear. There—the thirteenth chair along."

The object of Daphne's remark was undoubtedly virile and undeniably attractive, a spruce, well set-up man of, she guessed, about forty. His brown wavy hair was parted in the middle and brushed backwards and upwards in two long wings over his ears; his thick military moustache echoed this theme in, as it were, the minor key.

Old Etonian necktie and all, he might have stepped from the background of a fashion plate in *Vogue*. Subconsciously Daphne remembered the story of the gentleman-jockey, who passed for a gentleman among jockeys and a jockey among gentlemen. She glanced sideways at her companion.

Jessica looked and gaped. "How on earth did I come to overlook him?" she asked. "He's divine!"

"He probably came on board yesterday," said Daphne, "at Barcelona. They took on two or three fresh passengers there. You can ask the Purser all about him. There goes the luncheon bugle now."

At luncheon, needless to say, the Purser proved more than equal to the occasion. The newcomer, it appeared, was one Major Anstruther, who had indeed joined the ship at Barcelona.

"I wonder what he's been doing in Spain?" asked Jessica, immediately interested.

"Bullfights, sherry and senoritas," said Daphne practically.

"A tourist!" said Jessica. "I don't believe it."

"I had a chat with him in the smoking-room last night," said the Purser, with a twinkle in his eye. "He seemed to me to be a bit guarded in his conversation. So I gathered he had been doing something rather hush-

hush. Of course I didn't press him."

"Secret Service work!" cried Jessica. "How glam!"

"I'll introduce him to you ladies after lunch," added Mr. Kenworthy, smiling outrageously at Daphne.

Daphne and Jessica were not the only passengers whom Major Anstruther met after lunch. He was introduced to Uncle Aubrey too, and Uncle Aubrey greeted him with even more than his usual affability; for here, something told him, was the very man to fill the vacant place on the Sports Committee and to put new blood into it.

And it was so. Within less than a week Anstruther and Uncle Aubrey had put into effect a balanced programme of ship's entertainment, which none entirely approved, but most were prepared to tolerate.

A few days later the *Helipolis* cast anchor in the Bay of Naples, under the very shadow of Vesuvius, emitting puffs of smoke at regular intervals like an old gentleman enjoying a cigar, in the afternoon sunshine.

The ship had by this time paid brief calls at Gibraltar, Barcelona, and Monte Carlo, at each of which resorts our friends made the customary rounds and seen the customary sights.

Naples, however, offered a different and more varied field for exploration, of which the ship's company lost no time in availing itself according to its highly diversified tastes.

Daphne had decided to stay on board. A considerable mail had just been delivered, and she promised herself a peaceful morning devoted to the uninterrupted perusal of her correspondence.

Two of the letters had been addressed by Humphrey Merivale; she was well acquainted with his handwriting by this time. The first bore the Kensington postmark, which meant that the letter had been written at Holly Lodge. So she opened the first letter first, knowing that whatever the hand the voice would be the voice of Christopher. And she was right.

"By the greatest good fortune, our friend Humphrey happens to be paying me a visit this afternoon, and has volunteered, with his usual thoughtfulness, to act as my amanuensis."

The letter proceeded to announce that Christopher was enjoying fair health, the Holly Lodge, with Jane Douglas as the helm, Tishy at the prow, and an Odd Woman below the waterline somewhere, had so far kept on a reasonably even keel and a tranquil course. George had gone with a party of friends to Switzerland to attempt the Cresta Run, and the same arrangements were in hand for coping on his return, with his more serious injuries, what with his penchant for supercharged motor-cycles and winter sports, some of which kept him in a state of lively anticipation of the worst.

"As for your letters to my dear, I keep them by my bedside; I have only to turn them up in my hand to be immediately conscious of some mysterious way, of presence quite near me. This is a new experience, because I have never before been deprived of your company for so long a space of time. We will go into the matter more deeply when we meet again."

Daphne laid down the letter in her lap and lay back on her chair, her eyes closed in brief meditation.

"It's funny he should tell me that, too," she said to herself.

"You should be at Naples at this time," the letter went on. "It is twenty years since I was there—when nearly every wall was adorned with a stencilled profile of Mussolini, accompanied by Pauri slogans. I wonder what's chalked up there now."

"When you go ashore inquire if Bertolini's Restaurant is still going—though I doubt it. It stood at the top of a cliff and to reach it one walked through a rocky, echoing tunnel at sea-level, which ended surprisingly at a pair of life doors. After that one had to go up two or three hundred feet in the lift, to be decanted at the very doorstep of the

Make plenty! They'll want second helpings of creamy Carnation Pineapple Pie



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COOK'S CORNER

Carnation gives creamier flavours and velvety texture to every dish... try THIS recipe!

Carnation Pineapple Pie

1 1/4 cups crushed pineapple; 1 packet lemon jelly crystals; 1 tablespoon lemon juice; 1/2 cup sugar; 1 cup Carnation Milk, chilled.

Make a 9 inch Biscuit Crumb Pie Shell (see below). Bring to the boil 1 1/4 cups crushed pineapple. Stir in lemon jelly crystals until dissolved. Mix in 1/2 to 1 cup sugar (depending on sweetness of fruit). Cool until almost set. Whip until stiff 1 cup chilled Carnation Milk with lemon juice. Pour on top of the gelatine mixture. Beat in slowly with rotary beater, or electric mixer at slow speed. Pour into a baked pastry or Biscuit Crumb Pie Shell. Chill for at least 1 hour.

Variations: This dessert is equally delicious made with pineapple juice or orange juice, apricot nectar or apple sauce instead of crushed pineapple.

Biscuit Crumb Pie Shell

2 cups wholemeal-type biscuit crumbs (about 19 or 20 biscuits rolled fine); 1/2 cup melted butter; 2 tablespoons sugar (either brown or granulated).

Combine crumbs, butter and sugar. Take about 3/4 of this mixture and press firmly into an even layer against bottom and sides of 9-inch pie plate. This crust does not require baking. Sprinkle remaining crumbs over top of any cream or fruit filling or meringue used in this crust.

...ant itself, high in the glorious sunshine, with the harbor glittering at one's feet far below. I can still see it all, but I don't suppose Bertolini has survived the War II. Very few pleasant things have

Go to Pompeii if you can, to see the exhibits, which are mostly transferred from the National Museum, so you can examine them all if you really want to. Pompeii itself—a much more spacious place than in days—Mussolini did a real job there—and recreate for himself the picture of the place as it must have been on the morning of August the eighth A.D. 79 five minutes before the eruption began. The streets crowded with little or you can still see the mosaics made by the chariot-teams in the stone causeway samples, shops, theatres, and more less reputable establishments—a complete civilisation preserved almost intact for us and me after two thousand years.

Finally, when you get back from Pompeii go ashore and see with the most desirable man of your present acquaintance at Bertolini's or a present-day equivalent. Now I must finish. I must go, try young Humphrey's presence too highly."

Daphne replied to Cousin Christopher's letter that evening and gave a long account of life on board ship.

"I am going to obey your wishes and go ashore and see the dance with the most respectable man on board at a place called the Lido Regatta. Bertolini's has been no more for a long time I find."

"His name is Anstruther. He is a major of some kind. I'll ask him what I'm not sure that I like him yet, but he is good-looking and can be quite amusing."

"I will write to you from Malta during. God Bless!"

But Daphne was destined never to write to Christopher from Malta.

Uncle Aubrey and Major Anstruther reclined in their armchairs, enjoying an after-breakfast pipe and the sunshine of the Great Harbor of Valetta, to which the Helio-polis was paying a two days' visit. The ship was due to sail that evening for Alexandria, whence a brief excursion could be made to the scene of Montgomery's historic desert campaign. After that she would proceed to Tunis and then, and then head for home.

The two gentlemen were waiting Daphne, who had just emerged from her cabin.

On the previous evening Daphne had for a second time accepted an invitation from Anstruther to go ashore and dine with him. Their acquaintance had ripened somewhat since Naples. She liked him better now.

Anstruther told Daphne something of his service in the World War, which appeared to have been quite extensive. He was modestly reticent in regard to his performance therein, which made her like him the better.

"But—don't let us talk about the war," he said. "Tell me about yourself. I know that you live in London, with Colonel Bellamy and his daughter."

"I don't exactly live with Colonel Bellamy. We both live in the same house, that's all. It belongs to my Cousin Christopher."

"Your cousin? Is he as young as all that?"

"Not quite old, in his sixties. He's my first cousin, once removed. When my father died ten years ago, Cousin Christopher took us all to live with him in his house on Campden Hill."

"He must be a hospitable sort of person," commented Anstruther.

"He's an angel," replied Daphne simply.

"Tell me some more."

And Daphne, nothing loath, complied.

"I heard quite a lot about your family history last night," remarked Anstruther.

to Uncle Aubrey, filling a second pipe.

"From my niece?"

"Yes. Most of it was about your cousin, Christopher Craddock."

"I'm not surprised. She adores him."

"So I soon discovered. He seems to be quite a character."

"He has to be, to live his present life. I suppose Daphne told you about his—disability? Frankly, if I had been in his place I'd have made an end of myself long ago."

"I'm not sure I wouldn't have done the same. But I suppose his mind's clear enough?"

"Clear as a bell; that's what saved him. It's given him time to work out a sort of philosophy of his own."

"What sort of philosophy?"

"It seems to consist mainly of being perpetually thankful for small mercies. He once said a thing to me, long ago, which I have never forgotten. It was shortly after blindness was added to his other troubles. I was making some sort of attempt to express sympathy, and he replied by quoting a bit of Oriental philosophy. I had no shoes, so I murmured. Then I met a man who had no feet—and I murmured no more! That is Cousin Christopher in a nutshell."

There was a short silence.

"One does what one can to help him, of course," continued Uncle Aubrey. "I'm always available to advise him on business matters. I have had quite a lot of experience in that direction. Of course, the control of his affairs in general is more or less in the hands of his solicitors—a thoroughly old-fashioned firm—but I give what help I can domestically."

"Is he comfortably off?"

"Extremely. I should say, though to what extent I have never been able to—mean, when a man is inclined to be reticent about his financial resources, one is careful not to ask tactless questions."

"Is he married?"

"Bachelor, bachelor born! He's only deviated from the monastic path once, but that was a long time ago."

"Tell me, Colonel."

"The lady in question was my late wife's closest friend at school. One holiday she stayed in my wife's parents' house and Cousin Christopher was there too. She was seventeen and he was just short of twenty, I suppose, and in the running for a rowing Blue; but he didn't get it. He invited her to a May Week Ball and everyone thought the result was a foregone conclusion, or so my dear wife always told me, but there was no engagement, neither then nor at any later date."

"Wise man, your cousin," said Major Anstruther. "She never married either. Odd. She's an awful good sort, in spite of being Scotch, name of Douglas, Jane Douglas."

"Ah, good morning, my dear!" Daphne stood before them, white and tense. Instead of the degeat attire favored by most shore-going passengers, she was wearing the garments in which she had left London four weeks ago. She wore a hat, too—another unusual feature. Aubrey surveyed her interrogatively.

"Are you proposing to pay a formal call at Government House?" he asked, with an indulgent smile.

"I am going home!"

Aubrey sat straight up in his chair. "Home, my child? But why on earth—?"

"There's a regular air-service between here and Northolt, or somewhere, isn't there, Major Anstruther?" asked Daphne.

Anstruther replied that he rather thought a passenger plane left Malta for Northolt daily each noon.

"Then you will come and help me to book a passage at once, please?"

"You mean—for today?"

"Yes, for today."

Uncle Aubrey's expression changed to one of genuine alarm. "Has something happened?" he asked. "Have you had a cable?"

"No. I haven't had a word, but I must be back to Holly Lodge at once."

"But why, my dear child—?"

"It's Cousin Christopher," replied Daphne simply. "He wants me."

Daphne's letter from Naples only arrived at Holly Lodge upon the very day on which the Helio-polis reached Valetta. Humphrey Merivale, who seemed always to be available on such occasions, read it aloud that same afternoon to an audience composed of Cousin Christopher, Tishy, and, of course, the Applewoman.

Christopher was unusually quiet this afternoon. He lay very still, now and then smiling appreciation of Daphne's spirited narrative, but making little or no comment. At times it was plain that his mind was elsewhere.

"He's thinking of his absent Glumdalclitch, I doubt," said the observant Jane Douglas to herself. "He misses her more and more, the poor man, though he'll never say so. I wish she was home again."

"I like Jessica Stodge," remarked Tishy, as Humphrey put the letter back into its envelope. "I hope Daph brings her to see us when they get home. But I expect it'll be the case of Her Mother Came Too. My papa will see to that. I bet. What do you think, Cousin Christopher?"

Christopher smiled. "Steamship acquaintances are apt to be ephemeral affairs," he replied. "They cannot always survive away from salt water."

"I hope you're right, darling," replied Tishy. Then she made a further advance in the region of artless conjecture. "I wonder what sort of a person this Major Anstruther is. Daphne seems to have fallen for him somewhat. What do you think, Humph?"

SINCE this leading question was merely a repetition of one that Humphrey had been asking himself ever since reading the letter, he flowered at Tishy and forbore to reply. She smiled. "Nuff said, darling! What do you think, Cousin Christopher?"

"Daphne was never one to wear her heart on her sleeve, my dear," Christopher smiled again. "But I will hazard a guess that she herself has made a hit, as you would say, with Anstruther, whoever he may be."

"The Major appears to be something of a man of mystery," remarked Jane. "It seems odd that he should have told Daphne so little about himself." She shrugged her shoulders and announced firmly that it was time Christopher had his rest. The company immediately uprose, with apologies for thoughtlessness, and took their leave. Jane herself, however, lingered, sitting down in the chair by the bed and taking Christopher's hand. "You are not looking too well, my man," she announced, with a touch of severity.

"Just a little tired that's all. As Ernest is so fond of reminding me, none of us is so young as he was."

But Jane Douglas was not the woman to be put off by generalities. "There is no need to be evasive with the Applewoman," she said. "Are you quite sure you are being properly looked after, these days?"

"Looked after? Why not? You and Banks do everything for me a man in my position could need. What more could I want?"

"I could tell you of something you want, badly."

Christopher had no need to be told that Jane was referring to somebody and not to something.

"I miss her, of course," he said. "So do we all, for that matter. But I am perpetually comforted by the reflection that she is enjoying a real holiday, which she badly needs."

"She seems to be happy enough, to judge from her letters. By the way," Jane added with apparent irrelevance, "I was a little sorry for

young Mr. Merivale this afternoon."

"The letter, you mean. Yes, so was I. It must have been pretty trying for him to encounter that particular item of news, and have to read it aloud as well."

"That little baggage Tishy was giggling like anything. Does he love her so much?" she asked.

"Tishy?" replied Christopher, deliberately misunderstanding.

"Daphne, man!"

"He worships her."

"Well, you should know. Do you think she is much attracted by this mysterious major?"

"Do you?"

"Not as yet. All the same, she is a little bit self-conscious about the business. She rather went out of her way to mention that she was going ashore to dine with the man in obedience to your orders. I suppose you noticed that?"

"I did. I noticed too that in telling us about him she hesitated and digressed for a line or two before coming to the point and mentioning Anstruther's name. But, so far, I don't think young Merivale has any particular cause for anxiety in any case. We shall probably gather a good deal more information from her next letter, written after she had dined with him. She'll post it in Malta."

"I wish," said Jane suddenly, "that she were coming home herself, instead of sending a letter."

"I am sure Humphrey Merivale would agree with you on that."

"I'm not thinking of him, or this Mr. Anstruther, or anybody else, but yourself. You are yearning for her, as we say up north, and you know it!"

Christopher smiled. "I can wait," he said. "I am used to waiting for things. He patted his old friend's hand reassuringly. "Don't ever imagine, my dear, that when I find myself alone, I feel solitary. A man who has learned to be content with his own company has won a victory as great as anything achieved by the great captains of history."

"It's a victory I shall never achieve," said Jane cheerfully. "We Applewomen are gregarious creatures, and thoroughly inquisitive. Tell me, when you lie awake in the night watches—and it's no use saying you don't—how do you pass your time?"

"I cogitate, I speculate, sometimes I even formulate."

"What exactly does that mean?"

"I try to do some constructive thinking. I select some interesting topic, or problem, and debate it with myself. Very often I do it aloud. One's own voice can be a very companionable thing, especially in the dark, and that is where I live. Of course to talk aloud to oneself is supposed to indicate weakness of intellect, but I'm not so sure I always remember the old plantation negro who was addicted to this particular habit, and his explanation: 'Ah talks to myself for two reasons; first because Ah likes talking to a person that's got some sense, and second because Ah likes listening to a person that's got some sense! That line of defence has always seemed to be unassailable.'

Christopher relaxed his hold on Jane's hand. "And now, my dear," he announced, "having lured me, with your usual cunning, into talking myself sleepy, you had better leave me to my nap. So, good night to you—or whatever time of day it is."

"It is six o'clock."

"Is it still daylight? One finds it always a little difficult to calculate correctly."

"There is still plenty of sunlight, in fact it is falling straight through the window on to your bed. Would you like me to lower the blind?"

"Not at any price! I like to feel the sunlight. Sometimes I try to imagine that I can see it as well."

"You're a great one for make believe," remarked Jane, leaning over and kissing him. "Rest well." The evening



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sunset was shining softly on his face.

At ten o'clock, according to her invariable custom, Jane brought Christopher a glass of hot milk, and bedded him down for the night. She turned at the door to take a last look at him and commanded him to fall asleep forthwith.

But tonight sleep was long in coming, and then only by fits and starts. He was feeling strangely restless. It was not until he heard the clock of St. Mary Abbott's chime midnight that he realised how long, or how often, he had been awake.

After that he dozed off and began to dream—a fleeting confused dream which kept recurring in various forms and phases, as not infrequently happens with bad sleepers. It centred on a window, which appeared periodically during the dream, sometimes brightly and sometimes dimly luminous. Christopher, even now, experienced no difficulty in actually seeing what he was dreaming.

This, moreover, was a special and particular window; not just any window, but something vaguely familiar and recognisable. Why was it recognisable, he wondered? Presumably because it was a window which he had known long ago, in the days when he could see. But he had no recollection of any such window; moreover, his acquaintance with (his) seemed to be comparatively recent. In that case it must be a window he had read about, in a book. But it was long since he had been able to read any book.

Presently a further recollection came to him. He had not read the book himself; it had been read aloud to him by Daphne, during one of his restless nights. He could recall her cool, restful tones even now. It read a book, or—yes, this window had been described in a certain passage, in a single line, he thought. But try as he might, he could not recall the line itself. Perhaps the name of its author might help. He began methodically to recite to himself the names of some of his special favorites—"Shakespeare, Milton, Keats, Kipling, Tennyson."

At that precise moment there came to his ear, from the garden below, the tentative, plaintive pipe of an awakened bird, rousing itself to greet the coming day. Christopher recognised the voice of the bird—a blackbird—an old and punctual friend who was usually the first to lead the dawn chorus on Campden Hill.

"The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds," he murmured absently; then suddenly realised something—that he was not composing, but quoting. From what was he quoting and from whom? This time the answer came at once. Tennyson—of course it was Tennyson.

Now, how did the poem go on? He lay pondering. Presently the whole pattern began to emerge, with increasing clarity. The line, he remembered now, came from one of the poems in *The Princess*, a sad little poem about a sick room in the small hours, and a dying man lying all alone.

"Ah, sad and strange, as in dark summer dawns, the earliest pipe of half-awakened birds."

Yes, that was right; he had it now.

"To dying ears; when unto dying eyes"

The easement slowly grows a glimmering square—"

"The casement!" That was the word he had been groping for! His casement, his window! Unconsciously he forced himself to a reclining position, almost sitting up, in fact—and strained his sightless eyes towards the window of his own room, which he knew faced his bed.

The exertion thus involved had the effect of bringing him fully awake, and he gave a little disappointed sigh; for he realised now that the window of his dream, which had seemed so real, was without substance, and had already

OUR COMPLETE NOVEL

gone the way of all other dreams.

The bird below trilled a second time, more loudly and confidently this time; and Christopher, who had closed his eyes in humble resignation, opened them again and stared.

A miracle had happened. The window was there, really there—he could discern it clearly, with the first light of early dawn filtering through the linen blind. What did it all mean? Had his sight really been given back to him; and if so, what did it portend? What was the explanation? Did it mean that he was going to recover the use of his eyes—even some measure of his bodily strength, perhaps? Or did it mean—?

Then, in a flash, he divined the answer to his question.

So that was it? If so, he was well content, and more than ready. He had put up a pretty good fight. Now he could surrender with all the honors of war.

"In Manus tuas, Domine"—he murmured; then lay back, utterly at peace with himself, and watched the glimmering square.

Presently it flickered, and went out.

THE household had just returned from Bromley Cemetery. Tishy and Daphne were standing in the darkened morning-room of Holly Lodge. "I suppose we can pull up the blinds now," Tishy said.

"If he could have had a say in the matter," replied Daphne, "he would never have let us draw them down at all. He would have called it a waste of good sunshine."

"And how right he'd have been in this country!" agreed Tishy. "Well, here goes."

The two girls had finished drawing up the blinds when Ernest and Laura entered the room. Husband and wife were dressed—a little over-dressed if anything—in mourning of an almost Victorian intensity.

"Come right in, Ernest," chirruped Tishy, and make yourself comfortable. Cigarette?"

"Not at this moment," replied Ernest, in tones of solemn reproof. "One hardly feels—"

"Of course! Stupid of me not to remember. What you need first is a nice drink. I'll go along and bring in the tray; I left it all ready." And Tishy departed at speed.

"Well, that's all over," announced Uncle Aubrey, as he and Humphrey Merivale entered. Humphrey was carrying a despatch case.

"Where is George?" asked Laura loudly.

"He ran upstairs to change," replied Tishy, returning with a loaded tray.

"Why should he wish to change?"

"Because he's going to play golf. He'll be down directly."

"I hope I haven't kept the party waiting," said George, when he came in a few minutes later, "but I have to buzz off directly after lunch. A friendly round with—"

"May I suggest," Laura broke in again, "that it is rather early to be indulging in such amusements."

"Not at all. At this time of year it gets dark quite—"

"That is not what I meant, George."

"I know jolly well that it wasn't, and in reply to what you did mean, let me tell you that the old Christopher would have been the very last man to—"

"We seem to be keeping Mr. Merivale waiting," said Daphne gently. "He has come to read Cousin Christopher's will to us."

"And I for one," announced Tishy, "can hardly wait to hear it. I've never heard a will read before," she added, gratuitously.

Uncle Aubrey, who found himself in much the same state as his daughter, supported Daphne's suggestion. "Are you quite ready, Merivale? Then let us sit down and begin. We are all atten-

tion! Er—in it a lengthy document?"

"No; unusually short."

There was a hushed silence as Humphrey produced from his despatch case a long, blue envelope.

"I should begin," he announced, "by telling you that this will contains certain surprises—"

"It wouldn't be Christopher's will if it didn't," commented Aubrey. He smiled indulgently. "Dear old Christopher! Springing mild surprises was always a hobby of his. A strange, whimsical—"

"It was a little surprised myself," agreed Humphrey, "when I read it this morning."

There was a general stir at this.

"You mean to say you hadn't read it before?" asked Aubrey.

"No, I had not."

"But—didn't you help him to draft it?"

"No. When I called upon him for that purpose last January he told me that he had already made his will five years ago and more, and had no wish to alter it."

"Christopher always knew his own mind," said Aubrey approvingly.

"He then handed me this envelope, sealed, and asked me as a favor not to open it until after his death."

"But what does it say now that you have opened it?" squeaked Tishy.

"Don't trouble to read the document right through to us at present, Merivale," said Aubrey. "Could you give me the substance of it—in a few words?"

Certainly. It adds up to this. Mr. Craddock as you all had good cause to know, was a wealthy man. Until he became a chronic invalid he lived quite expensively, as he could well afford to do. And for several years ago after he had been compelled to give up his business, he converted practically the whole of his estate into cash and bought an annuity for himself.

"Annuity?" That cry had come simultaneously from Laura, Ernest, and George. Uncle Aubrey, with his roseate cheeks and old age blown sky-high by that single ominous word, found himself for once incapable of speech.

It was Tishy who broke the stunned silence, which now ensued. "But I don't understand," she said, with a bewildered look round the room. "What's all the hoo-ha about? Why shouldn't dear Christopher have bought an annuity, or whatever it was? Please explain, Daph!"

It was Laura who answered. "Because Cousin Christopher, by his mean and selfish behaviour, has left us penniless, that is all!"

"Oh, come off it, Lolley!" said George indignantly. "You and Ernest have nothing to grouse about. So long as Ernest doesn't get sacked—and they never sack Civil Servants—you'll be no worse off than you were. It's the rest of us that are in the car!"

He turned to Humphrey. "Isn't there anything left in the kitty at all, old man?"

"Why not give Mr. Merivale a chance to finish the story?" suggested Daphne. "So far, all he has been able to tell us is that Cousin Christopher bought an annuity. Please go on, Mr. Merivale."

"Certainly. Mr. Craddock's annuity, of course, has ceased with his death and the large capital sum that was required to purchase the annuity is gone beyond recall."

Uncle Aubrey frowned softly—"but the residue of the estate remains. The lease of this house has a little while to run and there is a considerable balance at Mr. Craddock's bank."

"After certain necessary deductions have been made," Humphrey continued—"legal expenses—death duties—there should be a cash balance in favor of the estate of nearly one thousand pounds."

"Quite a lot!" said Tishy, approvingly.

"Among six of us!" commented George.

"No. Five. Ernest doesn't come into this at all. Do you, Ernle darling?" Once more

Tishy was conscious of Daphne's warning glance.

"I have almost finished the will. Next comes the remainder of the lease, as bequeathed by Mr. Craddock's cousin, Miss Dora Craddock."

All eyes were turned to Daphne. "To me?" she exclaimed incredulously.

"Absolutely."

"But—Daphne's dismay was self-evident—don't want it! I simply couldn't!"

Humphrey silently handed her the will. Next moment Tishy had leapt to her feet and was eagerly scrutinizing the closing paragraph of Daphne's shoulder. "It's true," she cried. "Bless you, darling. She kissed her suppliant affectionately."

But Laura was on her feet too, by this time. "That's announced simply, 'is an outrage!'"

She was answered at once by Uncle Aubrey with unusual warmth and complete sincerity:

"It is nothing of the kind, Laura. It is a piece of the roughly well-deserved good fortune for Daphne. Congratulations, my dear! He knew his niece with some statesman's self-centred old sentiments though he was, he was quite incapable of grudging his friend's good fortune."

"Same here, sister," said George. "If the stuff was worth splitting up, you were the one to get it."

"You're all sweet," murmured the heiress, obviously near to tears.

There was an aversive silence. George broke the tension. "I think," he announced, "that this is an appropriate moment to come from labor to refreshment. Hand round that tray, Tishy, my girl!"

After his second glass of sherry, Uncle Aubrey's thoughts slid back to the mystery of the annuity. Daphne's legacy had already been assessed from his mind as a much smaller change, but—other business? What not have induced old Christopher to—well—play such a trick on him? On the other hand, of course; but then they were young. What was the sense of the riddle? Was it possible that suddenly occurred to him that this might be one of Christopher's "unpleasant surprises, and that after giving everybody concerned a fright, the will would be found to contain some saving clause or codicil which would put everything right? He must have a word with young Merivale about this, and there was no time like the present.

He rose and joined Humphrey and Daphne, who were deep in conversation on the sofa.

"You were certainly right about the surprise, Merivale," he said. "What could the motive have been in squandering all his money on an annuity? Why did he do it?"

"I think I can explain that, sir," said Humphrey.

"He has just explained it to me," Daphne announced. "Of course, he is quite right. She turned to Humphrey. "What did he say?"

"The annuity," he said, "brought Mr. Craddock a much larger income than any interest on his investments could have done; large enough, in fact, to maintain him in a very standard of living."

Humphrey hesitated for a moment—"provide for his needs of a considerable house hold."

"Meaning us," said Tishy with a vigorous nod—"all of us! Bless his heart!"

"All the same," said Daphne. "It wasn't a bit like old Christopher to pull a fast one on us. He's on anybody's side above all."

"That is quite true," agreed Uncle Aubrey. "I wonder if this document represents his final intentions in the matter. Is there no other evidence any kind—any later document which might—"

"It is odd that two should ask that," Humphrey murmured. "Mr. Craddock did not

COUSIN CHRISTOPHER, BY IAN HAY

document of a rather kind."

"What does it say?"

"I'm afraid I can't say. It was not addressed to you."

"It was to me," said Daphne. "At least it was given to Mr. Merivale by Christopher to be handed over to me, but not to be opened."

"Here it is," she said, handing over the small cylindrical package, sealed, and addressed to herself.

Uncle Aubrey heaved a sigh of heartfelt relief. "As I thought," he announced. "The old fellow was keeping a card up his sleeve all the time. How very, very like him! His final surprise! Hadn't you better open it for me, and read it?"

"It can't be read," said Daphne. "It's one of his talking letters."

"Well, can't you slip this one to the reproducing machine, or whatever it is called, and listen in? The letters may be very important."

"I know. That's why I haven't opened it yet; I want everybody to be here when I do. But my solicitor—"

"He's called at Humphrey's—doesn't he?"

"My feeling," said Humphrey, "is that this communication may very likely contain something intended for Daphne's ear alone. I think I should listen to it, first of all in private. It might prove awkward for me, and for the others, if there was any damage."

"I'm willing to risk that," said Daphne promptly. "I don't want anybody to feel that they are being kept out of anything, especially now."

"In that case," announced Uncle Aubrey, rising with some alacrity, "the sooner we are up to Christopher's room and put the record on the machine the better."

They were all assembled in Christopher's room and presently all were seated, most of them as far as possible from the empty bed and as near as possible to Christopher's "cave-in" and the full gramophone.

"Amid a profound silence Daphne, assisted by Humphrey, slipped the record into the contraption on the music table and pressed the twin. There was a preliminary purr as the mechanism came to life, and then, clear, gentle, and uncanonically alive, came the old familiar voice:

"Daphne my daughter, for what I want to myself that you are—by the time this message reaches your hands, my young friend Merivale will have informed you of the contents of my will. The news contained in that document will come as a surprise to you, and perhaps prove a little embarrassing, especially if you are sharing it, as you probably will be with certain other highly interested third parties at this moment."

"Some of these may be serious, I know why they have been kept entirely in the dark as to my present financial circumstances and consequent testamentary dispositions. In other words, why has Cousin Christopher led them so far and so wantonly up the garden path?"

"To that perfectly natural query my reply must be that I do not propose to offer any explanation whatever. Why I hope you may discover that for yourselves in the course of time."

Laura Loxley rose majestically from her chair, and Daphne hastily switched off the record.

"If you will forgive us, Uncle Aubrey," said Laura, "it is time Ernest and I went home for lunch."

"Won't you stay and lunch with me, Lollie?" asked Daphne. "We can manage."

"Thank you; we have our own ration-books, come, Ernest and I will be here in all ten minutes later at the door."

"Poor old Ernest!" remarked George. "Switch on again, sister."

Daphne complied, and Cousin Christopher resumed.

"And now, my dear, I should like to tell you something which is not mentioned in my

will—namely, that I hope you yourself will regard your little inheritance as a sort of trust fund, to be administered by you for the good of the family as a whole. I know you would have done this in any case, but perhaps you would like to have official sanction for your good intentions."

"I think that is all I need say, except goodbye. No, there is one thing more I can almost hear someone remark at this point: 'How very characteristic of Christopher all this is! So vague, so elusive, so imprecise, so deliberately mischievous! Let me assure you of this, my dear. I would never, never set out to sport wantonly with anyone's feelings, least of all at this moment. I love you all. Cradock and Bellamy's all, from dear old Aubrey upwards, and always have done, ever since I gathered them under my roof—the whole happy-go-lucky, improvident, irresponsible gang of them; and I only ask that in their turn they will show themselves tolerant towards the memory of a rather self-centred, solitary, eccentric old bachelor. That's all—for the present, anyhow. Goodbye."

Daphne switched off, and the whole company sat silent. For the moment they had forgotten their new and strained circumstances; they were pondering Christopher's characteristic hail and farewell.

"Tishy was the first to speak. 'I'm afraid he did feel pretty solitary at times,' she said. 'We have been rather a lot of cads, you know.'

"You were right about one thing, sister," said George to Daphne. "He did notice things he noticed everything. He had our numbers all right. 'Happy-go-lucky, improvident, irresponsible! That pretty well sums us up—except you, of course. What's on your mind, Uncle Aubrey?'"

"I was wondering," replied that gentleman, who for the past few minutes had been frowning heavily into space, "just what that last sentence of his meant: 'That's all—for the present, anyhow!'"

"We mustn't overlook the fact that this message is addressed to Miss Cradock, and not to all of you," said Humphrey in a very legal voice.

"Lunch is quite ready," announced Daphne firmly, "and no one is to mention wills, or annuities, or being broke, or anything else, for the rest of the day. We'll hold a mass meeting tomorrow, if you like. But no more today, please! Her voice shook as she turned to Humphrey: "Can you come tomorrow?"

Humphrey replied that he would certainly come tomorrow. "What about dining quietly somewhere with me tonight?" he added. "Then we could draw up an agenda of some kind—to lay before the mass meeting. That might be a help."

"Thank you, Humphrey," replied Daphne gratefully.

It was the first time, Humphrey reflected, that he had ever been so addressed by his love. Obviously she was not quite herself today, poor angel, and no wonder. Still, his heart glowed foolishly.

It was an unusually subdued but by no means despondent Uncle Aubrey who sat down to breakfast with Daphne next morning. Neither Tishy nor George had as yet put in an appearance.

"I hope you and your solicitor enjoyed a pleasant dinner, my dear," he said.

"Yes; and we had a long talk afterwards."

"What did he suggest you should do, in the face of present circumstances?"

Daphne smiled. "First tell me what you would do yourself."

"I haven't the faintest idea. But I can tell you this: if I stood in your little shoes at this moment, I'd grab the whole of that ten thousand pounds or whatever it is, clear the whole lot of us out of this house bag and baggage, dispose of the lease of the house itself, and enjoy the proceeds."

"You know perfectly well you'd do no such thing," said Daphne composedly.

"And why not?"

"Because you're much too kind-hearted."

Aubrey shook his head. "If you'd said weak-minded, my dear, you would have been nearer the mark. But of course you're right in what you say; I wouldn't be capable of any such action. And why? Because that would mean unpleasantness all round, and unpleasantness is a thing I'd walk a mile to avoid. I never was the aggressive, go-getting type. I have always preferred to drift with the current, if possible in the sunshine, and hope that things will come my way. In other words," concluded Aubrey, with sudden and surprising candor, "I am a drone by nature and a parasite by inclination."

Daphne turned to him in real concern. "You're nothing of the kind, darling, and I won't allow you to talk any more nonsense. I've never heard you do it before."

"Probably not, but the events of the past twenty-four hours have shaken me up considerably—especially Christopher's farewell to us. It was so utterly kind, and so utterly—what shall I say?—disconcerting. It gave me a much-needed reminder of what I really am—at any rate, what I've allowed myself to become—an agreeable, sociable, fairly entertaining and entirely useless old rotter."

In answer, Daphne put her arms round Uncle Aubrey, and kissed him. Presently he raised his head, and smiled. The fit of self-revelation was passing.

"Don't be too sympathetic, my dear," he said. "It isn't really necessary to assure you that my present mood is entirely ephemeral. In an hour or two, after a couple of sherries, let us say, I shall be my old, ebullient, optimistic self, facing the future with my eyes as lightly closed as ever. But during the brief period for which they are likely to remain open, I want to help you in coming to a sensible decision about our immediate problems. Have you made any yourself?"

"Yes, one; and I'm quite clear about it."

"Ah, what?"

"This. You are all going to stay on in this house for as long as I can manage."

"But my child, think—!"

The front-door knocker sounded smartly. "That's Humphrey," announced Daphne.

"I think we should turn the whole place into a private hotel, or hostel, or something, and run it ourselves. You can all do a job of work for your living. What do you think, everybody?"

Uncle Aubrey was the first to answer. "An admirable arrangement!"

"What does Humph think?" demanded Tishy.

"I don't know," said Daphne. "I only sprang the idea on him last night, and he asked for time to turn it over." She turned to her legal adviser. "Have you done that?"

"I have."

"And what—?"

"Spill it, Humph," urged Tishy.

"I think the idea is first-rate. There was a murmur of gratification at this—"but in its present form a bit too ambitious. It just wouldn't work. I've talked things over with my father, and he agrees with me."

"Why wouldn't it work?" demanded Tishy.

"Well, think what you would be letting yourselves in for. In the first place it would mean working all round the clock, seven days a week. But there are alternative schemes. May I suggest one? Why not drop the idea of taking in whole-time boarders, and be content to convert part of these premises—its a very big house and a very well-furnished one—into some sort of social club? A bridge club perhaps?"

"Now we are really getting down to earth," said Aubrey. "Thank you, Merivale."

"It certainly would be a blessing not to have people under one's feet all round the clock," agreed Daphne.

"They'd want drinks, of course," said George.

Daphne turned to Humphrey. "Could we get a licence?" she asked.

"I don't see why not. I think I could fix that up."

"This chap's infallible," commented George.

"You will each be employed on the job you can do best," continued Daphne. "and you'll each have a salary."

"Have you decided how each member of the family is to be employed?" asked Humphrey.

"Of course!" replied Daphne confidently, her natural buoyancy now restored. "To begin with, here is the Club Secretary sitting right beside me. She indicated the blushing Uncle Aubrey. "That means, darling, that you will be responsible for general management, the wine list—"

"Willingly. What are you going to be yourself, my child?"

"Housekeeper. Catering, and so on. Tishy can be the barmaid; she's a teetotaler."

"What are you going to do with George?"

Daphne's brows puckered. "George is certainly our problem-child," she agreed. "But we'll think of something presently, something well within his powers."

"Chucker-out?" suggested the problem-child, flexing the muscles of his arms and drumming his hands on his chest.

"It is not going to be that sort of club, Tarsan!" Daphne puckered her brow in thought. "I've got it!" she exclaimed presently. "We'll have a Club car, bought on the Never-never of course, and George shall drive it."

"Excellent," said Uncle Aubrey.

"We can charge ten bob a head for driving people home at night," resumed Daphne. "That should easily pay for the upkeep of the car—and the instalments, with luck. You can keep your tips, George."

"I thank yew, one and all," said George humorously, and upheaved himself from the sofa. "Now I must be off."

"Just a moment. Are we going to bring Ernest and Lolly in on this?"

"Well, why not?" asked Uncle Aubrey. "Can you find suitable employment for them? Of course you can; why should I ask such a superfluous question?"

"I should like to bring Ern-

They'll whisper about you."



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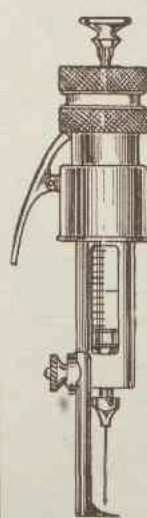
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est in as Treasurer. He's in the Treasury, so that should be all right."

"Are you suggesting that he should resign his position there?"

"Good Lord, no! He can do all our sums for us in the evenings. I don't suppose he would object to earning a little bit on the side," added Daphne. "Anyhow, we can but ask him."

"He'll agree all right," said Tishy. "Lolly will see to that."

"And what about the lovely Lolly?" asked George.

"I can make a suggestion there," said Uncle Aubrey. "Card-room Supervisor. She has the essential basilisk eye."

"She'll put the fear of death into the lot of them," corroborated George. "She'll love it. Well, so long, folks."

"Now," said Uncle Aubrey briskly, "let us be practical. First of all we must consider the simplest and easiest method of converting this pleasant domicile into a club."

"Well," said Daphne, after various details had been discussed very flippantly by Tishy at times, "I think we've made a promising start. We can get George's suggestions when he comes in. But there's just one more thing we must do right away—decide on a name for the Club."

"Why not The Campden Hill Club or even The Holly Lodge Club?" suggested Uncle Aubrey.

"What do you say, Humphrey?"

"Why not 'Bellamy's'—after all there's Crookford's?"

"Bellamy's? A real compliment," said Uncle Aubrey, disregarding the last suggestion. "But—somehow—I should not like to be made too conspicuous. Some of my friends might be amused."

"Then why not call it 'The Micawber Club'?" suggested Daphne suddenly.

"Why call a bridge club after a Dickens character, my child?" asked her uncle. "I don't quite grasp the implication."

Daphne caught Humphrey's eye. He had grasped the implication all right. So had Tishy, it was obvious.

"It's quite simple, dear," said Daphne. "What sort of a person was Mr. Micawber? Think!"

"I wonder why he didn't tell us about the annuity? You know I feel sure that he had been meant to tell us for a long long time. How sorry he was that when he was gone we must shift for ourselves, and all that. But—he simply couldn't! He kept putting it off and putting it off until finally it was too late. Could that have been it, do you think?"

"It may have been, my dear. But Christopher was never one to dither over a plain duty. He had too much character."

Daphne nodded agreement. "After all, you had known him longer than any of us," she said.

"Ever since he was a boy. Did he leave any farewell message, to you or any of the others?"

"He left me a talking letter." "What did it say?"

"Oh, just goodbye, with very sweet messages to all of us, especially me. But there was nothing in it that seemed to suggest—yes, there was, though. The very last sentence said 'Well, I think that's all—for the time being—just as if he expected to meet us all again quite soon. What did that mean?"

"He was a firm believer in the Hereafter, quite right too—and in the reuniting of friends in another world. We often talked about it together. He used to quote some lines from Shakespeare—as You Like It, I think—"

"Are you well."

"Hereafter, in a better world than this."

"I shall desire more love and knowledge of you."

I should like one of my friends to carve that on my tombstone one day. Meanwhile," continued the Applewoman, reverting to her brisk and business-like style of address, "what is going to happen to you all? This legacy of yours can't last for ever, you know, especially with such a household to support, and you can't be sure when, if ever, your Club will be able to pay its way. And

"So far as I remember he was particularly shiftless individual, frequently in debt."

"He was much more than that, darling. He was a born optimist, always hoping that something good would turn up. And that's what we are optimists! And that's what we are all hoping—that one day our Club will turn up—trumps! Now you get the idea?"

"Yes, I get it now," said Uncle Aubrey—quite erroneously had he known it. Very well—Micawber let it be."

The next few weeks were devoted to the entire Cradock—Bellamy household to the recruiting of members for the Micawber Club.

Humphrey Merivale on his part had already volunteered to perform the duties of Honorary Treasurer, Manager and Legal Adviser, and in consequence spent a good deal of time in arranging for minor structural alterations within Holly Lodge itself, the purchase of the necessary furniture and equipment, and, but not least, the securing of a licence to consume wine, beer, spirits, and tobacco on the premises. In all of which, needless to say, he was loyally aided and abetted by the Chatelaine of the Micawber Club.

Each member of the family naturally selected his or her own particular line of country for the rounding up of appropriate candidates.

Meanwhile, Daphne, despite other innumerable calls on her time and energy, had been busy in her own particular field of action among the comfortable houses and flats of Kensington.

She paid an early call upon the Applewoman, whom she had no difficulty in enlisting as a Founder Member. But first she had to recite to her friend the strange tale of Cousin Christopher's testamentary disposition of the annuity which expired with him, and of his bequest of the residue of his property to Daphne and Daphne alone.

"I wonder why he didn't tell us about the annuity? You know I feel sure that he had been meant to tell us for a long long time. How sorry he was that when he was gone we must shift for ourselves, and all that. But—he simply couldn't! He kept putting it off and putting it off until finally it was too late. Could that have been it, do you think?"

"It may have been, my dear. But Christopher was never one to dither over a plain duty. He had too much character."

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talking of households, what about Holly Lodge itself—your chief stand-by. How much longer has the lease to run?"

"Not long—about two years."

"Have you spoken to Mr. Merivale about extending the lease?"

"He was speaking to me about it only last night. I couldn't quite follow all he told me—but, Jane, I don't want to leave Holly Lodge!"

The Applewoman nodded. "Yes," she said, "naturally you would not be wanting to leave him there all alone, perhaps among strangers. And when I say 'him' I am not speaking of Aubrey Bellamy."

"Will you give Mr. Merivale a message from me?" Jane asked as Daphne rose to go.

"Of course."

"Tell him to come and lunch with me here, in my flat, at one o'clock tomorrow. Good night, my Glumdale-ditch."

Humphrey duly came to lunch with Jane Douglas on the following day, and stayed all afternoon.

Two months sped by, and the Micawber Club was ready to open. No ambitious structural alterations had been attempted, for Humphrey had made enquiries about an extension of the lease and said that nothing could be done in that direction.

In the small outer hall stood the Reception Desk, complete with Register, in charge of the versatile Lolly, now arrayed in the full regalia of a club hall-porter.

Upstairs the drawing-room was converted into the Card Room with the Card Room Superintendent's desk just inside the door. At the end of the landing the boudoir had become a ladies' cloakroom and next to it a thick tapestry curtain had been hung across the archway, which opened on to the passage leading to Cousin Christopher's room, for this corridor was to form no part of the Club premises.

Some thirty invitations had been issued and accepted by the newly elected members, each of whom had the privilege of bringing a prospective member as a guest to the Opening Night. Daphne and Uncle Aubrey took station in the lounge to greet the arriving guests.

Tishy, in her white linen Eton jacket and the "shortish" black skirt, was already standing to attention behind the bar. Upstairs, Laura Loxley was enthroned at her desk in the Card Room. Two floors higher in one of the smaller bedrooms, sat Ernest, as Treasurer, dependently engaged in calculating the amount of the Club's capital expenditure to date.

Outside the front door stood George, in chauffeur's livery, opening cab doors and touching his cap as to the manner born. He had declined firmly to be introduced or otherwise identified as a member of the family, arguing that if the members and guests were made aware that his name was Cradock, they might feel a certain delicacy about alighting the usual furtive coin into his palm.

The first arrivals were Jane Douglas and a pleasant, slow-speaking woman of about her own age, whom she introduced as Lady Wivelsfield.

"Will I take Lady Wivelsfield up to see the Card Room?" Jane asked Daphne.

"Please go up," said Daphne. "We shall be starting two or three tables almost immediately under Lolly's supervision."

The next arrivals were the Strodes, Uncle Aubrey immediately appropriating Mrs. Strode, and the pair were soon engaged, at one of the little tables in exchanging soulful reminiscences of glamorous nights under a Mediterranean moon.

Jessie Strode lost no time in enrolling herself as assistant barmaid, and was promptly deputed by Tishy to

circulate among the guests and solicit orders.

Daphne, basely deserted by her too susceptible uncle, and coping to the best of her ability with an increasing stream of arrivals, felt genuinely grateful when Humphrey Merivale, appearing as usual just when he was needed most, took Aubrey's place by her side. He looked very handsome in his dinner jacket, she noted.

"Thank you so much," she said. "I'll tell you who everybody is as they arrive. They're your clients now, in a way—Hullo, here's Tishy's principal boy-friend. Good evening, Wilf dear. So sweet of you to come. This is Humphrey Merivale. By the way, it seems a long time since we saw anything of you. What have you been doing?"

Mr. Buck was understood to say that he had been on a course.

"A course of what? Slimming?"

"Oh, no. Training."

"What sort of training?"

"Well, the fact is," replied Wilfred in hesitant tones, "I made up my mind a month or two ago to be a—"

"Mr. and Mrs. Walter Podmore!" vociferated Banks from a range of about six feet. "And Mrs. Mawkins!"

More people continued to arrive, and Banks' utterance grew quite breathless. Daphne turned to Humphrey. "This place is getting overcrowded," she said. "Will you please send Uncle Aubrey and tell him it is high time he chased some of the mob upstairs into the Card Room?"

Humphrey departed at speed, and Daphne was left to hold the fort alone.

Humphrey had done his job well and Uncle Aubrey and Mrs. Strode had been followed upstairs by at least half the company. Five bridge games, reported, were already in progress.

"Good work, Humphrey," said Daphne.

"Now," said Humphrey, who was still surprised at the beauty of his own christian name, "we've simply got to decide what we are going to do about these prospective members who have been brought here tonight on approval."

"How'd you mean?"

"Our original idea," said Humphrey, "was that if after tonight's guests had inspected the Club, they felt they'd like to join, their proposers would put 'em up for election in the usual way and they'd be vetted and balloted for in committee. That, as I say, was the idea—but I realised just now when I was hounding the brutes upstairs, that an entirely different impression seems to have got about: that any guest here tonight became a member automatically, if he wanted to. This is most unfortunate, because one or two of them are quite impossible."

"They're absolutely the end," agreed Daphne.

"There's only one thing to be done, tell 'em there's been a mistake and they aren't members yet. Then we can eliminate the undesirables."

Daphne hesitated.

"I don't want to start off by hurting people's feelings," she said. "I mean the feelings of the real members who've introduced guests. It wouldn't be nice for them to have to tell their candidates they're not considered sufficiently house-trained to be accepted without question."

"A bit of a slap in the face with a wet fish, I'd say."

Such a remark could only have issued from Tishy's rosebud mouth. Daphne and Humphrey turned to see her leaning "all-ears" across her chair in their direction. Wilfred Buck was in attendance, leaning on the bar, but in her direction.

"I heard every word you fellows were saying," continued Tishy.

"Then what do you suggest, Dornmouse?" asked Humphrey sweetly.

"Accept the whole lot and lump it. We don't want chaps to think we're snobs. Make 'em all members. It's looked provocatively at Humphrey's direction. "Or isn't legal, Humph dear?"

"I don't like it. It's unsatisfactory, probably, and some of the people are concerned are disagreeable—it's expedient."

"Cor!" said Tishy. "Jus' listen ter 'im!"

"But this sort of slap-dash arbitrary law-making is a snob," remarked Humphrey with unaccustomed earnestness. "We must not take important decisions on impulsive matters of policy. How I agree: no unpleasantness on the opening night. I'll upstairs and tell Mr. Banks as Club Secretary, that we can tell all the guests in a Card Room that they may regard themselves as full members from this moment on." He smiled at Daphne and lightly upstairs.

There was silence for a minute or two. Then Tishy remarked, to no one in particular: "A queer thing, a legal mind, children. As I mattered in the least—"

"It matters a great deal," said Daphne. "We must remember that we are a registered body, with a name, and that we must maintain a continuous record of our proceedings, and at all costs our finances straight. Otherwise the law—"

"Ah—" said Wilfred. "That's very important," he nodded owlishly.

Having thus drawn attention to himself, he attacked by Tishy.

"What have you been to, Wilf? You haven't been near me for weeks!"

"I've been on a course!"

"That's what he said," corroborated Daphne. "But you didn't say what sort of a course, Wilf. Tell us."

"A Course of Training. Training for what?"

"To be a policeman!"

The startled silence which followed this announcement was broken as usual by Tishy. "Do you realise what he has just said, my lady?"

"A policeman? Training to be a policeman? There's an unusual note of definiteness in Wilf's reply this time. A copper?"

"Yes."

"Why not?"

"Wait a minute," said Daphne, as Humphrey and downstairs again. "Humphrey come in and listen to Wilf. He's going to be a policeman. A friend at Court told me," smiled Humphrey.

"You were about to tell why you'd decided to join the Force," said Tishy, adding pompously, "Pray continue, Mr. Buck. And it'd be better good."

"Well, one simply has to be something," explained Wilfred. "And I'm not really keen at anything much, so I'm modestly, 'and not quite fit."

Humphrey nodded sympathetically. "I fancy your education has been a great deal interfered with in recent years," he said.

"Yes. But it seemed to me that being a policeman was much the same as being a soldier. So I decided to take a bash at it. I enlisted three months ago."

"And you never told us," said Tishy.

"No. If I had made a fool of it there would be no one to tell anybody."

His expression was so grateful that the general laughter it generated almost drowned the sound of Banks' words as he announced:

"Lady Dunham-Murray!"

"I'm afraid I'm shaking late," Miss Cradock, said the lady bearing down on Daphne. "What a charming place! She bestowed a flattering, but none the less genuine, smile upon Humphrey and Wilfred, and are you, my dear?"

"Dan's hand warmly," guest insisted on my acquaintance with him first. My husband abroad, you know."

"You've brought a present, I'm so glad."

"He's just handing it

COUSIN CHRISTOPHER, BY IAN HAY

and coal. He's most
in the Club, for a
many of the members
and friends of his I think
well consent to be
a member himself."
"He's only just caught the
idea," observed Tishy.
"It's automatic, but
won't be so easy in the
club. You see—"
"Something in Daphne's ex-
pression made her stop."
"Why be it," Lady Dun-
gham was saying.
"Come along in Major An-
struther!"
Tishy directed a beaming
face towards Daphne
and then towards Humphrey.
"As she saw exceeded her
best expectations."
"Quite too divine!" She
said emphatically at the
figure in the doorway.

Major Anstruther soon
himself popular in the
Anstruther Club, especially
the lady members.
The male members of the
club were somewhat detached
views. But the
lady, who were for the
part middle-aged and
a tolerant disposition,
found Anstruther likeable

It was some months later
on the surface all seemed
the plain sailing.

But all in the Treasurer's
Ernest was far from
satisfied and had just given
some and Humphrey a par-
ticularly bad report.

"We have," said Ernest,
"Micawber. Micawber,
dear well, we are pained,
I simply do not see
we can keep our heads
above water. Here are the
outstanding facts and figures."

He handed Daphne a type-
written sheet of paper. "You
will see that the balance in
the bank at the close of busi-
ness yesterday that is, is only
one hundred and eighteen
pounds five shillings, and—er
disappointing."

"But Daphne's cry was in-
stantaneous and her hands
trembled as they held up the
paper. She had never dreamed
that matters were as serious
as this."

She looked blankly towards
Humphrey and his heart
ached over at the look of hurt
in her eyes. "The balance in
the bank," he said, "is only
one hundred and eighteen
pounds five shillings, and—er
disappointing."

"Did you see, Major?" she
said professionally.
"No, if you please," replied
Anstruther. "Just up to the
point. Thank you. Is your
balance here tonight?"

"It'll be somewhere about,"
he said, "a little over a
hundred pounds. The balance
in the bank is only one
hundred and eighteen
pounds five shillings, and—er
disappointing."

"Was there a curtain across
the passage?" asked Humphrey
sharply.

"I rather think there was."

"Who was showing you
round?"

"Miss Bellamy."

"I see. And she took you to
see the rooms beyond?"

"Yes. A quite admirable
little suite, practically self-
contained."

"I know," Humphrey looked
across at Daphne, who was
gazing into the dancing fire-
light, oblivious of the discus-
sion. She was very lovely—

He pulled himself together
and continued, "The Club has
ample accommodation for its
members already."

"That may be," said
Anstruther, "but, by keeping
these rooms unoccupied aren't
you throwing away rather a
valuable asset?"

"I don't quite understand."

"What I mean is, if you do
not require these rooms your-
selves, why not sub-let them
to somebody?"

"To whom?" asked Aubrey
with interest.

Anstruther smiled. "To me!"

"To you?"

"Yes—as representative of a
little Society in which I am
interested. They were evicted
last week—Er—they are
looking for new quarters."

Seeing her father Tishy
called: "Major Anstruther
wants a word with you."

Uncle Aubrey was all affec-
tion at once. "By all means.
This way, my dear fellow."
The pair disappeared into
Aubrey's sanctum.

"I am speaking, Colonel,"
said Anstruther, a few
minutes later as Uncle Aubrey
replenished his guest's glass,
"as a man who has had some
experience in the running of
social clubs. This establish-
ment of yours interests me
immensely. It has a domestic
atmosphere all its own, if
I may say so. Quite a family
affair. Are you running it for
fun—as a sort of hobby?"

"Yes, one might call it that."

"Rather an expensive one,
I should imagine. Does the
club pay its way?"

"Oh, yes," said Uncle Aubrey
slyly, "and if it didn't,
we can always redress the
balance by enlisting further
members."

"Quite right. But that is
where you must be careful,
my dear Colonel. You must
keep the place select."

"Now"—Anstruther paused
for a moment, surveying his
fatherly—"may I offer a
suggestion? Supposing you
were able to increase your
income without electing fresh
members—what then?"

"Ah, if only one could!" said
Uncle Aubrey. "What is this
miraculous suggestion?" He
rose from his chair. "I would
like my niece Daphne to hear
what you have to say. May I
call her in?"

"By all means."

"Thank you," Aubrey opened
the door and looked out in-
to the hall. Daphne and
Humphrey appeared descend-
ing the stairs. Daphne was
carrying Ernest's dismal in-
terim balance-sheet.

"The Major and I," Uncle
Aubrey informed them, "are
proposing to hold a little
symposium on what may be
a matter of some importance.
Will you join us?"

"All right," said Daphne
without enthusiasm, glancing
at the paper in her hand.

"Come along, Humphrey."

"First of all," said An-
struther, "if what I am going
to say to you should sound
in any way interfering or offi-
cious, stop me without hesi-
tation."

"We won't want to stop
you," said Uncle Aubrey.

"Thank you. I will come to
the point at once: this club is
being run, if I may say so, on
too modest a scale. What I
mean is, you are not making
full use of your available
accommodation here. I re-
member when I was first
shown round as a new mem-
ber, noticing some unoccu-
pied rooms on the same floor
as the Card Room—down a
passage—"

"Was there a curtain across
the passage?" asked Humphrey
sharply.

"I rather think there was."

"Who was showing you
round?"

"Miss Bellamy."

"I see. And she took you to
see the rooms beyond?"

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selves, why not sub-let them
to somebody?"

"To whom?" asked Aubrey
with interest.

Anstruther smiled. "To me!"

"To you?"

"Yes—as representative of a
little Society in which I am
interested. They were evicted
last week—Er—they are
looking for new quarters."

"What sort of a little
society?" asked Humphrey.
Anstruther smiled again.

"We term ourselves a Dis-
cussion Group."

"Good Heavens," inter-
jected Aubrey. "I beg your
pardon," he added quickly, re-
covering himself, "but I
thought you said discussion
group."

"I did, Colonel. Not that
we discuss anything in par-
ticular, but it makes us all
feel important. Occasionally
we sit round and debate some
not very denatable topic, but
it's mainly a small social
club, meeting only in the
evenings and sometimes in-
dulging in a hand or two of
whist."

"Whist!" Uncle Aubrey was
obviously shocked to the mar-
row. "Well, I'll be—"

"Exactly! But whist is at
least a guarantee of re-
spectability! There are two
excellent rooms in this wing.
My suggestion is that the
larger of the two should be
reserved for the debates and
the whist; the smaller could
serve as a reading-room,
where members could study
the evening papers and gos-
sip. The lady members would
appreciate that."

"There are lady members,
too?" Uncle Aubrey's interest
was increasing.

"Oh, yes. Now"—Major
Anstruther looked inquiringly
about him—"what is your re-
action? I may add that I
have, of course, no axe to
grind in the matter: I am
merely offering myself as a
go-between."

There was silence. Daphne
was still busy with her own
fearful thoughts.

"As the Micawber Club's so-
called Honorary Legal Ad-
viser," said Humphrey at
length, "might I ask a few
questions?"

"I should welcome them."

"Would your Society want
to enter the Micawber Club
premises as well?"

"Oh, dear, no."

"That could easily be con-
trived," said Uncle Aubrey.
"They could use the side-
staircase, which leads from
the outer hall right up to that
wing. They need not pass
through the lounge at all."

"Then the amenities of the
Micawber Club would not be
affected in any way," said
Anstruther. "And we'd keep
the premises clean; my old
soldier-servant Gimblett and
his wife would look after
that."

"The next item, Major,"
said Humphrey, "is the ques-
tion of finance. What are your
Society's views on the subject
of rent?"

"I suggest a sum of five
guineas per night. Since our
members do not meet every
evening of the week—the
average is usually four—this
would bring you in about
twenty guineas a week, or
roughly a thousand a year.
As a guarantee of good faith
the Society would be prepared
to deposit one hundred pounds
in advance. Would that be
satisfactory?"

"Quite, quite!" This from
Uncle Aubrey, whose ears
were buzzing incredulously.
Here were pennies from
heaven indeed. "Almost hand-
some, and may I say, gener-
ous."

But Humphrey Merivale cut
him short. "Forgive me, sir,"
he said, "the decision in this
matter rests entirely with
Miss Cradock. Holly Lodge is
her property."

"Quite, quite," said Uncle
Aubrey soothingly. "I was
merely expressing my own
humble point of view. Still—
another thousand pounds a
year! What have you to say
to that proposal, Daphne, my
dear?"

Daphne did not reply im-
mediately. Absorbed in her
disagreeable reflections, she
had taken no particular note
of what Anstruther was say-
ing, beyond the fact that he
seemed to be propounding a
theory that the best way to
save a sinking ship is to take
on board a further contingent
of passengers.

Then, with a start, she came
to herself. What had he said?
Something about a thousand
pounds a year. This, if she
heard aright, meant solvency,
freedom from anxiety, almost

affluence. The Club could
carry on; Uncle Aubrey
could spend his declining
years in comfort; George and
Tishy could be subsidised until
they had learned to stand on
their own feet. And—crown-
ing mercy of all—she would
not have to leave her beloved
Cousin Christopher's house.
He would understand the need
for his little Kingdom at the
end of the passage upstairs
to be invaded by strangers.
A Discussion Group! How he
would have chuckled at the
idea.

She looked up. "All right!"
she said suddenly.

Anstruther turned to Hum-
phrey Merivale. "Then we re-
gard the matter as settled?"
he said.

If Humphrey was taken
aback by Daphne's unexpected
decision, he did not show it.
"Practically," he replied
calmly. "Of course," he added,
"there are a number of details
to discuss before we can draw
up a written agreement."

"But my dear fellow," inter-
posed Uncle Aubrey, "surely
a formal agreement is hardly
necessary between—"

"I think so," cut in Hum-
phrey firmly. He turned to
Anstruther. "By the way, sir,
what is the name of your
Society?"

"The Pendennis Society."

"Pen dennis? Admirable?
Dickens and Thackeray united
under the same roof! A most
appropriate, if somewhat un-
expected, combination!" Aubrey
turned to Humphrey, who
was standing beside him.

"Don't you agree, my boy?"

"Quite a coincidence!" re-
plied Humphrey, with a covert
glance towards Major
Anstruther.

THE advent of
the Pendennis Society had
had much the same effect on
the Micawber Club as a well-
timed blood transfusion has
on a hospital patient at the
crisis of a serious illness: in-
stantaneous and recuperative.

The Pendennis Society
members appeared to be para-
gons of propriety, who were
seldom seen and never heard.

Only Gimblett, the major's
ex-butler, struck a false note
in this symphony of idyllic
respectability. He was a thin,
forbidding, sinister figure, and
Mrs. Gimblett, a tiny buzzing
insect of a woman with beady
eyes, made them a perfect
pair.

"The major tells me they've
heard of gold, Pops," Tishy
was saying to her father.

When Daphne and Hum-
phrey came in Uncle Aubrey
asked: "Did you have a good
dinner, you two?"

"It was lovely. Humphrey
took me to the ladies' annexe
of the Junior Paragon. We
talked business," Daphne re-
plied.

"Business?" Uncle Aubrey
was surprised. "What sort of
business?"

"Something we want to dis-
cuss with you, sir, as club
secretary."

"No time like the present,"
he said.

"Humphrey and I have de-
cided," she began, "it's high
time we found out exactly
where we stand."

"With regard to what, my
child?"

"The Pendennis—and Major
Anstruther. There's something
fishy going on."

Humphrey turned to Uncle
Aubrey.

"What Daphne means, sir,"
he explained, "is that the
Pendennis Society isn't quite
living up to its sponsor's or-
iginal specifications."

"To begin with," put in
Daphne in a governessy voice,
"they drink!"

"My dear Daphne!" Uncle
Aubrey indicated their own
glasses.

"Gimblett was seen last
night by Banks, who had
stayed on a little later than
usual, carrying a couple of
empty cases of champagne out
of the house, sir."

"But surely that is a mat-
ter for congratulation rather
than censure, Merivale?"

"So far as I am aware, sir,
they have no licence; they
are certainly not covered by
ours."

"Even so they are an en-
tirely private body, entitled

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perfume!

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to their own secrets and—
Daphne intervened.
"They are not secrets, that's
the trouble; they're known to
quite a lot of our own mem-
bers."
"How can that be, my child?
The two sets of premises are
entirely separate; the door at
the end of the passage lead-
ing to Christopher's wing has
been locked ever since they
took it over."
"Some of our members, sir,
have joined the Pseudennia
Society themselves," said
Humphrey.
"Tishy found that out,"
said Daphne. "Didn't you,
dear?"
"I did indeed, children."
"Who told you?"
"Banks, Pops. He's watched
'em sneaking up the side
stairs and they don't lead any-
where else. Q.E.D. Mrs.
Mordkin, Mr. Tracey-Jones—"
"Even so," commented the
ever-tolerant Aubrey, "there's
nothing wrong in belonging
to two clubs at once, I re-
member," he continued with
a reminiscent smile, "when
I belonged to no less than
four."
"That's not the point, sir,"
said Humphrey. "What really
matters is that Anstruther
has never reported these de-
velopments to you, or to
Daphne. Why not?"
"Well, my boy, I could
think of a number of reasons.
—Er—for instance— Yes—
and then—" he stopped
lambly.
"Can't you do better than
that, Pops?" asked Tishy
sweetly, pushing her parent
gently from behind the bar
and taking her rightful place
there. "And another thing,"
she said, "it's all terribly
rush and—keep-out-this-
means-you Only pukka mem-
bers are allowed in."
"How'd'you know?"
"Because, darling, Jessica
and I have tried to ease our
way in ever so many times,
but there was nothing doing.
Gimblet saw to that."
"Very officious of him,"
said her father severely, "I'll
speak to Anstruther about
it."
"Finally, sir," said Hum-
phrey, "those of our mem-
bers who have joined the
Pseudennia are not, I should
say, those most likely to en-
joy a hand of whist or a dis-
cussion—"
"And they're madly sec-
retive about what goes on,"
finished Daphne.
"Do you think," asked
Tishy eagerly, "they're a Sec-
ret Society or a Communist
Cell or something lovely like
that? That would be a thrill!"
"You seem to forget," said
Humphrey in his most legal
voice, "that whatever they
are, we are responsible for
them."
Tishy looked suitably con-
trite, but only for a moment.
Her vivacity returned in a
flash as Police Constable
Buck, W. entered the Lounge
from the outer hall. He was
in uniform.
"Oh, Grandmamma," she
cried, "what great big boots
you have! Doesn't he look
splendid? I'll come quietly
with you, darling, or isn't it
a raid?"
Wilfred replied that his was
a social call, he had dropped
in merely for a chat and a
drink before going on night
duty.
"Come over to the bar, dar-
ling," commanded Tishy,
"and have one for the beat!"
She looked over Wilfred's
shoulder and raised her voice.
"And you too, Major!"
She was now addressing her-
self to Anstruther who was
descending the main staircase
from the first floor. "We've
got a visitor and I don't think
you've met him."
Anstruther stopped short
half way down the stairs,
glanced at his wrist-watch
and gave a startled exclamation.
"I'd no idea it was so late,"
he exclaimed. "I'm already
ten minutes overdue. I must
fly. Please forgive me." He
turned somewhat abruptly
and vanished quickly up-
stairs.
"The White Rabbit!" said
Tishy. "So not you, Wilf, sit
down!" And she noticed that
Wilfred was staring after the
major with a puzzled frown
on his face, his drink un-
touched.

OUR COMPLETE NOVEL

"Is that chap a member?"
P.C. Buck turned to Uncle
Aubrey.
"He is, Officer—er—Mr.
Buck, and a highly popular
member too."
"What's his name, sir?"
"You met him on our open-
ing night, Wilfred," said
Daphne.
"I don't remember—"
"He only had eyes for me,
didn't you, pet face?" asked
Tishy.
"His name's Anstruther,"
said Uncle Aubrey.
The Strong Arm of the Law
shook his head.
"Oh, no it isn't, sir!" he
said.
For once the retiring Wil-
fred was the cynosure of
neighboring eyes. It seemed
to embarrass him; he
blushed.
"You must be joking, young
fellow," said Uncle Aubrey.
"You intrigue me more
every minute," purred Tishy.
"What is his real name, my
little P.C. 49?"
"I don't know," replied Wil-
fred.
"But you do know him?"
"Well, not exactly. I've
seen a photograph of him.
We know a lot about him.
And I'd go so far as to say
that it was my uniform that
soured him just now."
Having said so much—and
so little—P.C. Buck gulped
the remainder of his drink
and picked up his helmet.
"Good night, everyone—
and you, Tishy."
The front door banged.

HALF an hour
later Daphne and Humphrey
stood saying goodnight to one
another at the front door. Be-
hind them the Lounge was
full of people, for bridge had
ended for the night and the
Micawber Club was having its
night-nap.
"I'll put everything in hand
first thing tomorrow," Hum-
phrey was saying. "I'll tackle
Anstruther myself, and advise
him to resign his member-
ship here. If he does, things
need go no further; we can
just forget him. If he doesn't
I shall make it my business
to inquire into his past, if
need be with the help of
young Wilfred and my friend
Detective-Inspector Drake of
the C.I.D. But my impression
is that he'll take everything
lying down. He can't afford to
do otherwise."
"What about the Pseudennia
Society itself? Will there be
any legal difficulty in getting
rid of them?"
"None. You remember, I
insisted on a proper agree-
ment. There's a clause in it
which provides that we can
terminate their tenancy at
any time we like by giving
a fortnight's notice. I made
a particular point of that."
"You mean you had your
doubts about them from the
start?"
"I had my doubts about
Anstruther, and they were
more confirmed when he was
foolhardy enough to christen
his bogus Society 'Pseudennia'.
That was a bit too much.
Well, I must be off. I can
see you're all in, and no won-
der." He smiled down on her.
"But you can go to bed with
the comforting thought that
in a fortnight's time you'll
have complete possession of
Christopher Craddock's old
quarters again. That's what
really matters, isn't it?"
"It's the only thing that
matters," Daphne replied.
"Thank you for everything,
Humphrey dear!"
Then, suddenly and impul-
sively, she laid a hand on
Humphrey's shoulder, raised
herself on tiptoe, and kissed
him lightly on the cheek; then
she fled, hot-faced, back into
the house.
On the following day Uncle
Aubrey had been sent out to
cool his heels by Jane Doug-
lass, added and obeyed by his
daughter Tishy and his niece
Daphne. It was spring again
and it seemed that some more
than usually thorough clean-
ing was in process at Holly
Lodge.
"I'm shaking his shoulders
and swinging his cane he headed
for the Round Pond, deciding
that he would walk round it
three times before sitting
down to smoke a cigar.

He had completed one lap
of the course and was just
embarking on the second
when he noticed Police Con-
stable Buck in plain clothes,
obviously watching a party of
three children with a young
mentor of obvious foreign
extraction feeding some bored
water-fowl.
"Ah, Buck," he said, taking
off his bowler hat with a
courteously sweep. "Capital day,
eh?"
"Er—yes, sir," answered
Wilfred, pulling nervously at
the brim of his soft hat.
Wilfred cleared his throat.
"Can I see you, sir, please?"
"I don't know, my dear chap.
I'm here."
"No, I meant—can I talk to
you alone, please, sir?"
"Ah, a little confidential
chat, eh?"
"Yes, sir."
"You have something on
your mind?"
"Yes, sir."
"A difficult assignment, eh?
Well, duty before friendship.
Don't stand on ceremony. It
was a Far, Far Better
Thing."
Wilfred appeared to swallow
something large and bulky. "I
want to get married," he said
hushily.
"Indeed? And you want to
consult me, as an experienced
veteran in these matters?"
"Well, not quite—"
"You are anxious to choose
wisely, of course—pick a
winner in fact? I'm afraid I
can't give you any particular
advice there, because you
know the kind of girl you
want, and I don't, but you
were about to say—?"
"Tishy."
"Why do you want to bring
her into the conversation?"
"She's the one."
"One what?" asked Uncle
Aubrey.
"I want to marry her."
For a moment Aubrey re-
mained silent in astonishment.
"You want to marry my
daughter Tishy?" he asked
incredulously.
"Yes," replied Wilfred.
"My dear fellow! My dear
fellow, I'm so glad you've told
me. Now in my opinion—"
"So am I!"
"—before it has become too
late—" continued Uncle Aubrey.
"Too late?" exclaimed Wil-
fred in surprise.
"To avert such a disaster.
You mustn't marry her at any
price."
"Why?" Wilfred's voice now
showed genuine alarm.
"Wilfred—I may call you
Wilfred?—replied Uncle Aubrey
earnestly, "Tishy is my
only child, and I am extremely
fond of her. But I am not
blind to her faults, especially
since she has inherited most
of them from me. She is ir-
responsible, imprudent, casual,
self-indulgent, selfish to the
bone."
"I rather like the way she
goes on," replied Wilfred,
smiling in contemplation. "She
has such a lovely sense of
humor."
"You try a course of it—
non-stop—for twenty-four
hours a day, seven days a
week!" said Uncle Aubrey
grimly. "I've had it for nearly
twenty years."
Wilfred remained unmoved.
"I think we'd get along to-
gether all right."
"How?"
"Oh—you know," replied
Wilfred vaguely. "Firmness."
Uncle Aubrey looked in-
credulous. "Firmness?" he re-
peated.
"When I'd won her respect
and affection."
"My boy, there is only one
way to win the respect and
affection of young women like
my daughter, and that is to
be tough with them. What
Tishy needs is a husband who
will snub her, bully her, and
if necessary, knock her about
a bit. She'll simply adore
him."
"I see," Wilfred sounded
doubtful.
"Unfortunately, you're not
that sort of man."
"Oh, I don't know," replied
Wilfred thoughtfully.
"Have you ever knocked
anybody about?" asked Uncle
Aubrey with interest.
"Oh, yes."
"But only as a policeman?"
"Oh, no. Policemen aren't

allowed to knock people about.
They're only supposed to em-
ploy reasonable force."
"Then whom have you
knocked about?"
Wilfred braced his shoulders
reminiscently. "I was a Com-
mando for two years. I
have to go through a course
for that, you know."
"Commando? My dear boy,
why haven't we heard about
this before?"
"Nobody ever asked me! I
plied Wilfred simply.
"This alters everything. I
know I've never assumed
Commandos with gobs of
Silly of me, of course. But
and win, my boy, and
power to your elbow!"
With somewhat less reser-
vation, Wilfred replied, "Of
course I should have to
myself up a bit."
"Come back with me now,
Wilfred?"
"Oh, no, sir! I couldn't
it in cold blood. Besides, I
got to go and see my
about—about something."
"Quite understand, but
ness before pleasure, eh? It's
laudable—and I like to see
in my future son-in-law that
we see you tonight!"
"I—I—," he stood up and
squared his shoulders. "I
sir!"
Uncle Aubrey watched him
marching off across the lawn.
It had been an exciting
satisfactory morning and he
time had come for a glass of
sherry before luncheon. He
rose and headed for the
pausing occasionally to pet
dog or to chuck a cat
under the chin.
It was after eleven o'clock
that evening and the Micaw-
ber Club was closed for the
night. There must, however,
have been something of a
special interest for discussion
on the agenda of the Pen-
dennia Society, for a num-
ber of people, so that
had told Uncle Aubrey what
he signed off, had stood
their premises.
There had been no sign of
Wilfred, and Uncle Aubrey
was musing on the return
days. Now in his
—What might have been
pleasant and stimulating
ollections were rudely inter-
rupted by an over-impu-
knocking on the front door.
"He has worked himself up
hasn't he?" said Uncle Aubrey
admiringly as the door
reverberated to a repeat
tissimo of the first theme.
"To whom do you refer?"
asked Ernest.
"Young Lochinvar," replied
Uncle Aubrey as the door
continued even more loud-
ly. "I'd better let him in."
He crossed the Lounge, vaulted
into the outer hall, and opened
the front door with a flourish.
"Come in, my dear fellow,
be seated hospitably."
A uniformed policeman
stepped across the threshold,
and Uncle Aubrey was sur-
prised when he realised
that it was not Wilfred, but
strange policeman stood
one side to allow a large
in a mackintosh and a bowler
hat to enter, followed by a
second policeman in uniform
who Uncle Aubrey was sur-
prised to note was not Wilfred.
Bowler Hat ordered one of the
policemen to stay in the outer
hall; the other accompanied
him and Uncle Aubrey into the
Lounge.
"Detective-Sergeant Owen
C.I.D., sir," announced Bowler
Hat.
"Colonel Bellamy, at your
service," replied Uncle Aubrey,
not to be outdone. "Mr.
Loxley," he added, indicating
Ernest with a wave of his
hand.
Bowler Hat nodded towards
Ernest as Loxley's bowler
peered at the top of the
stairs.
"What was all that business
about?" she asked.
"The police, my dear,"
Uncle Aubrey in the
matter-of-fact tone of
"Sergeant Oliver—Mrs. Lox-
ley. We are all
of the Micawber Club."
Laura came slowly
stairs, she seemed
alarmed at the sight of

COUSIN CHRISTOPHER, BY IAN HAY

moment, at whom she stared indignantly.

"The Micawber Club is no secret of ours, sir," said the sergeant impatiently. "I understand there's another society club or society housed in these premises."

Laura's hand went up to her mouth to smother a faint smile.

"Quite right," replied Uncle Aubrey briskly. "The Pen-

denennis Society."

"But they're not a proper club," Laura spoke eagerly.

"So we've been informed," answered the Sergeant dryly.

"Are their premises, if I please, sir?"

"Upstairs in a separate part of the house," Uncle Aubrey declared the general direction in a vague wave of his hand.

"I'm going to pay them a visit," said Sergeant Oliver.

"Shall I take one of my men with me and leave the other in the hall?"

"I suppose," remarked Uncle Aubrey, "you're acting upon information laid by Constable Daphne?"

"Sergeant Oliver seemed surprised."

"Never mind whose information we're acting on, sir," he retorted. "Will one of you gentlemen be so kind as to see me on the way?"

"You show him, Ernest," said Uncle Aubrey, taking a step on the glass that contained his whisky and soda.

Ernest departed up the main staircase, followed by Sergeant Oliver and the constable of the uniformed

men.

"Laura, my dear—," began Uncle Aubrey and stopped, for Laura was no longer in the room.

He was alone and slowly halting, but his least words were heard by the

constable who had been waiting there for some time.

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interest, however, in these noises was distracted by something else: as she passed the curtain, which hung over the archway leading to the Pendennis Society's premises, it billowed out as if in a wind. This could not have happened, she was quick to realise, unless the door behind it was open. It was usually locked, as Tishy and Jessica had testified.

She pushed the curtain aside to find the door not only ajar, but unguarded. A clink of glasses and a curious soft click-click noise, accompanied by a low murmur of voices, came from Cousin Christopher's old bedroom.

She stepped purposefully down the corridor and opened the door. For a moment she stood still in the doorway, gazing at what she saw.

Sitting round a long green cloth covered table were a large number of people, some of them members of the Micawber Club. Piles of chips were stacked in front of them and playing cards were much in evidence, most of them in a wooden shoe-like receptacle. There were cries of "Banco!" and suchlike exotic terms, and champagne was, as the saying goes, flowing like water.

At the head of the table sat Major Anstruther, obviously acting as croupier, while in a corner of the room at a small table Gimblett was selling chips.

They were playing chemin de fer, affectionately known to the English as "chemmy."

Anstruther was the first to see Daphne. His expression of spurious bonhomie hardened, he half rose from his chair and opened his mouth—, but before he could say anything Laura burst into the room behind Daphne.

"Fly, Major Anstruther!" she cried in dramatic tones. "The police!"

There was a general disconcerted buzz of speculation and a number of people rose from their seats.

"There must be some mistake," said Anstruther smoothly, "dear Mrs. Loxley, you have been misled. Although he smiled benignly, his

general expression was hard and cold.

"No mistake, sir, I assure you," said a voice from the door, and Sergeant Oliver and his attendant constable stood there. Ernest could be seen hovering in the background.

"You're all under arrest," said Oliver. At this there was a minor pandemonium, stifled by Anstruther, who appeared to be calm and even smiling.

"Leave this to me, dear people," he said. "You must be mistaken, my good man."

"I don't think so," replied Oliver.

"These are private premises and these ladies and gentlemen are my personal guests."

"That is not my informant, sir. You can tell that story to the magistrate in the morning."

"Now, wait a minute, inspector."

"Sergeant, sir."

"Oh! You look like an inspector. Do you mean to suggest that my guests should accompany you to some dank and dreary police station?"

"No, sir."

"Then, again, sergeant," purred Anstruther. "I suggest that a list of their names and addresses is quite sufficient."

"All right," said the sergeant after a moment's thought. "Constable—"

His satellite took out a notebook and proceeded to take the necessary particulars.

"But," added the sergeant, "it is my duty to impound the stakes."

"I beg your pardon?" said Anstruther politely.

"I want all the money that's been paid into the canteen in return for chips."

There was a howl almost of anguish from a section of the assembled company.

"Really, sergeant—," began Anstruther.

"That's enough, sir. If you don't mind," the other answered, "seize and look the cash-box from Gimblett."

It seemed to be full to overflowing with bank notes. "All right, constable?"

The constable nodded.

"This you can go home now, ladies and gentlemen," announced the sergeant.

There was a quick movement towards the door and out into the passage.

The small room next to Cousin Christopher's had been adopted by Anstruther as a ladies' cloak-room, presided over by Mrs. Gimblett. But that lady was nowhere to be found and the door of the cloak-room was locked.

This intelligence raised the biggest howl of all, for it transpired that most of the ladies had left fur coats in there.

"All right, all right," said Sergeant Oliver, raising his voice above the general wailing. "You'll all leave the premises now; you can come back and fetch your belongings tomorrow morning. Come along, now, move along!"

Daphne, bitterly shocked at the use that had been made of Cousin Christopher's quarters, took this opportunity to escape downstairs, passing a second policeman in uniform at the archway leading to the first floor landing. The man seemed to be in a hurry.

Meanwhile Uncle Aubrey had not been alone in the lounge for long. Shortly after he had noticed Laura's absence, a latch-key was heard to click in the front door and George, in his chauffeur's livery, let himself in; he had driven a party home to Hampstead. He was obviously somewhat taken aback to find a policeman sitting in the chair behind Banks' desk. They stared at each other in a hostile fashion and then George edged himself gingerly past the desk into the lounge.

"Raided at last!" he asked his uncle cheerfully. "What's the form?"

"It's the Pendennis, not us," replied Uncle Aubrey, and then a sharp, efficient-sounding knock on the front door interrupted him.

"Sounds like reinforcements," said George. He opened the front door.

"Oh, it's you, Humph," he said in disappointed tones. Humphrey was standing outside the door with a tall

heavily built man in a blue overcoat and a soft black hat.

"This is my friend Inspector Drake," said Humphrey.

"Mr. George Craddock."

"Come in! Come in! The more the merrier, what?" He turned to usher the visitors into the hall. "That's rum," he remarked.

The policeman at the desk had disappeared.

Humphrey led the Inspector into the lounge and introduced him to Uncle Aubrey.

"I've come to pay a visit to the Pendennis Society," said Inspector Drake.

"The inspector kindly allowed me to accompany him," put in Humphrey. "I hold a watching brief for my client, the tenant of this house." He looked round. "Where's Daphne?"

"Upstairs somewhere," said Uncle Aubrey vaguely. "I was half expecting you, Inspector."

He went on. "Your advance guard has already arrived. In fact—the raid is on."

"What's that?"

"You'll find them upstairs. Sergeant Oliver and—"

"Who?" Drake sounded puzzled.

"Detective-Sergeant Oliver and two constables. One of them was in the hall, but he went upstairs when you came in."

Daphne came running downstairs.

"Humphrey!" she cried. "I'm glad you've come."

The constable who had been sitting at Banks' desk appeared on the stairs above her. He held a small automatic pistol in his hand.

"All right, folks!" he said. "Grab and fast, all of you. This is loaded."

"Who are you?" demanded Drake. "And why are you wearing a police officer's uniform?"

"Three guesses, cocky! Get behind the bar, all of you, and stay there!"

"Do as he says," ordered the inspector. He shepherded them to the bar, Humphrey taking care to keep between the pistol and Daphne.

"This isn't a police-raid at all, it's a head-up!" muttered Uncle Aubrey.

"Duck down behind the bar everyone," Drake spoke out of the corner of his mouth in an undertone. "Now!"

Down they all went and Drake pulled out a police-whistle and blew it lustily.

The front door, which the inspector had left on the latch, burst open and P.C. Buck appeared with two other uniformed constables.

He took a running jump at the man with the pistol and brought him crashing down with a flying tackle. The pistol skidded across the parquet floor, and Drake, darting out from the bar, picked it up.

Wilfred and the bogus policeman were rolling over and over in a fierce rough-and-tumble.

"Tishy, roused by the shots from her evening snack, erupted from the basement door, a sandwich in her hand. She stopped, gaping in horror at the scene.

"It's Wilfred!" she cried. "My darling Wilfred! Go on! Let him have it! Bite his ear! Sit on his head! Punch him on the nose!"

By this time Wilfred was getting the upper hand. He had his opponent on his face and was twisting one of his arms behind his back, while sitting on his legs.

"My hero!" exclaimed Tishy rapturously.

"Shut up!" roared P.C. Buck.

"Sorry, dear," replied Tishy meekly.

"That's the stuff, my boy!" said Uncle Aubrey approvingly.

"Let him up, Buck," ordered Drake, gesturing with the pistol. "Give him a hand with this customer," he addressed one of the other constables.

"Tell the others to meet me upstairs," he told the other.

"You'd better cover the side staircase," advised Uncle Aubrey. "It's the Pendennis Society's private bolt-hole."

"Come with me, Buck," said

Drake, as the other constable manhandled the gunman out of the front door.

Tishy politely handed Wilfred his helmet, which had fallen from his head in the struggle.

"You were super, my pet!" she said, gazing at him with wide eyes.

Wilfred grinned sheepishly and then, catching Uncle Aubrey's sardonic eye and remembering the morning's conversation, "Stand aside there!" he said gruffly and cast a satisfied glance in the direction of his future father-in-law. He clumped upstairs after Inspector Drake.

"I'd give a lot to know what's been on the upstairs," remarked Humphrey.

"I can tell you," said Daphne. "I was there."

And she proceeded to tell them all that had happened.

"Mrs. Gimblett," said Humphrey thoughtfully, "when she had finished her tale, 'It's all beginning to add up.'"

"What do you mean, Merivale?" asked Uncle Aubrey.

"Mrs. Gimblett's a servant of the Pendennis Society, isn't she?"

"Or isn't she?" questioned George.

"Exactly! My guess is that when the cloak-room door is opened the room will be found empty and the fur coats gone—with Mrs. Gimblett!"

Daphne turned to Humphrey. "You mean Mrs. Gimblett is in with the gang?"

"She's a founder-member of it, I should say. And if she is, so is the estimable Mr. Gimblett. And if he is—well, who else? I give you one guess."

"Anstruther!" exclaimed Uncle Aubrey.

"Yes—Anstruther. And that explains why the door wasn't locked tonight, so that the so-called police could get in. I'd say he planned the whole affair, right down to the key of the ladies' cloak-room."

At this moment Inspector Drake appeared on the stairs and called up behind him: "Bring him down here."

He came down into the lounge, followed a moment later by Wilfred and another policeman escorting Anstruther, as debonair as ever.

"Yes, Inspector, it's a fair cop," he said. "But you'll admit we very nearly got away with it. If you'd only popped in tomorrow night instead of tonight you'd have found your birds flown."

"That was why we came tonight," remarked the Inspector dryly.

"Well, after all, one can't expect to win every time, can one?" Anstruther turned to the others. "You'll forgive me, I know, but I'm afraid I must leave you. I hope I haven't outstayed my welcome. Good night, ladies. Remember me to dear Lolly."

Good night, Uncle Aubrey.

"I can't address you by your name, sir, because I'm not sure what it really is," replied Uncle Aubrey affably, "but good night to you!"

"Thank you," said Anstruther.

Inspector Drake touched him on the shoulder. "Come along, my lad. Get a move on!"

Wilfred and his fellow officer marched him out, and as he disappeared Anstruther turned and waved a smiling farewell to the rest of the company.

"A cheerful knave, anyhow," commented Aubrey.

"No wonder Lolly fell for him," added Tishy.

Daphne turned to the Inspector. "What about the ladies' fur coats? Have they really gone?"

Inspector Drake smiled. "No; they're still in the cloak-room—with Ma Gimblett."

"She'd locked herself in with them, I suppose?" asked Tishy.

"Yes—she was to wait until the customers had gone. She'd made a big bundle of everything when we got the door open. Well, the ladies have got their coats back, and we have got Ma Gimblett, so everybody is satisfied."

Loud voices were now audible, coming from the direction of the side staircase. Uncle Aubrey looked up. "The

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SPREADS LIKE BUTTER**

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of the prisoners, Inspector. "Another's clients, sir." "Are you going to lock them up?" inquired Tishy.

"No. They'll have to be released, of course, but they'll be sent to the workhouse."

"Inspector!" Ernest, obviously in a considerable state of agitation, came stumbling forward. "Inspector, I protest," he exclaimed.

"You can do that in the morning," replied the Inspector.

"A serious miscarriage of justice has occurred."

"They all say that."

"She was arrested in error," she endeavoured to explain.

"Who?"

"My wife."

"Jolly? Goilly?" exclaimed she excitedly.

"She holds the position of Assistant Superintendent to the Micawber Club," confessed Ernest.

"She merely got upstairs to ascertain the cause of the disturbance."

"She went up to tip off Tishy," whispered Uncle Aubrey to Tishy.

"Then she comes!" cried Tishy, as sounds of an argument came from the stairs.

Presently later Laura was escorted into the Lounge by a woman, who was holding a handkerchief to her nose.

"She's the only one who tried any resistance, sir," said the policeman to the Inspector.

"Interfering with a policeman in the execution of his duty," said the Inspector.

"She made my nose bleed," added the constable.

"Assault too?" Inspector Tishy looked severely at her.

"I didn't. He bumped it against my hand," protested she.

"Very well," continued the Inspector, "see that she's released."

"This Ernest could keep her no longer."

"He's waiting for me," she said, "I appeal to you! Exert your authority!"

"Uncle Aubrey took up the matter," said Tishy, "Inspector, I'm sorry, but I can't do it."

"But you're very sorry for that, sir, but there's nothing you can do for her."

"Remove the prisoner," he said.

"You'll only be fined a few pounds, Laura—or be bound over to keep her."

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"But you're very sorry for that, sir, but there's nothing you can do for her."

"Remove the prisoner," he said.

"You'll only be fined a few pounds, Laura—or be bound over to keep her."

"She's waiting for me," she said, "I appeal to you! Exert your authority!"

"Uncle Aubrey took up the matter," said Tishy, "Inspector, I'm sorry, but I can't do it."

Now two years after Cousin Christopher's death and almost a year since the "Sensation" had been held at the Kensington Residence, as The Kensington News had had it in its headlines, she was able smugly to contemplate the recent results that had happened had on the family, and the imminent arrival of Humphrey Merivale from a trip to America. There was no doubt in her mind that she was genuinely and very much in love with him, now that she could give her full attention to this agreeable state of mind.

Dear, darling, sweet Humphrey—She wondered if he would return wearing one of those "really sincere eight-color hand-painted ties."

She need not have worried, for the object of her affection was wearing a necktie of the tasteful colors of the Marylebone Cricket Club as he relaxed comfortably in his seat in the Stratocruiser heading eastwards above the Atlantic Ocean. He could not have looked more British even if he had dressed up as John Bull.

Humphrey was happy, doubly happy; once because he would shortly be seeing his beloved Daphne, and twice because he was returning in triumph from the hectic crowded glories of Washington to the sober drabness of Lincoln's Inn Fields with as pretty a piece of international litigation chained to his chariot wheels as you could wish to see. After a three months' battle with a bunch of American Legal Eagles, he had won hands down.

So overjoyed was he at hearing Daphne's voice again, that it was not until he was out of the telephone-box and half-way out of the building that he remembered another call he had to make in connection with the meeting in his office.

He went back to the box and tried to learn from the recipient of the call that three-fifteen would be more suitable than three o'clock.

From the telephone-box he saw a radiant Tishy, one arm through her father's and the other through Wilfred's stepping purposefully in the direction of a large hire car.

"Well! If it isn't Humphrey!" said a hoarse voice at his elbow. Only one person and ever called him by that uncomplimentary diminutive.

"Tishy!" he exclaimed and looked up. It was indeed Miss Letitia Bellamy as large as life and twice as attractive in her air hostess uniform.

"Fasten your safety-belt, if you please, sir," she said severely and winked. "We're just approaching Shannon."

Then, lowering her voice, she added: "Not long now before you'll be clasping Daphne to your manly bosom." She smiled wickedly and moved on to warn other passengers that they were about to touch down on the Emerald Isle.

A few hours later they reached London Airport.

"So long, Tishy," said Humphrey. "Do I tip you?"

"I'll let you off, Humph. See you soon, darling!"

As he walked down the steps from the aircraft, an inconspicuous and splendid sight met Humphrey's eyes. Among the small drab crowd gathered to meet and greet the travellers from the New World were two imposing gentlemen, one thin, elderly and debonair, the other solid, youthful and rugged; both were arrayed in top hats and striped trousers, both wore dark overcoats against the biting March wind, and underneath this outer covering there were obviously morning coats, both sported white carnations in their buttonholes and the younger also carried an enormous trailing bouquet of exotic out-of-season flowers.

"How good of you to bother to meet me!" cried Humphrey, waving a cheery hand, "but you needn't have brought me such lovely flowers, my dear fellow!"

"Ah, Merivale," said Uncle Aubrey in a distrait tone, his eyes flicking over the faces of the passengers as they disembarked. "This is no laughing matter."

"Certainly not," said Wilfred Buck grimly.

"What's it all in aid of, sir?" asked Humphrey.

"Tishy's getting married today, Merivale, to that buck Wilfred Buck. I should say. He's doing very well."

"That get-up'll strike terror into the hearts of the criminal classes," murmured Humphrey. "But," he added, "I was only talking of confidence in the plane and she didn't."

"She doesn't know yet," said Wilfred.

With polite expressions of

congratulations and good wishes for health, wealth and happiness, Humphrey departed in the direction of the Customs, through which he passed without incident and made for the nearest public telephone-booth.

"Is that the Royal East African Line?" he asked when he had got through. On being informed politely that it was, he asked if he might speak to no less a personage than Sir Stephen Dunham-Massey's private secretary. There were a number of efficient-sounding clicks, whirs and a ting, followed by a well-modulated musical voice, which said:

"Sir Stephen Dunham-Massey's secretary speaking. Can I help you?"

"You can indeed," said Humphrey.

"Who is it speaking?"

"Three guesses."

"Humphrey! Darling!" said Daphne. "Where are you?"

"At the airport, darling. Can you get off this afternoon? Urgent family business. I want to see you in my office. Will three o'clock be all right?"

He understood his beloved to say that it would be perfect, as Sir Stephen was out of the country.

So overjoyed was he at hearing Daphne's voice again, that it was not until he was out of the telephone-box and half-way out of the building that he remembered another call he had to make in connection with the meeting in his office.

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From the telephone-box he saw a radiant Tishy, one arm through her father's and the other through Wilfred's stepping purposefully in the direction of a large hire car.

At a quarter to three that afternoon Humphrey was plugging his dictaphone into the electric wall-plug in his office, when his secretary came in with some papers. On seeing the apparatus she stopped and her mouth set in a thin red line of determination.

"American ideas or whatever, Mr. Humphrey," she said, "I'm having no more truck with that infernal thing; once was enough."

"Have no fear, Miss Cartwright. I merely want to play something back on it. I shall not in any way involve you in the operation. I promise."

Humphrey smiled as she left the room, and then, taking a bunch of keys from his trousers pocket, used one to open his drawer.

In it was a dictaphone cylinder, which he slipped into the machine.

He turned on the current and stood looking out into the garden, as Cousin Christopher's soft, even voice spoke to him again over a period of two years.

"By the time you hear this talking letter, young Merivale, you will have read my will. I only hope you will not be thinking too hardly of me."

"I have just dictated a letter to my dear Daphne, too, and she will, I hope, confide in you. If so, please realise that my final remark about it being all for the present is not intended in any but a strictly literal and earthly sense."

"Yes, young fellow, old Christopher has a card up his sleeve; not an ace, not even a king, but a queen. I might say—the Queen of Hearts."

Humphrey remembered his meeting with Cousin Christopher's Queen of Hearts and the luncheon in her flat. He blew his nose loudly.

"You will be hearing from this lady," went on the tired but steady old voice, "but exactly when will depend on her judgment, in which I have every confidence. What she divulges to you will be treated by the pair of you as confidential pro tem, and nothing whatsoever is to be done to

carry out my final instructions until one year after my death or shortly before the present lease of Holly Lodge in my name expires, whichever is the later date—but always at your complete discretion (having regard to the circumstances of the family) and in full co-operation with the lady."

It was March 15, and the lease of Holly Lodge was due to expire on March 25, a fact which will explain why he had called the meeting so soon after his return from Washington.

"The third cylinder on my table," continued Christopher's voice, "is addressed to her."

"I only wish, young Humphrey, that I may live a little longer, if only to get to know you better. I have learned in our two short meetings that, as they used to say in the eighteenth century, we might deal famously together, you and I."

Humphrey blew his nose again and as his eyes cleared he saw Daphne walking along the side of the square searching for the offices of Merivale, Merivale & Merivale.

He was sitting composedly behind his large flat-topped desk when Miss Cartwright showed Daphne in. With admirable restraint he rose slowly from his chair and, as Miss Cartwright left them, took both Daphne's hands in his. Then they kissed affectionately.

"You look wonderful," he said, "Sit down and tell me all the news."

"Not yet." She looked round the large room with interest. "You know I've never seen where you work before. Couldn't you clean it up a bit?"

"Certainly not!" replied Humphrey in shocked tones. "Merivale, Merivale & Merivale are a highly respectable firm."

"Why did you ask me to come here?" asked Daphne.

"We'll come to business in a minute. Tell me about the family. Where are they all now? Holly Lodge is packed up?"

"Well—" she laughed, "now they can't get free meals. Ernest and Lolly have moved to a cottage in the country. I think they're happier. Lolly's much—well, softer—"

"I think she was lucky to get off with only a fine."

"Uncle Aubrey's living in his club."

"Can he afford it?"

"Fortunately he's a life member; that helps," explained Daphne.

"Does he do anything to support himself?"

"He dabbles in the Football Pools."

"Does he know anything about them—or is it?"

"You are naïve, darling; you don't have to know three pounds ten and tuppence the week before last, so he's now certain it'll be seventy-five thousand next time."

"Micawber for ever!" commented Humphrey.

"When Tishy and Wilf get married, they're having him to live with them."

"What do you mean when Tishy and Wilf get married? They are married!" said Humphrey, suddenly remembering the scene at London Airport. He proceeded to give Daphne all the details and they both laughed a great deal.

"What about George?" asked Humphrey.

"He's doing frightfully well. Look! He took a postcard from her handbag and pushed it across the desk."

"His photograph: he gives them away to bobby-soxers. Shall I get his autograph for you, darling?"

"As one bobby-soxer to another," replied Humphrey. "I should love it."

"He says he's going to get Mike Maloney's job when the time comes."

"Who is Mike Maloney when he's at home?"

"Don't you ever ask George that? He says Mike's the best Speedway Star ever."

"Speedway Star?" Humphrey sounded faintly disgusted. "I thought they were dirt-track riders."

Daphne was horrified.

"Dirt-track riders? You couldn't have a brother-in-law who was a—?" Her hand flew up to her mouth and, realising what she had said, she was suddenly hot all over with shame. Humphrey was staring at her with a curious fixed intensity and suddenly she felt that everything was all right in the best possible world. He opened his mouth.

Then he turned abruptly to the window as a taxi was heard to draw up and looked out.

"Ah—" he said in a curious strangled voice, not looking at Daphne any more, "there is the machine and here comes the goddess."

Neither said anything more until Miss Cartwright announced: "Miss Jane Douglas, Mr. Humphrey."

A few minutes later all three were comfortably seated round Humphrey's desk and he was re-loading the dictaphone with a cylinder which the Applewoman had brought in her capacious handbag.

"I'd like fine that you should hear what he had to say, Daphne. What do you say, Mr. Merivale?"

"I agree, Miss Douglas," replied Humphrey, and, having adjusted the machine, he set it in motion.

For the second time that afternoon Cousin Christopher's voice was uncannily recreated in the fine old dusty room, which seemed a fitting setting for such a seance.

"Jane, my very dear Applewoman," the voice began, "five dark years have now passed since you first helped me to put my house in order and witnessed my will. Five years—so death duties cannot therefore be levied on the sum of money I made over to you as a gift for the purposes we discussed."

"I have warned my solicitor, Mr. Humphrey Merivale, that you will be in touch with him about this matter as soon after my demise as you think fit. The first move is up to you, Jane. Mr. Merivale has his instructions as to when the effect of this transaction shall be made known to Daphne."

"You well know my reasons for this subtlety, but I will reiterate: I have always thought of Daphne as my daughter and I have often felt that you too look upon her in that light."

Jane looked quickly across the desk towards Daphne and her eyes were overbright, then she burst into tears.

Humphrey switched off the machine and in the silence Jane was heard to murmur into her sudden handkerchief:

"Oh, Christopher, my man, my man. How could you—?"

And then she pulled herself together, nodded to Humphrey and composed herself to listen to the rest of the message.

Humphrey pressed the switch.

"Daphne will inherit whatever I have to leave," Cousin Christopher continued, "but not while the rest of the Cradocks and Bellamys are still dependent on her. It is one thing for me to indulge in the hobby of collecting indigent relatives, but quite another thing for him to foist this priceless collection upon a young girl. There is too much of Wendy in Daphne and she must be freed from being saddled with this particular bunch of Lost Boys."

"With her stern sense of duty she will probably postpone all action with regard to herself until the others have found their feet and can safely be left to their own devices. I want her to learn to live without dependents and, given time, they will have to stand on their own feet and thus allow her to stand on

hers. She must be set free and made to feel free of responsibility."

"The money is to be Daphne's on her thirtieth birthday or upon her marriage, if the match is approved by you, dear Jane. I cannot conceive that she will still be single at thirty unless the young men of today are singularly backward in coming forward."

"And what were you, if not that?" Jane was looking towards the dictaphone as if at Christopher himself.

"I leave our Daphne in your capable hands, dearest Applewoman. Look after her for me."

"There'll be no need for that," Jane smiled through her tears at Humphrey, who was holding Daphne's hand quite openly on top of the desk.

"I'm—I'm bewildered," said Daphne in a small voice. "What's it all mean?"

"Your Cousin Christopher, who was a very shrewd old bird, knew your one weakness, my love," said Humphrey. "If he left you the ten thousand pounds—"

"Ten thousand—?" gasped Daphne.

"Just listen to Mr. Merivale. Daphne; there's a good girl," put in Jane.

"He kept back ten thousand pounds of the money he spent on his annuity. This he made over as a gift to Miss Douglas with instructions to renew the lease of Holly Lodge—"

"Then we haven't lost it after all?" Daphne had jumped up.

"Wait for it, darling. She was to renew the lease in her name, but for you, and the rest of the money was to be held for you; it's all in glittering."

"But why all this mysterious business—?"

"Because," said Jane tartly, "he thought that if you were known to be an heiress, one—you would insist on keeping the family; and two—they would never leave you. And look how happy they all are on their own!"

"I expect he was right," said Daphne, "certainly about me anyway."

"To sum up," said Humphrey, "you now have the certainty of something like five thousand pounds and the fifty years' lease of Holly Lodge running from March 25th. Further the new lease allows for the conversion of the house into flats. I suggest that we do just that and live there ourselves. This time it was Humphrey who stopped in some confusion."

Daphne smiled radiantly in his direction and then turned to Jane.

"We shall live in Cousin Christopher's old wing, of course, but if we don't have your approval of the match, I shan't get the money till I'm thirty and we shan't be able to convert the house. Do you approve, darling Jane?"

"Of course I do," replied Jane gravely. "You make a bonnie pair and I wish you everything you want for yourselves, for always."

"I think that's very handsome of you, Jane," said Humphrey, who seemed to have recovered his composure. "I shall kiss you. He embraced her affectionately and then took Daphne in his arms and kissed her soundly."

Jane Douglas looked away out of the window across the garden, where the first green buds of spring were beginning to appear.

Christopher had been right; she had always thought of dear Daphne as her daughter. But to her the child had been something more: she was the daughter she and Christopher would have had together, if only dear man that he was, he had not been so confirmed a bachelor, even in his undergraduate days. She was happy for Daphne and her Humphrey.

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WORLD-WIDE OVERWHELMING PROOF OF
SENSATIONAL MODERN ORAL VACCINE Stops Misery of

Catarrh, Bronchitis

Sinus & Antrum
 Infections
 Colds—

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"I am a sufferer of Bronchitis. My arms were like pin-cushions caused by injections. I took Lantigen 'B' when on the third bottle I found relief. I had no Bronchitis for over twelve months. The trouble is people take one bottle, perhaps two, think it's not acting. With me it took three bottles before I felt a marked difference. After four bottles I was a different person."



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says Mr. J. D., of Tasmania. "I have taken two bottles of Lantigen 'B' and got wonderful relief. My case was a bad one. I went nearly blind and lost my hearing—both nostrils were blocked up. Now my nose is clear and hearing back to normal."

**"Feel a New
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says Mr. E. McKee, of Glenlee, N.Z. "Lantigen 'B' is a marvellous treatment for Catarrh. I feel

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**"Tried
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"I have suffered from Bronchitis for over 12 years every winter and cough all year round. Tried everything. I am on the second bottle of Lantigen 'B', and, honestly, I feel a new woman. It works out most economically."

**Breathing frees... stuffy headaches disappear...
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You can end the misery of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Sinus and Antrum Infection or Colds. These unpleasant, distressing complaints are caused by germs which lodge in your nose and throat and spread their poisons throughout the system. To overcome their effect, therefore, you need a treatment like Lantigen 'B', which not only brings prompt relief, but which also builds up bodily resistance so that it is difficult for the germs to take hold again.

**No matter what else has failed try this different
 modern way now!**

Many ex-sufferers say that they have tried "everything else" without getting more than temporary relief, yet after taking Lantigen 'B' they have been free from suffering, in many cases for years. Lantigen gives such great benefit because it is a vaccine which stimulates the natural healing power of the system to produce what are called antibodies. These antibodies are the natural

antidotes to germ infection. They neutralise the germ poisons, reduce inflammation and thus clear up congestion, end aching catarrhal headaches, clear stuffy nasal passages and restore general good health and sound sleep. At the same time, they help to establish long-lasting immunity from further infection—something no other method of treatment can do.



Science Approves Basis of Oral Vaccine Treatment

HAY FEVER—ASTHMA

Pollens and dusts irritate membranes of nose and throat, cause gasping for breath, "ranning" nose and eyes, exhausting sneezing—open door to germs which cause deep-seated bronchitis and catarrh. Extracts of pollens and house dusts in Lantigen 'B' desensitise the tissues—prevent attacks. No injections—no drugs—economical. Ask for Lantigen 'E'.

Dr. Cronin Lowe reports in the *British Medical Journal* as follows: "In my experience, the oral antigens (oral vaccines) have been mostly employed in cases of catarrhal infections, rheumatic conditions and catarrhal enterocolitis. Clinical response has been quite definitely marked."

**TODAY—TAKE THE FIRST STEP TO EASE
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THE ORAL VACCINE
 taken just like ordinary medicine for

CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, ANTRUM AND SINUS INFECTIONS AND COLDS
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 SAP YOUR
 VITALITY!**



Catarrhal poisons infect your entire system, reach blocked-up nasal passages, racking coughs, congestion in nose, throat and chest, catarrhal inflammation of the lungs, and splitting headaches. Lantigen 'B' taken just like ordinary medicine, stimulates the natural healing power of the system to produce antibodies. These antibodies act as natural antidotes to germ infection. They neutralise the germ poisons, reduce inflammation, and thus clear up congestion, end aching catarrhal headaches, clear stuffy nasal passages, and thereby restore good health and sound sleep.

Your Catarrh may not be serious at present, but you must remember that it will not get better without treatment. However, whether your trouble is of long or short duration, you can take Lantigen 'B' with confidence. Naturally, if you have been a sufferer for a considerable time, it may take a little longer to bring the complaint under control, though you will begin to receive benefit from the very first dose.

**LANTIGEN 'B' BRINGS MUCH MORE
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The Lantigen 'B' treatment not only brings you relief from the symptoms of Catarrh and Bronchial complaints, it gets right down to their cause, which is a germ attack, and sets the system in developing immunity against the responsible germs.

Treats First—
 Helps to
 Promote
 Immunity



**What a thrill to be fit
 and well again!**

Do as thousands of others have done for long-lasting natural relief from miserable catarrhal and bronchial trouble. Try the modern scientific discovery, Lantigen 'B' Oral Vaccine.

Sauce for THE PUDDING

BY
OUR FOOD AND
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Smooth, delicious sauces are the perfect complement to well-made puddings served either hot or cold.

A SAUCE dresses up a simple pudding and improves its flavor, too.

Rich puddings with distinctive flavors require bland or tangy sauces to make a perfect combination.

Plain dishes such as waffles, ice-cream cakes, and ice-cream bombs are best served with a rich sauce to add flavor interest.

Try the puddings and accompanying sauces suggested on this page. They are varied to suit many occasions.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

ORANGE GINGER PUDDING

Three ounces margarine or butter, 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 egg, 6oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 5 or 6 tablespoons milk, 2oz. chopped preserved ginger, 2 or 3 tablespoons marmalade.

Grease pudding-mould, place marmalade in bottom. Cream shortening, sugar, and orange rind, add egg and ginger, beat well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Fill into greased bin. or 7in. mould. Cover with greased paper, steam 1 1/2 to 2 hours. Turn out on to heated dish, decorate with orange slices, ginger, and mint sprigs.

GOLDEN SAUCE

Three-quarters cup orange juice, 1/2 cup water, 1/2 cup ginger syrup, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 4 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 tablespoon cornflour.

Blend cornflour with water and orange juice, add all other ingredients. Stir until boiling, simmer 2 to 3 minutes.

BERRY BOMBES

One slab plain butter cake or sponge cake (cooked in lamington tin 9in. x 9in.), 2 egg-whites, 8 tablespoons sugar, 1/2 cup drained cooked or tinned raspberries or other berries, vanilla ice-cream.

Cut cake into 2 1/2in. squares. Scoop a little out of centre of each, fill with 1 teaspoon raspberries or other berries. Place a scoop of vanilla ice-cream on top of each and quickly cover with egg-whites beaten to meringue consistency with sugar. Cook in hot oven until lightly browned, 2 or 3 minutes, serve immediately with berry sauce. Makes 8 to 10 individual bombes.

BERRY SAUCE

One and a half cups cooked and sweetened raspberries, blackberries, or strawberries and accompanying juice, or frozen berries, sweetened if necessary, or tinned berries, 2 teaspoons arrowroot or cornflour, 1/2 cup water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Heat berries and juice, stir in arrowroot or cornflour blended with water, continue stirring until boiling, simmer 2 to 3 minutes. Add lemon juice, serve hot or cold.

CHOCOLATE FLUFF

One pint milk, 4 tablespoons cornflour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 egg-whites, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, 2oz. melted chocolate or 3 tablespoons cocoa.

Blend cornflour and cocoa (if used) with some of the milk, add balance of milk and sugar. Stir over medium heat until very thick and smooth. Continue stirring until boiling, simmer 3 or 4 minutes. Beat with wooden spoon until slightly cooled, then beat in melted chocolate (if used) and fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and vanilla. Turn into wetted mould, cool, then chill. Serve with marshmallow sauce or whipped-cream sauce.

MARSHMALLOW SAUCE

Half cup sugar, 3/4 cup water, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, pinch cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon sherry or 1 or 2 drops peppermint essence or vanilla.

Place sugar, water, gelatine, and cream of tartar in saucepan, boil steadily 10 minutes. Cool. When

beginning to thicken, add flavoring and beat until white and fluffy. Serve immediately.

WHIPPED-CREAM SAUCE

Two egg-yolks, 1/2 cup sifted icing-sugar, pinch salt, vanilla, 1/2 pint cream.

Beat yolks until creamy, gradually add sugar and salt. Chill. Just before serving fold in whipped cream and vanilla to taste.

MARMALADE DATE PUDDING

Two ounces butter or substitute, 3oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon marmalade, 1 tablespoon chopped peel, 2 tablespoons chopped dates, 6oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 3 tablespoons milk.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar and orange rind. Add egg, mix well. Fold in marmalade, peel, and dates, then sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Fill into greased 7in. pudding-mould, cover with greased paper, steam 1 1/2 hours. Serve hot with honey peanut-butter sauce.

HONEY PEANUT-BUTTER SAUCE

Three-quarters cup honey, 1/2 cup water, 1/2 to 3/4 cup peanut-butter, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1

cup orange juice, 1 teaspoon arrowroot or cornflour blended with extra 1 tablespoon water.

Heat honey with water and peanut-butter until nearly boiling. Stir in blended arrowroot or cornflour, orange juice and orange rind. Continue stirring until boiling, simmer 2 to 3 minutes.

WAFFLES

Eight ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 egg, 1/2 pint milk, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon hot water.

Beat egg, add milk, pour into well in centre of sifted flour and salt. Gradually stir in flour, continue stirring until smooth. Add melted butter and hot water, mix well. Heat waffle iron, brush with pure melted fat (should be hot enough to smoke readily). Spoon two and a half tablespoons into centre, place lid down and cook until steam ceases to escape (about 6 minutes for first and 4 for others), remove. Serve with ice-cream and caramel or butterscotch sauce.

BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

One tablespoon golden syrup, 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1/2 cup water, 1 tablespoon arrowroot or cornflour blended with extra

STEAMED orange ginger pudding made with ginger preserved in syrup and served with golden sauce, using the syrup from the ginger, is a sweet you'll enjoy and remember. See recipe.

tablespoon water, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Heat syrup, sugar, water, and butter in saucepan until nearly boiling. Stir in blended arrowroot or cornflour. Continue stirring until boiling, simmer 2 to 3 minutes. Add vanilla, serve hot or cold.

CARAMEL SAUCE

One ounce butter, 2oz. brown sugar, 2 tablespoons condensed milk, 1 dessertspoon golden syrup, 4 tablespoons hot water, 2 or 3 tablespoons cold milk or water.

Melt butter, add sugar, condensed milk, and golden syrup. Stir over heat with wooden spoon until mixture is a thick rich caramel color and leaves the sides of the saucepan (about 8 minutes). Remove from heat, add hot water a little at a time. Return to stove, simmer, and stir 2 to 3 minutes until smooth. Allow to cool, thin to desired consistency with milk or water.



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F3158—Girl's school tunic styled with a double-breasted bodice top and wide box-pleats in the skirt. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Requires 1½yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 36in. material for lining. Price, 2/6.

F3159—Girl's school tunic styled with all-round box-pleating below a square bodice yoke. Sizes 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Requires 2½yds. 54in. and ½yd. 36in. material for lining. Price, 2/6.

F3161—Easy-to-make beginners' pattern for a small girl's one-piece dress. Sizes: Lengths, 20in., 23in., 27in., 31in. for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires ½yd. 54in. material and 1½yds. 54in. printed material. Special price, 2/-.

F3162—Three-piece lingerie set includes nightgown, petticoat slip, and scanties. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust, and 24in. to 30in. waist. Requires: Nightgown, 3½yds. 36in. material, 3yds. 6in. Swiss embroidered edging, 1½yds. 4in. Swiss embroidered edging, 1½yds. 4in. Swiss embroidered edging, 3yds. 4in. Swiss embroidered edging, 3yds. 4in. beading, and 4½yds. 4in. satin ribbon. Petticoat slip, 2½yds. 36in. material, 3yds. 4in. Swiss embroidered edging, 1½yds. 2in. Swiss embroidered edging, 1½yds. 2in. beading, and 5½yds. 4in. satin ribbon. Scanties, 1yd. 36in. material, 2½yds. 2in. Swiss embroidered edging, 1½yds. 2in. beading, and 3yds. 4in. satin ribbon. Price, complete, 4/9.

F3160—Girl's long-sleeved tailored shirt blouse. Sizes for 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Requires 2yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/6.

F3158

F3159

F3160



F3161



F3162



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 632—LUNCHEON SET AND MATCHING SERVIETTES
A pretty cut-work luncheon set is obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider on heavy cream linen or sheer Irish linen in white, green, pink, and blue, and on cotton lawn in white, sky-blue, pink, nil, and pastel green. The centre mat measures 17in. by 17in.; the plate mat, 11in. by 8in.; the cup-and-saucer mat, 8in. by 8in.; serviettes, 11in. by 11in. Nine-piece set, including one centre, four plate, and four cup-and-saucer mats. Price, linen, 19/11; cotton, 12/11. Postage and registration, 1/8 extra. Thirteen-piece set including one centre, six plate, and six cup-and-saucer mats. In linen, 22/6; in cotton, 16/9; postage and registration, 2/3. Serviettes to match, in linen, 1/8 each; in cotton, 3d. Postage, 3d. extra.

No. 634—DOYLEYS
The Doyleys are obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider with attractive floral and butterfly designs. The material and color choice includes cream Irish linen, sheer linen in white, green, pink, and blue, and organdie in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Two sizes, 5½in. x 11in. and 8in. x 8in. Price, linen, 1/- each; postage, 3d. extra. Set of four, 2/9; postage, 3d. extra. Organdie, 3d. each, postage 3d. extra. Set of four, 2/9; postage, 3d. extra.

No. 635—BOY'S PJJANAS
Small boy's sleeping pyjamas obtainable cut out ready to make, with a duck motif on the pocket clearly traced to embroider. The design features back buttoning. The material is a good quality white flannelette. Sizes: Lengths 25in. for 1 year, 19/3; 30in. for 2 years, 16/11; 31in. for 3 years, 18/3; 32in. for 4 years, 18/8. Postage and registration, 1/8 extra.

No. 636—GIRL'S NIGHTGOWN
A pretty nightgown design for a small girl, obtainable cut out ready to make with easy-to-follow instructions. The material is a pretty floral flannelette featuring pastel shades on a white ground. Sizes: Lengths 25in. for 1 year, 15/11; 25in. for 2 years, 16/9; 30in. for 3 years, 17/3; 37in. for 4 years, 18/8. Postage and registration, 1/8 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.

636



635



634

635

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"ILKA"—A pretty, long-
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flattering waistline. The
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and salmon-pink.

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38in. bust. £5/11/6. Postage
and registration, 2/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and
34in. bust. £5/3/6; 36in. and
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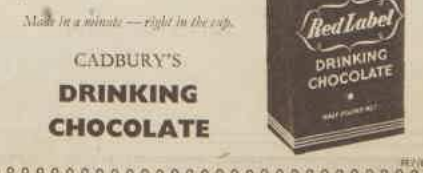


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